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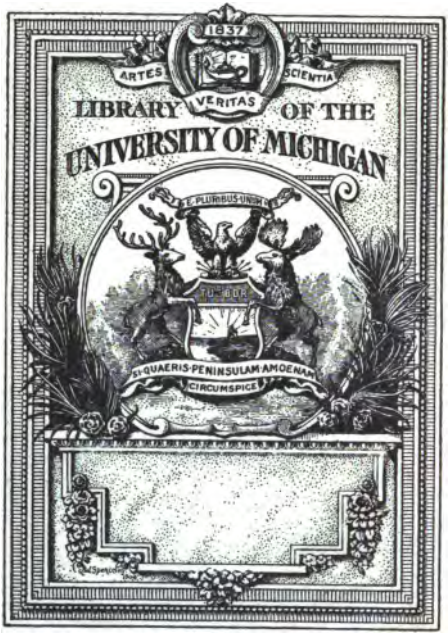
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# MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS

ON

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# MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS;

BY

ANTHONY GRUMBLER,

OF GRUMBLETON HALL, ESQUIRE.

'As St. Austin saith of short and holy ejaculations, that they pierce heaven as soon, if not quicker, than more tedious prayers; so I have reaped greater benefit from concise and casual remarks on miscellaneous topics, than from long and voluminous treatises, relating to one and the same thing.' *Osborne's Works.*

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TO

# THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

THE following pages were published anonymously—and, as the favourable manner in which they have been received by the highest literary talent in this country and Europe, seems to authorize the emission of a second edition, relieved from the difficulty often attendant upon no name and no active publisher, I am emboldened now to dedicate this little work to the *thoughtful* and *practical* among American readers. The morals of early life—the philosophy of small, as well as of great things, are set forth therein, in a form so popular and condensed, as to give me the assurance that this first attempt, in our country, to distil from the ponderous volumes of ancient and modern lore, and to educe their essences, in all that concerns our conduct in nearly every relation of life, will not be permitted to expire after a very partial diffusion of a very small first edition. With this expectation (more complimentary to my countrymen and fair countrywomen than to myself) I now submit the work.

DAVID HOFFMAN.

BALTIMORE, 1841.

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# PREFATORY EPISTLE.

COURTEOUS READER! The author doth assure thee this little volume was indited, more for *his own* edification and amusement than for *thine;* which the more readily will be credited, when thou art informed that for the fifth part of a century he hath been more a disciple of Coke's musty folios, than of Sir Walter's charming octavos; and, withal, hath more frequently turned the pages of Spencer and Chaucer than of Moore and Byron! Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo—which, for ladies fair, may thus be translated: Apollo's bow was not for ever bent, but he sometimes indulged in lighter and more divertive enterprises than slaying the Python, waging war on the Titans, or with his sister Diana, cruelly destroying the children of Niobe.

By this free translation, he would by no means induce his gentler readers to suppose that the language of the Romans was so surprisingly laconic, as to embrace all this in the single line he hath ventured to use; but rather, that what hath been stated may be fairly extracted from it in a mode similar to that used by some pulpit orators, who discourse so learnedly for hours, on a text of a single line, or even word.

But, not to forget the theme of this initial portion of his preface, the author, then, hath taken a few hours of relaxation unto himself; still hoping that in this short holyday, he hath not so entirely cast off the mantle of gravity and philosophy, so becoming and '*appurtenant*' to his profession, as to have ushered to light a trite, dull, and unmeaning duodecimo; and that whatever may be its poor merits, if any, no student of that science will lay aside his Fearne, or youthful lady her Hume, during prescribed hours of study, to seek themselves in these pages, or their acquaintances! Possibly—probably, they may meet therein personages like unto themselves, but yet *not themselves;* for, as the maxim saith, Nullum simile est idem—and here again I have fallen into Latin, and likewise into the first person, the third being as inconvenient and restrictive as creeds and confessions are unto those of no faith. Habit is truly a second nature, and is not to be shuffled off at will. I repeat, then, some of my readers without doubt will find delineations of character therein, and events moreover, well fitted to their case—if not, the task hath been ill performed indeed; and yet, who can have so little acquaintance with man's too peccable nature, as not to admit the practicableness of setting forth in veritable colours the follies and vices of the class, without descending to meager personalities; and they should know withal, that omne majus in se minus continet, which being interpreted, means that the alphabet containeth each of its separate letters! Those goodly pieces of statuary, the Apollo and the Ve-

nus, are doubtless very like the respective sexes, and yet no servile copies were they of any son or daughter of Adam! And though their exquisite beauty springs from the harmonious concentration of all the excellencies of the human form, peradventure, there may have been some in those days who judged themselves copied even in these cases! for, whether it be vanity, or impatience under reproof, men and women have a marvellous proclivity to assume to themselves singly, what really appertaineth to many in common. All history, moreover, sheweth that in such matters as are herein contained, there are minds so conscience stricken, as to be wholly incapable of reading them without applying to themselves the characters designed for a class: and should this be verified in the present instance, I have but one reply—if they *be* applicable, they whom the cap fits should be *grateful* for the salutary reproof—if not, they slander themselves.

It hath been tritely said, that man is the only reasoning, religious, and political animal; which, indeed, is very true *potentially*, rather than *actually:* for, since the days of our first parents, more have acted without reason, religion, or polity, than with them. Man, moreover, hath ever been so much the sport of prejudice, of custom, and habit, so many opinions come to him with the hoary locks of time, or in the more captivating attire of novelty; and fashion is so lordly a prince, his mandates being practised without any inquiry as to the reasonableness thereof, that there be few who can endure to

look upon the resplendent face of unveiled truth, and the many have, therefore, an unseemly way of considering those as impertinent pretenders and intruders upon their rights, who essay to rebuke their follies and to breathe 'into the torpid breast of daily life' their chiding counsels. And this especially is the case, if the reproof be lengthened into essays or dissertations, without many of those verdant spots by which they seek to relieve themselves from the cheerless and arid wastes of moral instruction. As to tedious and didactic essays, the reader's humour shall be gratified by their avoidance, they being, in this our generation, too much out of vogue for any one who desireth to please, to fall thereinto; and in regard to verdant spots, it would be unseemly to set forth any promise. This, however, may be truly said, no mawkish and wearisome preaching will be found therein; no impracticable severity exacted, no servile acerbity manifested, but with gentleness, good feeling, and somewhat of sportiveness, have I endeavoured to concentrate in narrow spaces, most of the current follies and vices of the day; observing withal the sage advice of M. Marsais, to blend with firmness, kindness in all my admonitions. 'Il faut une âme tranquille pour envisager les objets sous leur vrai point de vue; il faut être impartial pour juger sainement des choses; il faut se mettre au dessus des préjugés, dont la philosophie elle-même n'est que trop souvent infectée, pour la perfectionner, pour la rendre plus persuasive, plus touchante, plus utile au genre humain. L'amour du genre humain, l'enthousiasme du bien

public, la sensibilité, l'humanité, le desir de servir son espece, de mériter son estime, sa tendresse, sa reconnoissance, voilà les motifs légitimes qui doivent animer l'homme de bien; voilà les motifs qu'il peut avouer sans rougir; ces motifs méritent nos éloges, lorsque nous en ressentons les effets avantageux. Sans cela la philosophie ne sera qu'une déclamation inutile contra le genre humain, qui ne prouvera que l'orgueil ou le chagrin de celui qui déclame, sans jamais convaincre personne.'

To secure some little arrangement in these miscellaneous thoughts on men, manners, and things, as well in public as in private life, those so often observable in a city are thrown together, and form the first division of the volume. In the second division will be found some reflections on public manners, characters, and things, but without any attempt in either division to produce a connected and systematic scheme of morals and reproofs, applicable to the numerous relations of life; and yet, to shadow forth most of the prominent follies, vices, and corrupting principles that sully the dignity, mar the usefulness, and retard the progress of domestic, civic, and national prosperity.

In, perhaps, all similar attempts at delineating the vices and follies of the age, the prominent faults have been an excessive terseness or sententiousness, leaving on the mind no very clear and enduring pictures; absence of illustrative examples and characters, so necessary to the fixation of thought, and to the relief of the mind from the

tedium incident to mere precepts; a too rigid and sometimes caricatured scheme of morality, so displeasing to ardent and youthful minds, or its converse, a laxity of morals and obscenity unsuited to our day; and finally, a misanthropic vein of censure, springing from a harsh and gloomy view of our nature, which, though bad enough, has still the *matériel* of much excellence and prolific usefulness.

These defects it has been my endeavour to avoid, cherishing, as I hope, throughout the volume, morals the most elevated, principles of honour the most refined, love of religion the most fervent, and a patriotism devoted to the commonweal, without respect to men or to mere parties. And though no one *can* mistake my politics, which have ever been one and indivisible, yet I *know not how* to belong to any party that can see no virtuous motive, no salutary action, in their opponents, and are equally blind to the follies and corruptions of their own great party, or particular clique. It would have been more consentaneous to my wishes to have omitted wholly every remark of a political character; but this was impracticable without abandoning the second division of my subject; and if retained, who can speak of such topics, without appearing in the habiliments of a partisan, however anxiously he may desire to avoid that character? He is not without candour who honestly describes *as he sees;* but he who nourishes his hostility, and morbidly exaggerates what suits not his political taste, can never hope to make a convert.

In a few of the sections of some of the chapters, the reader will perceive that I have adopted the style of by-gone days; this was my humour, and for which I make no apology, as none perhaps is needed; and if it were, the reader can pass them over, if so much wedded to the manner of his own time

And now, indulgent or acrimonious critic, whether of EROMITLAB, from which I hail, or of other larger city, to which the admonitions contained in the first division may possibly be equally applicable; or politician, whether appertaining to the INS or the OUTS, I bid thee an affectionate farewell, promising thee, whether the following chapters be read or not, approved or not, that I shall never again turn censor morum—never again come in conflict with thy prejudices, habits, follies, vices; but that if I should be seduced into the issuing forth of another little volume, it will be to paint thy virtues, the excellencies of thy heart, the beauties of thy mind.

ANTHONY GRUMBLER.

GRUMBLETON HALL, *May*, 1837.

# MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

## DIVISION I.

### CITY MANNERS, CHARACTERS AND THINGS.

#### INTRODUCTION.

It has been my good, or evil fortune, to have always lived in a city. We hear much of the Arcadian delights of rural life, the influence of the bold realities of nature on the heart and imagination, the repose and domestic quietude of all that surrounds us there, and of its exemption from the vices and exciting scenes which so constantly happen within the metropolis. It cannot be denied that the country is more generally the abode o peace, of happiness, and of innocence; but it is in towns that the mental energies of man are best developed; there it is that the collision of opinion, and the attrition of various characters generate science, arts, refinements, and give a vital expansion and efficiency to morals and religion. And if there be much of vice, there is also much of virtue within their walls. We agree, therefore, with Plutarch, that it is among the goods of fortune to have

been born in a city. We are too prone to forget how many excellent things flow from the collected wisdom, concentration of thought, unity of action and combination of resources afforded by such associated masses of intelligent beings; and that if these facilities may be perverted to vicious purposes, there are many antagonist principles which have always been found sufficient, in the main, to preserve the ascendency. We know not that EROMITLAB has more of vice or folly in it than other cities of like dimensions,—but, as a looker-on, we perceive very many things to be strongly reprobated by morality, good taste, and sound sense,—and we have already informed the reader in our prefatory epistle, that we desire in the following pages to paint most of these as truly as may be done in brief words, and with none of the staidness of dissertations. The interrogative form will be often used, and generally be followed by responses, illustrated by delineations of character. And in so doing, let me repeat that no one must suppose these sketches are personal or quasi slanderous. Not so, benevolent reader; for though we have assumed the censor's rod, and the toga of our grumbling ancestors, you should remember that no painting, be it by colours, or by words, can ever go direct to the heart and mind, unless it be graphic and truthful; and to effect this, the *elements* must be somewhere existent. These lucubrations, therefore, apply to classes,—for vice and folly to be usefully pourtrayed, must be thus assaulted; and the actions of individuals be disguised and lost, amidst

a combination of colours drawn from all the varieties of life. Whilst, then, there may be a JACK and a GILL in society, for every character or class set forth in these miscellaneous murmurings, we disclaim all intention to individualize,—and protest there is no *oneness* to be found therein—leaving to the conscience of every one the application, as he shall make it. And this is the sole and legitimate aim and moral of our pages.

# CHAPTER I.

Young Misses 'coming out.'—New and old school.—Fancy balls, the aristocracy and democracy of Eromitlab.—The old school revived as to costume and furniture.—Dancing mania.—Married ladies neglected in society.—Hospitality due to strangers —Pride of ancestry.—The conversaziones.—Pompous reserve—senseless talkativeness.—Individual concerns common property.—Falsehood and equivocation.—Julia no arithmetician.—The physician more used than paid.—Touchstone of good breeding.—The power of beauty.—Popularity of Martia, the gossip.—Rude children and foolish mother.—Marriage often the grave of love.—False charity.—Philosophy of dressing well.—Visible harmony.—Spirit of contradiction.—Fondness for children.—A great doubter —Memory as to the faults of others.—Julia's Album.—Folly of nicknames.—An author's patrons.—Monopoly of conversation.—Infidelity should remain with its possessor.—Indiscriminate use of the term Esquire.—The connoisseur in wines.

### YOUNG MISSES 'COMING OUT.'

1. Why should young Misses, in their early teens, be suddenly transferred from the enviable domesticity of the nursery, and the salutary quietude of the school-room, into the rudeness of the garish world, and the excitements of the miscellaneous party or ball, by a process equivocally denominated '*coming out?*' And would it not be in better taste, slowly to glide, and, as it were, to grow into the world of fashion, and into its responsibilities and vanities, than to submit such tender and innocent minds to the copious rush of new ideas, and to the charge of varied and novel duties? For if the part be *at once* well sustained by the novice, my life for it, it has

been at some expense of the discipline of the nursery and school—and if ill performed, there must be a great sacrifice of feeling and of sentiment before she becomes perfected.

### NEW AND OLD SCHOOL.

II. Has the 'new' improved upon what is called the 'old school?' It certainly has in a few particulars, but it will be found that the debit side is largely against the former, and more so in Eromitlab than, perhaps, any where else. The fashion here seems to have yielded society to the sole control of young ladies and young gentlemen. Maternal patronage is wholly out of vogue; whilst married ladies, even when younger, and perhaps handsomer and better educated than some misses, are compelled to remain at home, because when occasionally in society, they are sure to be cast by as useless lumber, and are regarded as mere spectators, and expletives to fill up vacancies! Would not a daughter dance better, and *behave* better; and would not young men be more vigilant of their duties, were fathers, as well as mothers, more generally present? I think so. For my part, I have ever thought that if the world be proper for youth, it cannot be wrong for any age; and the most charming moments of my life have been spent in societies, in Europe, and sometimes in this country, but never in Eromitlab, where the silver-headed father and the matronly mother have occasionally joined the youthful throng in the mazy dance.

FANCY BALLS, THE ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY OF EROMITLAB.

III. Fancy balls were once in use among us; why for so many years were they unknown? The democracy, once upon a time, thought them too aristocratic even for those by whom they were introduced; but have since taken them to themselves! Who was the wretch that addressed a threatening anonymous letter to one of the most worthy citizens of Eromitlab, for daring to appear in a court costume, and waged eternal war against all fancy balls by such people, until they were heard of no more among them, and society itself seemed to be shaken to its very centre? Their recent revival among the élite looks promising; can they be maintained? There is, perhaps, in these destructive times, but one way,—educate the people, give them good laws, reform the constitution *judiciously* and *slowly*; frown upon all prejudices of the rich against the poor, and of the poor against the rich.

THE OLD SCHOOL REVIVED, AS TO COSTUME AND FURNITURE.

IV. Why should the morals, the courtesies, and the amenities of the old school be so distasteful to our gentry; and yet the furniture, and the ladies' dresses of that school be the *haut ton?* Is it probable that the frames of pictures and of looking-glasses, the long waists, the stomachers, the narrow half sleeves, and the rich brocades, now so much in vogue, are the only things of that school, worthy of imitation!

DANCING MANIA.

V. Why do young ladies so often fall into the serious error of supposing their *belleism* to be in

the ratio of the constancy with which they *keep the floor?* For my part, were I choosing a wife, I would be sure to avoid the entire class of *never-sitters* and *never-talkers*, just as much as I would the other, almost invisible class with us, called *Bas bleu.* How much more interesting is she who heartily smiles, and is unaffectedly happy, though she has not danced for more than an hour! Do not mothers, partaking of this foolish vanity, often ask questions of their daughters, tending to inflame this jealousy, and to stimulate this morbid eagerness of *dancial* distinction? I have known such.

MARRIED LADIES NEGLECTED IN SOCIETY.

VI. Why do young gentlemen so often pretermit married ladies, when occasionally at parties, as if they were there as mere spectators, entitled to none of the attentions, and to no share in the amusements of the evening? I have known them to neglect the homage of even a lazy bow! This I am quite sure, is good manners nowhere, and in neither school.

HOSPITALITY DUE TO STRANGERS.

VII. Why do the same young gentlemen, on like occasions, so wholly neglect to ascertain the strangers who may be present, and extend to them the hospitalities and civilities ever their due? I have observed that, if strangers of the one sex happen not to be rich or handsome, and of the other, not to be distinguished, they are suffered to make their way as they can; whilst the most devoted and

lavish attentions are bestowed on strangers thus distinguished, and on their townswomen and intimates. A well regulated mind and heart, would seem to prompt attentions to those who needed them most.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

VIII. Why are those young men, and young ladies too, who repose mainly on their *ancestry*, like turnips? Is it not because the best parts of them are under ground? If my grandfather founded the state, and I am too great a fool to know how even to injure it, had I the disposition so to do, what right have I to vaunt myself upon his labours, any more than a musician has to be fond of eating larks because they sing sweetly, and soar high? Oh the shallowness, and unsearchable poverty of such minds!

THE CONVERSAZIONES.

IX. Why do *Conversaziones* exclude the ladies—and, if they must be restricted to gentlemen, why not to the best *talkers*, and to those who have the greatest variety of marketable commodities? And why is nearly all interchange of sentiments and facts limited to the price of stocks—the last foreign or political news—the state of the weather—the current gossip of the day? Are not the topics of refreshing conversation infinite and varied? why then resort to such hacknied subjects, in the assemblages, too, of the *élite*,—and, finally, why are eatables and drinkables more scientifically and

*practically* discussed than philosophy and the fine arts?

POMPOUS RESERVE—SENSELESS TALKATIVENESS.

X. TITIUS is remarkable for pomposity, and, therefore, for stupidity. He is stately, reserved, and wonderfully dignified, and, therefore, a great ass. PAULUS does not know how difficult it is to trifle well—he is not a man of sense, and therefore his much talking is a monopoly of nonsense; he forgets that the nonsense of a man of genius is better than *his* best sense. What shall we do with these kinds of men? the pseudo dignity of the one class is as unapproachable as a sullen bear—the colloquial laxity of the other, as unrestrainable as the motions of a wounded eel.

INDIVIDUAL CONCERNS COMMON PROPERTY.

XI. Is it possible to enjoy solitude and exemption from scrutiny in Eromitlab? Can one keep his affairs from the common talk and misrepresentation of all? In London, Paris, or Naples, you may mix hourly with the crowd, during a long life, and yet be in enviable solitude, and only known to the extent you would be. What right have a few thousand people to make me and my concerns common property, and to know me better than I know myself—and what is it to them if MŒVIUS is courting his housekeeper—PUBLIUS is spending more than his income—VITRUVIUS is building a house quite beyond his means, or whether the gentle TULLIA intends to jilt the talkative PAULUS?

FALSEHOOD AND EQUIVOCATION.

XII. MANLIUS is too much of a man to *lie*, but he *equivocates* most ingeniously, and *colours* more than to the life. According to the morals of the olden time, an equivocater is a liar of the meanest sort,—for he verily doth lie, and addeth thereunto cowardice, seeing that he hath not the courage to do so openly. Should not such men have stoppers put upon their equivocations and colourings, by gravely telling them in quick succession, the most *obvious* and *Munchausen* lies, thus giving them a gentle reproof, since open offence to such cowards would itself be cowardly?

JULIA NO ARITHMETICIAN.

XIII. JULIA has never been taught much arithmetic,—hence, in part, is it that, when she gets beyond the first or second cipher, all is terra incognita to her. She gravely tells you her father's house cost *two hundred thousand dollars!* that her brother had to pay for *Marcus one hundred thousand dollars!* &c. &c. This is not an absolute want of veracity in Julia, but consists of equal portions of vanity, of ignorance, and unconsciousness of the elevated nature of truth. Should not young ladies be taught never to speak without a clearly understood and defined idea?

THE PHYSICIAN MORE USED THAN PAID.

XIV. PYRRUS, of old, is said to have made this only request of the gods, in his daily devotions—to *have good health*, judging this blessing to con-

tain under it every degree of happiness. *Sempronius*, (though he never read of Pyrrus,) is, exactly of the same opinion, and he consequently makes the freest use of his physician throughout the year, and at all hours—The kind doctor seldom sends in a bill, and when he does, it is sure to be a very moderate one,—but Sempronius is quite surprised at its enormity—and pays every baker, grocer, and haberdasher before the doctor! Should not such men be nearly scared to death, and should they ever be physicked but for cash in hand?

TOUCHSTONE OF GOOD BREEDING.

XV. I have often admired the observation of Addison, that 'good breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.' *Ars est celare artem*—but is not *our* practice in this respect quite too ultra—and is there not so *much ease* as to generate *vulgarity*? If this great ease be really art, has it not wholly destroyed manners?

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

XVI. MEDORA is praised to the heavens as a wonderful beauty. Her features are, in truth, perfect—her complexion exquisite,—but Medora has no soul, no mind, and consequently no intellectual expression, and no superiority of manners. Still the attentions paid to her amount to devotion, and make her threefold a greater fool than as nature gave her. ALEXINA, on the other hand has not a fine feature in her face, and yet none decidedly bad. She is highly intellectual, and well educated, gentle

and amiable. She is but little known, and, when known, but little attended to, and less spoken of. How indiscriminating must that community be which can adulate the former and neglect the latter!

'It's not a lip or eye we beauty call
But the full force and joint result of all.'

POPULARITY OF MARTIA, THE GOSSIP.

XVII. MARTIA knows all the gossip of the town—obtains it heaven only knows how. She is, they say, very good natured—entertains often and handsomely, and details her scandal so playfully—or so seriously, as the case may be, and so plausibly withal, that no one suspects that Martia is at heart ill-natured! But she is so, if my optics be sound. I think I can plainly see the gall of bitterness through the gossamer veil of her apparent good nature. All the word likes her, she is so amusing, so agreeable, and her house so charming. PULCHERIA, on the other hand knows nothing of gossip—reads a good deal—is a most close observer of every thing that meets the eye, that she may form her opinions deliberately, and then gently, but firmly act upon them. But the world would lavish on Martia a thousand caresses, to one bestowed on Pulcheria. How very amiable and discriminating is this!

RUDE CHILDREN AND FOOLISH MOTHER.

XVIII. MELINDA has seven of the noisest, rudest, and most ill educated children that can be con-

ceived. She is a most affectionate mother who scruples not to tax the world, and heavily too, rather than mar in the least her children's pleasure! To visit there is a cruel bore. Your cane and hat are soon violently seized—then your coat is most amusingly pulled—then your ear is tickled in a very funny manner with a straw—and scarce a word can he heard amidst the din and romping of the children! Melinda, indeed, sometimes feebly remarks, 'my children are really too bad, but boys are so hard to manage, and girls must romp for their health, poor things, they can't get out much.' For my part I sometimes feel as if I could send them all, their mother with them, to the house for juvenile delinquents (*if we had one.*) And yet, if there be a lovely being that plants itself in my inner heart it is a good and well educated child.

MARRIAGE OFTEN THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

XIX. Is marriage ever the *cradle* of love, and is it not more frequently its *grave?* I admit it may possibly become the cradle, but it is a most dangerous experiment in woman, or man. If marriage becomes its grave, is not the fault quite as often with the woman as the man? A woman's love is deeper and more enduring, and if extinguished it must be the husband's fault,—but I am equally sure that if a man's lighter love finds its grave in marriage, it is almost uniformly the woman's want of tact. Man's love is sure to increase if the wife be at all *comme il faut.* Who does not remember BENDITA. She married the object of

her first love—he tortured her for fifteen years, and she adored him still. CAIUS also married his first and most impassioned love; the affection however, was but little reciprocated,—fifteen years of marriage converted love into hatred; for his wife, though not a vixen, knew not how to love with requisite ardour one whom she had married for convenience sake.

FALSE CHARITY.

XX. SEMPRONIA talks much of charity—of the suffering poor—of the usefulness of fairs, and of such cognate subjects, but her charity happens to lie more in *faith* than in *works*. She is amazingly discriminating, so much so that I never found any individual to be *practically* embraced in any one of her theoretical categories. She reposes a good deal on that most suspicious apopthegm—'*Charity begins at home.*' Who ever heard this used by a truly charitable person—and is it not an inhuman and hypocritical veil to conceal an absolute want of that divine virtue of which Sempronia speaks so fluently?

PHILOSOPHY OF DRESSING WELL.

XXI. ARTEMISIA and HORTENSIA are pretty young women, but very unlike each other, except in one respect—neither has the least taste in dress. The former is very tall, the latter extremely short—yet Artemisia places on her head Pelion upon Ossa, and Ossa upon Pelion,—whilst Hortensia dresses hers as flat as a prairie! All the lines, moreover, of Artemisia's face run vertically, those of Hor-

tensia horizontally, so that the one has a singularly long and thin face, the other an equally round and broad one—yet Artemisia's curls are all *streamers*, Hortensia's all *short* and *bushy*—giving to the face of the former still more sharpness and length, and to that of the latter additional rotundity! Would it not be more philosophical in these two young ladies to exchange with each other their head-dresses and curls, and should not thin faces be made broader, and round ones longer by these appliances? Artemisia, moreover, would thus be no taller than nature made her, and Hortensia would receive a factitious altitude greatly to her advantage. Young ladies ought to study optics, if for no other object than to improve their taste in dress.

### VISIBLE HARMONY.

XXII. In silently looking on when the company were promenading a ball room, how greatly have I been amused and surprised at the total want of *harmony* in the selection of the *compagnon de promenade!* Surely good taste forbids a Lilliputian gentleman and an Amazonian lady being thus associated; and so *e converso.* And, moreover, as the tall lady and the little gentleman cannot easily adapt the length of their respective paces to each other, some additional violence is done to harmony, which greatly mars the beauty of the scene. The same remark equally applies to the dance, and still more to couples in marriage. Do not even such small matters enter into the constitution of a truly refined society?

SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

XXIII. CORNELIA is not absolutely a scold, but she has an unpleasant habit of never agreeing with your views on any subject whatever—there is always some shade of distinction between her opinion and yours, which she expresses in a most dogmatic manner, as if it were quite impossible for her to be mistaken. The argument seems to be endless, though you yield every point to her. Is there any cure for such a malady but absolute silence, till her yarn is wholly exhausted? For the least contradiction, or even the most perfect verbal assentation avails nothing, and induces Cornelia to detect in the sound of your voice some *mental* reservation, and therefore that her victory is not perfect! Profound silence seems to be the only remedy.

FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN.

XXIV. SABINA is about twenty-eight: her beauty, never great, is somewhat *passé*. She has a strange habit of kissing children often and lavishly, which shows a good heart—but, it is a singular fact, I never saw her do so in the presence of aged and non-marrying persons!

A GREAT DOUBTER.

XXV. CRASSUS is a great doubter—he compresses his lips—looks wise—shakes his head—twirls upon his foot, shrugs his shoulders, and says not a word. Write him down an ass.

MEMORY AS TO THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.

XXVI. MARCUS has a wonderful memory in respect to peccadilloes, though of thirty years standing, and followed by a well sustained character. But Marcus is a great lover of virtue, and a most uncompromising hater of vice! When asked for a recommendation in behalf of such an individual, for some petty office to save his starving family, Marcus is sure to remember the old offence, however trifling it may have been, and feels himself half insulted by the request! Would not such people as Marcus (were it possible to analize them) be found to have more of the dross of human infirmity, than the thousand whom he censures?

JULIA'S ALBUM.

XXVII. JULIA keeps a splendid Album—all, however, of contributions in poetry, prose and pictures from her numerous friends—nothing original or selected of her own! Is not this poor authorship? But the *mauvais gout* of the matter consists in her importunity of friends to aid her work, when alas! most of such friends are quite as much at a loss for original or selected matter, as poor Julia is. I have seen some misery inflicted by such applications, and therefore admonish young ladies to permit such matters to be wholly gratuitous. It will be slower work, but, perhaps better in quality.

FOLLY OF NICKNAMES.

XXVIII. TULLIA has eight children, boys and girls. I often see them, and during nearly sixteen

years, have never yet learned their *real* names, with any degree of accuracy. What a vile habit thus to nickname children! It smacks of vulgarity, as, indeed, do all *soubriquets*, and they often pass from the nursery to manhood, with no little disadvantage, not only to the future respectability of the boy, but even to his moral and intellectual character. A *name* has more of substance in it than even Shakespeare supposed. This might be shown in many illustrative ways, proving the impropriety of nicknames. MELINDA was *booboo* as a child, and she remains *booboo* as a woman. CAIUS was the *little sailor*, as a boy, and at sixteen he went into the navy, and was shipwrecked the first voyage!

AN AUTHOR'S PATRONS.

XXIX. PETRONIUS published a book, and was silly enough to value on his friends and acquaintances buying it! No man was ever a prophet in his own country—and the worst of patrons an author can have are his friends. No home commodity *can* be good: hence do the discriminating people of Richmond send to Baltimore—those of Baltimore send to Philadelphia; and those of Philadelphia to New York, for many articles which might have been obtained equally good at home. Have we not a strange habit here of looking every where else?

MONOPOLY OF CONVERSATION.

XXX. SEPTIMIUS is a great arguer—a prodigious monopolizer of conversation. His colloquial laxity

produces one continued stream, forming as it were, but one sentence of smooth words, but which at the end leaves no definite idea! If you agree with him, he is sure to have a new distinction; if you differ with him, the stream is renewed with redoubled ardour, leaving you an opportunity, in the course of an hour, to edge in only an occasional word. With such men I at once stultify myself, and submit to the most unqualified assentation.

INFIDELITY SHOULD REMAIN WITH ITS POSSESSOR.

XXXI. ULPIANUS is much of an infidel—the consequence of little reading. These infidels could easily be out-argued, if they only knew how to argue legitimately. But Ulpianus has a power of words—he deals largely in inconsequentialities, and never understands you, nor you him. The infidelity of such *thin* minds would be of no consequence, were the world a little wiser. But is it not inhuman in him to attempt to undermine another's belief in religion, which can do no harm, if the infidel be right, and if he be wrong, which is most certainly the case, should not such propagators of their want of faith be frowned out of society, until they can learn to be wholly silent on that subject?

INDISCRIMINATE USE OF THE TERM ESQUIRE.

XXXII. What does the term *esquire* now import? If nothing, it ought to be disused—if something, it then must confer a title of some precedence. Counsellors at law, justices of the peace, and aged gen-

tlemen were formerly entitled to it, more by reputation than in strict right. But now, no one can venture to address a youth who has passed twenty-one,—a merchant, or even a haberdasher, without esquiring him! Where is this title of precedence so strangely abused as in Eromitlab?—and though it can break no bones, nor pick any pockets, it is still hugely out of keeping, and strongly indicative of the *ultraism* of our democracy. Would it not be far better wholly to abolish every title of precedence, than to use them without the least discrimination?

### THE CONNOISSEUR OF WINES.

XXXIII. SPARTACUS is a great connoisseur in all that relates to *wines*, but of little else, and consequently a great (and for five minutes an amusing) bore. The names and qualities of all the Italian, French and German vintages are pat upon his memory. 'The Asti, Aliatico, Montepûlciano, Chianti, Lachrymæ Christi, Monte-Fias-Cone, and Ovietto; the Johanisberger, Rudesheimer, Moselle, Sauterne, Vin de Grave, Cote-Rotie, Rota, Tokay, Lissa, Constantia Burgundy, Hermitage, and a thousand other hard names are all to him most provokingly familiar. And then the quantum of alcohol in each, according to the most approved tables of Brande, and of Henderson; the modes of corking, the feeding, or not, upon the cork, wines in wood, bottle or demi-john; the appropriate ages of each—when it becomes bottle sick, and bottle well—whether the resinous or aqueous particles first evaporate—whence proceeds the moisture on the exterior surface of the

glass on pouring cold wine into it in summer—whether through the pores of the glass, or not!! and all such like recondite matters are discussed by him, as you may suppose, with all requisite learning! Yet I cannot help thinking that all such, or any discussions respecting wines, the viands, and the culinary art, smack a little of vulgarity and of superficiality. And would it not at all events, be better to have a little more book knowledge on these subjects, that to argue them so crudely, and so much at a venture as they generally are? *Credo di si.*

And now, kind reader, I take my leave of the present chapter—Not having exhausted, however, the one thousandth part of the strange things which are observable in the city of Eromitlab; but with the tithe of which I shall not burthen thee.

## CHAPTER II.

Talkers classified.—Silent men classified.—Arbitrary selection of a child's profession.—Modern Jesuitism.—An alchemical theory.—Aversion to making a Will.—The easy promiser.—Holding fast till you die.—Domestic and public faces.—How to gain, and preserve many friends at small expense.—The discontented man.—Penny wise, pound foolish.

### TALKERS CLASSIFIED.

XXXIV. All must have observed in society, those who *talk*, and those who are mainly *silent*. Some little philosophy may be extracted from a more careful inspection of them, and an attempt to classify them. And first of them who talk, or attempt so to do.

Some men fail in conversation, having neither *ideas* nor *facts*: others, by force of memory alone, treasure up facts in great abundance, but still make a sorry display of them, from the want of ideas; whilst a third class, instinct with mind, live in regions of their own creation, spurn facts, and lose thereby the charms of illustration, and the logical force of induction. When individuals of these three classes happen to grow ambitious in conversation, observant philosophy could tell, almost with unerring certainty, *a priori*, how the so called argument of each would be conducted, and how brought to an end. LISANDER belongs to the first

class, and consequently is extremely chary and almost taciturn,—for, what can a man do who has neither facts nor ideas? and yet it certainly requires still something more to keep his mouth hermetically sealed—he must also be devoid of feelings. Lisander has some, and therefore has but one resort—he assumes to cut the knot, the intricacies of which he does not understand, and cannot hope to disengage. He flies to a pun—to some cant term or phrase, to some wise saw; and with wonderful alacrity and self-complacency, speaks, as the case may require, of *modus operandi*, *vis inertiæ*, *necessitas non habet legem*, *poeta nascitur*, *non fit*, and similar treasured-up resources! He thereupon looks wise, gives a patronizing smile, (if he reposes with additional confidence on his wealth,) shrugs his shoulders, and with an inquiring eye, seems to say or to think that he has contributed not a little to the solution, and that, perhaps, he has settled the difficulty!

Magliabecchi is almost a phenomenon of memory, but not a whit of a metaphysician—he has communion only with the *outer* world, and knows nothing of the construction of his own, and consequently less of other men's minds. In the argument Magliabecchi has great contempt for Lisander, as well he may have,—and pours forth a profusion of facts, and displays much learning—but his facts are all *alla ventura*, which may, or may not be applicable to the case in point; and if they should be, *he* perceives it less than others. Facts are not always generative of ideas, but are mere brute

entities, unless the mind which retains them, can compare; and this Lisander's can but feebly do. CLEON is Lisander's intellectual antipode, and illustrates the third class of talkers—for he deals wholly with ideas, and the *inner* man. He contemns memory as a most inferior faculty—relies on his own mental resources, deals in abstractions, illustrates nothing by examples, and feels not the force of induction, as far as it is derived from the outer world. The argument, then, if pressed by each, is resolvable with Lisander, into the wisdom of a pun, or a saw; with Magliabecchi, into a melange of facts; and with Cleon, into a series of mental postulates, and ideal conclusions. As a bystander, how often has my soul been vexed with such discussions, and how often have I lamented that Nature has so seldom given to man a just combination of memory, imagination, and judgment!

### SILENT MEN CLASSIFIED.

XXXV. Cannot *silent men* be classified, as minerals, clouds, lightnings, and a thousand other things in nature constantly are; and is there not always a *substantive* cause for their taciturnity, when surrounded by conversation? It has often seemed to me that FOLLY, WISDOM, MODESTY and ABSTRACTION are the characteristics which designate the four classes of silent men. In my scrutinizing contemplations, when in society, I have found PISANDER almost inflexibly silent, wandering about the rooms like a troubled ghost; vacantly gazing on the various furniture, and sometimes intently

staring on those engaged in animated discussions in which he could take no part—because Pisander is a fool; not absolutely so by nature, but from the total absence of culture. On the evening alluded to, some historical anecdotes of Cæsar being told, part of which had reached the ear of Pisander, he said in a whisper to a friend, 'I think I once knew that Cæsar, he was a very singular negro who lived near Richmond, in Gen. Ashbold's family: the young ladies thought Cæsar was a *witch*, for it is a positive fact that snakes would not hurt him; and I have seen him at the hives take up hands full of bees!' This remark which happened to be made close by THALES, who had been seated in apparent moody silence for a long while, could not fail to disturb his risibility for a moment; after which he sank again into his thoughtful position on the sofa. Thales is a wise man, speaks but little, and always strictly to the purpose. He has read much, digested all, and is free enough to speak when excited by the least hope of a fair exchange of marketable ideas. But experience has taught him that wise men are apt to be oracles, especially in a very wise, or a very foolish society; and that even their passing remarks are often cited as grave authorities. He is, consequently, prudently taciturn, and when lounging on a sofa, is apt to have one eye half closed, whilst the other is intent on all around him,—he mentally distilling the remarks of others, and never failing, in due time and season, to apply to useful purposes the essences thus extracted. Pisander's amazingly ignorant *guess* about Cæsar, occasioned

Thales, on the following morning, to examine his young nephew, with more than ordinary care in history, &c.; and also confirmed him in his opinion that the human mind, like a white sheet of paper, is originally wholly unsullied by ideas—and *may* so remain.

EVANDER'S silence, though quite as great, originates in his own unjust estimate of his admirable powers and acquirements; for he has seen but little of society, and therefore imagines the world must be wiser than he will soon find it. Evander is truly a modest man, and as such has never been sufficiently encouraged and sustained by society to have enabled him to find out the secret of his own great worth—for we know nothing of distances but by comparison; and if a man does not trumpet forth his own merits, and happens to be more than usually retiring, the world is pretty sure to cast him in still greater obscurity, and to ascribe that to dullness, which an excess of modesty alone occasions. I have occasionally seen Evander in society, a close, but nearly silent observer, and never yet saw any one disposed to analize, him, or even to think it possible that he is a man of mind and of education. Evander's clothes, moreover, are not exactly in fashion—and he does not possess the ease of one who has mixed with the *beau monde*. Should he be so fortunate, however, as to meet with a trumpeter, none will then be like Evander. But he must wait his time.

THEOCRITUS is silent in company from still another cause, and that is *abstraction*. But when

aroused, none can shed more true light on the subject. He then becomes eloquent, animated, and highly instructive. His habit of musing often fixes him to a chair, during the larger part of the evening, to the regret of those who know him, and no less to the surprise of such as have not the pleasure of his acquaintance. Had society in general, the good sense to hunt up in every circle, these four classes of silent men and view them as they really are, how much of the human mind might be developed (and even Pisander's character would not be wholly without its utility;) how many valuable elements might be rescued from comparative obscurity and inaction, which might be brought into usefulness, and moulded into highly agreeable and instructive constituents of a society, where their possessors are now little else than drones.

ARBITRARY SELECTION OF A CHILD'S PROFESSION.

XXXVI. The wealthy LEUCIPPUS has four sons, whose vocations in life he pre-ordained nearly at the birth of each, and which he carried out with an inflexibility truly Ægyptian, and an obstinacy equally Bœotian; for Leucippus was himself uneducated, and had much of that pertinacity which the pride of wealth, ignorantly and fortuitously acquired is so apt to generate. Medicine, Law, the Army and Merchandize were the fixed pursuits of his sons; but Leucippus had not the least idea of the adaptation of a moral, intellectual and physical education suitable to each; nor was he made aware, as the mind and physical structure of each were developed

by age, that the intended doctor was morbidly nervous; the promised lawyer was without sense, and an incurable petit maitre,—the military aspirant a mere poltroon; and the incipient merchant most peculiarly obtuse in calculations: these were matters which he clearly saw, only when it was too late to apply any remedy.

SPARTACUS daily fainted in the dissecting room, nauseated at the mixture of medicines—had frightful dreams after dipping into Spalanzani, or turning over the plates in Bell's Anatomy—still, he *must* persevere; and at the age of twenty-seven, through filial obedience, died a martyr, whilst preparing some asafœtida pills!

HORTENSIUS was placed in the office of a *practising* lawyer, who had never himself read law; and was put to practice before he had acquired even the elements of the science. How often do ignorant parents make this sad mistake of placing their sons in a mere practising office; as if law were a mere manipulation, and practice could be learnt before and without the aid of theory! This too usual *histeron-proteron* made Hortensius the veriest of pettifoggers—a miserable lounger on the outskirts of the bar—a dealer in the pettiest matters, which by oppression and vile exaction, he turned to such account as must inevitably have placed him at more honorable and useful work in the penitentiary, had not Leucippus' wealth exiled the son to a foreign land; and hence results some of the obloquy ignorantly cast on this meritorious profession!

MILETUS, by the force of the same wealth, and

by some consequent political influence, became a cadet, though all who remembered him at school knew that he never would fight his own battles, but he relied on his bully friends, whose restricted purse he occasionally supplied from the copious fountain of his nabob father. Miletus, however, had a short career—he was often disgraced—failed wholly in his examination, and, at the age of twenty-two, had no one to bury his body on the plains of Texas, and none even to name his name as one of the victims in that holy cause!

Perdicas then became the remaining hope of the family. Leucippus was quite sure that money and merchandise were the only true elements of power; and that merchants formed the only legitimate aristocracy of any country—and so thought Perdicas! The poor success, thus far, of the father, who laudably designed to be the founder of a family, without the requisite *savoir-faire* to accomplish it, quite satisfied him that physicians are unfeeling butchers—lawyers knaves to a man—soldiers vainglorious and cowardly—and that merchants alone are competent to rule the destinies of a nation, to regulate and refine society, and to control, repress, or patronize every source of weath and of influence! But Perdicas, in his father's coffers, found too much redundance to require exertion on his part; and the more so as his brothers were now no longer participators in his hereditary expectancies. Perdicas, moreover, was no calculator—no reader, and, unfortunately, touched nothing in the way of speculation, that brought not with it some loss. Upon the

thousand and one enterprises of taste, of fashion, of literature, and of politics, into which his money brought him, he had no light to shed; but he found himself at length the sole heir of half a million! Perdicas, thus forced into action and responsibility, built houses in bad taste, and was invariably cheated—speculated in stocks, whenever on the eve of a fall—dabbled in farms and high-bred horses, in merino sheep, Durham cattle, improved agricultural implements, in patent rights of various kinds, in pictures of Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Carlo Dolci, Tintoretto, Guido, Kuyp, Murillo, Paul Potter, and a hundred others—painted, Heaven only knows when, or where, or by whom! in statuary, too, by Canova, Thorwaldsen, &c. made at Leghorn! in carriages of curious forms, foreign and domestic—in lands in Mexico, Michigan, and Wisconsin—in mines of gold, silver, lead, and copper, situate any where, and every where—in timber for shipping—in towns that are to be, and in railroads which are *in posse*, and are to yield twenty per cent—in new invented tiles for houses, wholly to exclude shingles and all metalic coverings—and finally became a banker, just as his hereditary plum had melted down to a pound!—Perdicas broke, with a tremendous crash, before his notes had circulated out of the state! Thus ended the family of Leucippus, and no one can now say, that *he* ever had a grandfather, who aimed to be the progenitor of nothing less than a nation; whose seed was to be multiplied as the sands of the sea shore, not to be numbered for the multitude thereof!

MODERN JESUITISM.

XXXVII. With religion, *proper*, it is, perhaps, meet that these our murmuring lucubrations should have but little direct concern—that being a spiritual relation between each man and his Maker, with which our lay-pen must seldom meddle, and then most reverently. But all, no doubt, have observed that this holy name sometimes embraces two systems of human conduct, very distinct in their origin and end; the one having heaven for its author and its hope; the other (born of earth) worldly policy and aggrandisement for its single object. The Jesuits, with all their piety, learning, and refinement, thought earth worth winning as well as heaven, and contrived a scheme of such matchless detail and complexity, as had well nigh proselyted all governments, and all things to their political sway!

But, to look nearer home,—what shall we say of the followers of George Fox, so different in most respects from the Jesuits; yet still with much of that earthly and ambidextrous policy, which keeps a keen eye on things terrene?

Their reading, which is much more in the physical than the moral sciences, together with their comparative segregation from the world, and other peculiarities of education, have imparted to their general character a selfishness, a worldly acumen, and a *brusquerie* of manners, strongly characteristic. For the genuine Quaker we entertain much respect: his life is primitive, inoffensive, pure, correct. With a slight dash of stoicism, always, he is still

the friend of God and of man. With little or no enthusiam in his religion, he pursues the even tenor of his way, neither meddling with the creed of others, nor attempting to impose his own on them. Still, in worldly matters he attends with strictness to his individual interest, and if he wrongs no man, he suffers no man to wrong him, if skill and prudence can obviate it. Those, however, who are born Quakers, and are such by reputation, practice the *worldly* portion of their religion, with more exaggeration; and often sail so close to the wind, and amble so very near the confines of dishonesty and want of veracity, as to make you at least wary of them. The genius of their peculiar education is apt to generate this proclivity; and where policy, blended with religion, happens to gain the least ascendency, the plain garb yields both temptations and facilities to the slight deflexions from elevated morals. This we might illustrate in many ways; but a single example will sufficiently convey our meaning, which, though it aims no censure *en masse*, yet shows the divine nature of the two systems to which we have alluded.

Ephraim was an amiable and honest man,—of numerous occupations, and thrifty in all. Promises hung heavily on him; and when urged, he seemed more disposed at once to do than to promise; but when seduced into one, would perform it, yet often, with such variations, as arose from his own *mental* version of it at the time! He did, moreover, many generous and good things, but always in his own way; and in certain particular and politic direc-

tions! He sometimes went, also, on the very limits of dishonesty, but never visibly beyond them; was often on the boundaries of falsehood, but never palpably on the other side! Ephraim came to his friend Obadiah and said, 'I will lend thee all the money I have in bank.' 'I have no need of any loan to-day, friend Ephraim,' replied Obadiah. 'But I *will* lend thee all; there will be no occasion for a check, but I will lend *thee* all.' The friends eventually understood each other, and Ephraim departed. Shortly after Nehemiah called on Ephraim and said, 'Thou must lend me some money to-day, I have great need of it.' 'Friend Nehemiah,' replied Ephraim, 'I have just lent all the money I have in bank, I cannot lend thee.' 'My note, Ephraim, will be over,—the banks *can* give no aid, thou must, indeed, lend me.' 'I cannot, Nehemiah, all has been just lent.' So Nehemiah departed.—How often does heathen philosophy put us christians to the blush; and the errors of our religious, moral, and intellectual education make us trespass on rules held sacred by the pagan world!

### THE ALCHEMICAL THEORY.

XXXVIII. After pondering over the profound cogitations of the renowned SANDIVOGIUS, in his work entitled 'A New Light of Alchemie,' and over the nine books 'Of the nature of things,' by PHILIP THEOPHRASTUS, of Hohenheim, better known under the name of PARACELSUS, I have come to the conclusion, that the moral and physical worlds are more

closely associated, and dependent upon each other, than has hitherto been supposed; and that, by a species of moral alchemy, we may ascertain the veritable elements which originate all the cardinal distinctions or classes in society; and, from the combinations and modifications of elementary *matter*, deduce similar results as to *mind*. Now it will be found, if this theory of mine be true, that whenever men do congregate into cities, they as unerringly settle down into *four* distinct *classes*, as do the entities of the natural world into the *four elements* of fire, earth, air and water; and that whatever may be the combinations in these cities, by marriages or other alliances among the said classes, they may all be still resolved into their original elements, and with as much certainty, too, as we find in the chemist's laboratory when operating on material substances. These four classes of men-creatures, resident in cities, are without doubt generated, sustained, combined and modified by the four named natural elements; and this, (strange as it may appear,) will be doubted by such only as are alike ignorant of the wonders of the physical and moral world; of their mutual operations on each other; of the alchemy which belongs to each; and of the light shed by the learned SANDIVOGIUS and PARACELSUS, when applied in the manner my theory proposes.

Men, then, when thus associated, are compelled by a law of their nature, prescribed to them by the four elements, to settle down into four distinct classes, each having a distinct element as its *radical principle*.

Thus we find 1st. that the MERCANTILE class is generated, constantly associates to itself, and is alone sustained, by the dry and heavy element, *earth*, which is its *pabulum vitæ*, in whatever form this element may appear.

2d. The MECHANICAL class owes its genesis to *air*, this being its sustaining principle, and as essential to its existence as *earth* is to the first named class. 3d. The *Learned Professions* originate in, amalgamate with, and are wholly dependent upon *fire*, as their elementary principle; and 4th. The CANAILLE or *Fæx populi* are derived from *water*, and its slimy emanations, their alternate happiness and misery being derived from this element, in its numerous forms and combinations. After a close inspection of these four classes, which are to be found in all cities, I find that nature is seldom violated; and that each preserves the integrity of its original elementary derivation! Hence is it, first that *merchants* are so commonly and strongly affected by the *auri sacra fames*, and deal so extensively in every conceivable product of the earth; deriving, as it were, their radical *pabulum vitæ* from the *metals;* which, as all alchemists know, are the ultimate distillations from earthy primogenial particles. It is also equally well known that merchants are not hot, like fire, (as they must keep somewhat cool in making their bargains;) nor cold, like air, (for they are obliged to retain some warmth that they may insinuatingly conciliate their customers;) nor moist like water, (for they find better success in the lubricity of oil;) but that their dominant principle is earthy dryness

(radical moisture being *female* in the alchemical sexual system!)—Now as fire is light and dry; as air is light and moist; and water is heavy and moist; so is earth heavy and dry; and we know that the *most* dry element, which is fire, is *male;* and the *most* moist, which is water, is *female.* In these recondite facts of alchemy we have a beautiful illustration of the truth of the alchemical writers, when they deny to earth any sex; for the earth, of itself, generates nothing, radical moisture alone being the generative and productive principle,—earth being essentially heavy, dry, and unprolific. Hence we at once perceive the reason why merchants, who are earthy, never of themselves *generate* any thing —but, true to their nature and their unsexual origin, they give existence to nothing—not even by modifications, mixtures, and combinations; but live and thrive on the procreative energies of other classes, whose products they merely transfer from one country to another, or from one hand to another; and for this temporary manucaption, they charge no inconsiderable bonus, and grow vastly rich and powerful on the products of the toils, (mental and physical) of the other two classes which are based on air and fire! Here also we see the harmony of their nature still further preserved; for, as the earth runs away with all the *credit* of generating all things, when in truth she generates nothing, and owes all her honours and plumes to *radical moisture,*—so we find merchants constantly endeavoring to monopolize all the emoluments and honours of life; denying in the most niggard manner to the learned professions

and to the mechanic arts, their just due of honour; when all who fairly examine the subject, know that the fire of the one, and the water of the other generate every thing that merchants have any communion with! My alchemical system is further illustrated in this class, by the fact that merchants have less of *salt*, whether *Attic*, or otherwise, than either of these other classes,—their minds being too intent on heavy metalic gains, to foster the light and sparkling essences of salt, which agree not with the dull realities of commercial existence. Salt, moreover, in the natural world, is opposed to dryness,—moisture being its 'mortification,'—hence it is that merchants have as much antipathy to the *fire* of the learned professions, as elementary fire has to its 'mortification'—*water*,—and we further find that this class likes not the *air* of the mechanical class, which the merchants regard as too specifically light, ambitious, and aspiring, and which, balloon like, may suddenly rise over their heads, which they try to prevent, constantly endeavoring to retain the airy class nearer to the earth, by the various influences of the metals! We also perceive in this earthly origin and proclivity, the cause of the little esteem the merchant often has for the generative properties of the air and fire of the only two classes that can conflict with them.

Pursuing these classes, we shall find, *secondly*, that the *Mechanical* class is also true to the nature of the elementary principle in which it originated.—They commence life with little else than air! They possess but little of that heavy, dry, and earthy ma-

terial which so strongly marks the merchant; and not a great deal of the fire that characterizes the scholar; and still less of the aqueous mixtures that mark the canaille, (for this, in the commencement of their vocation, would be destructive to their honest exertion.) The puffy nature, however, of such aërial food added to the little fire, to which air always has *some* affinity, generates, in process of time, a *false buoyancy*, or a wonderful proclivity to rise in life, and to assume, the habits, manners, expenses, feelings, &c., of the classes based on earth and fire—and for this reason is it, among others, they become politicians, legislators, &c. leaving their more honourable, useful, and profitable vocations, for those they know less of! Inflated with air, they soon occupy a space ten-fold larger than their *material* requires—and though they profess to hate the *fire* of the professions and ridicule and anathematize those who would instruct and guide them, they often abandon the anvil or the plane to practise the vocations of a Coke, an Esculapius, or a Saurin. This strange inconsistency arises mainly from the *inconstancy* and *wavering* nature of air; and when disappointment marks them for her own, they then, for the first time, claim acquaintance with the *watery* element, and forsake their own class to join that of the *lower!* But this airy class of our citizens are eminently useful; and, in the main, generous, enterprising, honest; and were it not for their narrow prejudice against their best friends, (the fiery class) and their consequent indifference to the genial and productive warmth of

education, they could not fail to raise their balloon into the loftiest regions, especially if duly charged with metalic earth! We therefore advise this estimable class, to educate their children *suitably;* to cultivate at home purity, and all the amenities of a well ordered life—to be jealous of no one's pursuits—not to forsake their legitimate vocations—to waste not their time and money upon pursuits foreign to their habits. If these things be done, the wholesome order of life will be preserved, and they, their progeny and country, will be greatly blessed therein.

*Thirdly.* The class which embraces the LEARNED PROFESSIONS, in our alchemical arrangement, has *fire* for its origin and sustaining principle. Who has not heard of the fire of genius, the fire of eloquence, the ardor of study, the zeal of proselytism—of thoughts that burn, and words that glow? all of which are metaphors evidently taken from the element to which this class owes its genesis. If, for example, a preacher, (forsaking his high vocation) become dry and earthy, he is sure to be dull and prosing—if airy or watery, he turns frivolous, slippery, or toping. So, also, if a lawyer become a stock-jobber, or merchant, he has lost his fire, if he ever possessed any—and probably was accidently cast in a wrong mould! earth having been his elementary matrix, instead of fire, for if he loves gold better than fame, he may have been a good *practical manipulator* in the law, but not a lawyer, and he ought to have sought his place in the second class, with air for his element—or in the first, if the love

of the metals control every other affection. If, again, the doctor turn apothecary, or speculator, or farmer, or builder, he could not have been born under the true star of his class; but was cast in a wrong mould, and has earth or air for his element.—How much better had it been for such an one, had he at once followed the first suggestions of his proclivity, instead of wasting his hours over the intellectual fire of a Bell or a Cullen! And, finally, if a divine be wanting in the fire of his holy calling, (which, of all others, reposes most on this element) he becomes flat, stale, and unprofitable, and had much better patch soles, than attempt to mend souls;—for this is a *cure* to which he had no call.

*Fourth.* The last, though not *least* class, is composed of those who have a watery and slimy origin, and have the appropriate name of *canaille* or fœx populi, being the villanous scum that rises from the turbid and troubled waters of society—and true to their origin, also, they are nourished (or rather destroyed) by aqueous combinations! Those who formerly maintained the doctrine of equivocal generation, placed much reliance on the watery origin of man, conceiving him originally an oyster or a tadpole! But *we* think better of our origin, as a *species;* though our theory demands, and clearly proves, that this *class* springs from the source, and is sustained by the element we have ascribed to it. How inveterately addicted are they to moisture, in every conceivable form and mixture! How perseveringly fond are they of wetting their clay, of living in the fœx and slimy moisture of foggy and

boggy places, and how little do they know of any other *fire* than that which is most artificially combined with water! We know, also, that water is eminently *female* in alchemical philosophy; and hence it is that this class is so prolific not only in progeny, but in the generation of all kinds of vices, brawls, mobs, &c.—mother Eve (who was a female) being the first that sinned. Water, moreover, is heavy, compared with air and fire; this class, therefore, find their 'mortification,' alchemically speaking, in the air, earth and fire of the other classes—but more especially in the last, as they abominate lawyers, doctors and divines, (who belong to this element.) Their dislike, moreover, to divines is heightened by their threats of eternal fire—'a mortification' very abhorrent to water—nor do they love the earthiness of the merchant, though they set a great value on his lands and metals, provided they can gain them without exertion,—as by robbery, or some agrarian device which is the same. And finally, this fourth and lowest class abhor education, and all the results of the fiery element. They consequently have not sufficient *natural* heat to raise themselves into the gaseous or airy class, and thus pursue some honest mechanic art. If they labour, it is only to keep life within them, or to procure the means of driving life without them.

The four classes, thus alchemically described, like the four natural elements, are constantly jostling against each other. They sometimes form the strangest alliances, productive of the most wonderful alchemical results. As with the elements, so

with them, there are among them principles of strong attraction, and of equally strong repulsion, which require the soundest philosophy of a moral Sandivogius or Paracelsus to harmonize,—and as it was the province of the alchemists to extract the pure essences, and to transmute the baser particles into an *elixir vitæ*, an *aurum potabile*, or a *lapis philosophorum*, so should the statesman endeavour, by equal research and labour, to discover the true elements of society and government. Happy the legislator who has discovered the true nature of our four classes; and thrice happy that community in which neither earth, air, fire or water is tyrannically predominant.

AVERSION TO MAKING A WILL.

XXXIX. Making a will is a duty often neglected from a dilatory habit, but still more so from a strange weakness or superstitious aversion which many feel, to deal with a matter, that seems to border on the grave, and which they half believe is an insidious intimation from the grim monarch, that they will soon, thereafter, have a more formal 'notice to quit.' This idle superstition is closely allied to that morbid fear of death, which poisons the happiness of some. The calamities so frequently attendant on the neglect of this duty, till after the mind and body have lost their judgment and vigour, or till death suddenly arrests them without having made any formal declaration of their most earnest wishes, may create in such people some momentary impressions and resolves; but their habitual repug-

nance whispers—to-morrow—to-morrow, till the last morrow finds them, also, without a will, and the whole of their immense property squandered among a hundred remote, ungrateful, and hated relatives, to the total exclusion of those who have been nourished in their bosoms—and who were the fondest objects of their earthly attachments.

The fair ASPASIA had, nearly from her birth, presided as the sole mistress over her devoted uncle's splendid mansion. She was the joy of his solitary life—the cheerful companion of his leisure hours—the recognized—exclusive heiress of his vast accumulations. Educated in every accomplishment, but frail in health, her life had been dedicated to him, not from any mercenary feelings, for she had those of a daughter. Two ungrateful and dissolute sons, long since discarded by him, but only after that dire necessity a parent alone so long withstands, who were then in foreign lands, and had been the victims of penal justice for the foulest crimes, were released, just when FLAVIUS had suddenly expired, without a will! and, to the astonishment and indignation of the world, every one saw these brothers in the full and undisturbed possession of all their father's wealth; whilst the offcast Aspasia became the humble dependent on the precarious bounty of others! Without a murmur of complaint, Aspasia still revered her uncle's memory, and only wondered, that in sons so worthless the blood of so dear a relative could flow, and, that among the institutions of a virtuous and free people, there had never been any provision to meet a case like hers.

THE EASY PROMISER.

XL. There are men who can never say no, who yet are as far from *doing*, as if they had used with emphasis that significant particle. They will promise you any thing, be it by word or writing; perhaps faithfully meant at the time, but always with an apparent intention of performance; and yet without the slightest fore-thought as to their ability, and but little remorse at the consequences of the necessary, or voluntary violation of their plighted faith.

PROPHANTUS belongs to this anomalous class. 'Have you any money, to-day,' said a friend to him, 'I am unexpectedly caught by a draft, and shall be miserable, if I cannot meet it.' 'Oh certainly, my dear sir, I'll send you my check by twelve o'clock,'—but, three arrived, and Prophantus had never thought of it more! This *promiser*, on leaving his friend, met with MARCIA. 'My daughters,' said she, 'are going to the fancy ball to-night, and rely on your escort and carriage.' 'Most proud to wait on them, I shall be with you, in my carriage punctually at nine, you may rely upon me'—but Prophantus was in Washington by that hour! the ladies, and the ball, and the carriage, never having occurred to him, after the necessity, real or imaginary, of leaving town presented itself. But these are minor evils, compared with the thousand that might be named as consequent on the forgotten, or violated promises of Prophantus, and his numerous class.

HOLDING FAST TILL YOU DIE.

XLI. Avarice and the love of accumulation, though not identical, are twin brothers, which we press to our bosom the more firmly, as we grow older. Based on one, or both of these propensities, is the ruinous practice of those parents who leave their children to live on hope—to starve amidst brilliant anticipations, and almost unconsciously to cherish the shocking, though half natural, and subdued *looking-forward* to the hour of their exit! How strange is it that men will never learn by the past, that if all be kept close till they die, even their children will take possession of the long deferred patrimony, with but little honour and thanks, to him who only parted with any portion of it when no longer his. How many young men of education, talents, and fine promise, have been hopelessly ruined by this agitating anticipation, by this heartfelt mortification from contemplating their actual poverty, in every thing but so afflictive a hope! Idleness, with all its attendant evils, are inevitable with such expectants: work they cannot; for what employment, the least in keeping with their future prospects, can they obtain! and, if not somewhat in unison with them, it would be asking too much of poor human nature, to expect a young man, with no present means, to extract from the most humble materials, the elements of what, in other hands, might bring a fortune, when so much is before him, which he knows, at no distant day, must be his. Scarce any predicament is so full of

peril as this: and were it possible for wholesome legislation to reach this too common case, it would relieve a class of sufferers often more entitled to genuine sympathy, than those sons of indigence, whose only hope springs from their own exertions.

### DOMESTIC AND PUBLIC FACES.

XLII. PORCIA has two faces as distinct as January and May, the one strictly domestic, the other equally public! At home she is usually as crabbed and morose as a surly winter sky, seldom extending a civil word to any domestic; chubbing her little sisters and brothers,—out of humor with her milliner, shoe-maker, and tradesmen all, when there is no one present, but bland as an Italian summer's day, when any one steps in, or she steps out. This versatility, and matchless command of her *tournure* greatly surprises the children and servants, to whom it is mainly visible—teaches them deception whilst it impressively instructs them also (from the striking contrast) in the loveliness of civility, and the fascinations of a joyous, refined, and amiable manner. Porcia should live at home as little as possible, and should either travel the rest of her life—or turn actress; in which vocation we promise her eminent success: for her talents are admirable, her beauty great, her smiles irresistible; and what between studying her parts, and pleasing the audience, she would find perhaps fewer occasions to torment others, than she now possesses. But we have still something better for her: let her study the character here delineated, reform her

domestic face *altogether*, and none more lovely than Porcia.

HOW TO GAIN AND PRESERVE MANY FRIENDS AT SMALL EXPENSE.

XLIII. There is an art in conferring favours, not so generally adverted to as might be, in this age of calculations; I allude to that judicious division of the purse for gratuities, which enables you, with comparative economy, to benefit many, and reap a richer harvest of gratitude, than when the whole is lavished on some favourite—and further, if you must have such, to dole it out to him in oft repeated favors, most kindly bestowed, rather than in a single great one: for when people receive their whole plum at once and can hope for no more, they are too apt to forget the hand that has served them. The true secret, then, of engaging and securing the affections of those we would benefit, (and the most liberal ought not to be free of this much selfishness) is not to be too prodigal at once, of our fund of favour. But, if our benevolence be so platonic (the term may, perhaps, be thus applied) as to induce us thus effectually to serve a friend, the contingency of losing him by reason of having at once, done all in our power, may, possibly, be avoided by never permitting him to fully know the fact. But, if this cannot be done with the strictest veracity, the contingency must be met; and, without any libel on our nature, it is a greater one than is generally supposed, having separated more friends, and oftener justified the remark, that money is the root of all evil, than any other one cause whatever.

THE DISCONTENTED MAN.

XLIV. The ways to poison our happiness are, indeed, without number, but none so infallible as the habit of comparing, to our disparagement, the goods we have, with those enjoyed by others. Would it not be wiser to contemplate the scale of human happiness, from its *nether* point to the station we occupy, and gratefully to contrast our blessings with the miseries of others? DEMARATUS is out of conceit with his vocation, influence in society, his house and its *locale*, nay, even with his wife and children! This discontent springs from observing that his present employment (for which nature fitted him, and in which he prospers) is neither so lucrative nor honourable, as some others of his friends—that his name in society is not as prominent as that of some lawyers, and wealthy merchants—the house erected by his honoured father, is not of the last approved fashion—its situation is a little obscure, and that his lovely and sensible wife, and well educated children, are not as much in vogue, as some of the *more élite*. This unceasing comparison of every thing his own, with what is not, and which may be a few shades better, is a perennial source of evil and consequent unhappiness: and instead of prompting him to laudable exertions to realize his jealous wishes, he is gradually diminishing the stock of his actual comforts. To Demaratus, and his class, we say, beware of discontent—in that way '*madness lies*.'

PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH.

XLV. What success, my love, did you meet with in procuring a cashmere, said GONATUS to his wife Antistia, who was then diligently employed in making a pair of satin shoes for her approaching ball, the mystery of Crispin being then much in vogue, on the score of domestic prudence! I succeeded quite to my mind, and obtained a very beautiful one for seven hundred, replied Antistia. At that moment the servant entered, with a milk bill, which being closely inspected by the *domina*, 'tell the milkman' said she, 'I really *will not* pay eight cents a quart, it's quite intolerable!' 'Why dear, intervened Gonatus, times are extremely severe with the poor; they no longer can retain old prices for their humble commodities, when their own essentials of life are nearly doubled. Well, bid him send the ice creams at old prices, as the quantity needed is so large,' coolly replied the prudent Antistia! Thus are we often almost criminally—'penny wise—and pound foolish.'

## CHAPTER III.

An Apophthegm explained.—Anger, a short madness.—Physiognomy and phrenology doubted as sciences.—Laughter, foolish, feeling, intellectual.—Fear of death, why and when morbid.—Bad grammar in society.—Favours received and conferred.—Marriage in old age.—White lying.—A man of honour.—The art of puffing.

### AN APOPHTHEGM EXPLAINED.

XLVI. Nothing is generally more false than that 'he who sows the wind, reaps the whirlwind.' Unfortunately, the wicked and mischievous sow,—the innocent and confiding reap. How often does the reckless course of a son, who has nothing to lose, involve a whole family in undistinguished ruin, and unutterable grief! And how often does the wild and unprincipled ambition of the partisan enrich him, whilst it poisons the very sources of national prosperity! Those who act thus, whether in private or in public life, are often selfish and calculating: they bring the avalanche on others, but rest themselves in the strongest fortresses of security—or, may be, they are crushed by the same ruin, but only after they have lost all worthy of possessing.

CLITUMNUS was a young man of great personal beauty, and finish of manners, but devoid of principle. Without means, he loomed largely in every

way, and married thereby one of the finest women in the world, brought up in the very lap of luxury, and made happy by the best of parents. Clitumnus gambled—built a splendid mansion—had numerous horses of the highest breed, and was in every thing most liberal—with his father-in-law's ample purse! Unexpectedly a series of misfortunes crowded thick upon this kind parent; and Clitumnus thus cut short of his supplies, soon out-lived his love. Instead of husbanding his present means, he became, if possible, still more extravagant, and finally wholly reckless—he broke the heart of his wife—saw his children in poverty, and still preyed upon the last remnant of his adopted *mother's* property; till all being exhausted, he sought refuge in a foreign land. Has not every society its Clitumnus? and did *he* not sow the wind, and *others* mainly reapt the whirlwind? And though the avalanche finally overwhelmed him too, who was Clitumnus ever, that any sympathy should be wasted on him! And yet, the elegant Clitumnus is often kindly spoken of,—when Medora, his angel wife, is forgotten, and Drusus, her fond and excellent parent, is only remembered to be execrated by those who suffered by his commercial misfortunes!

### ANGER, A SHORT MADNESS.

XLVII. Anger is a short madness, which casts the judgment, and the graces into disarray, and makes us commit such follies as amaze us, when the paroxysm has passed by. With some it is constitutional, with others a morbid habit, the offspring of bad education.

Ione was possessed of much beauty; and united a joyous spirit with all the graces of accomplished manners. Her eyes sparkled with intellectual fire; her mouth was the dwelling place of winning smiles; and, if she had her own way, none more ingenuous and charming than she. But Ione was never permitted to be contradicted—her fond parents always submittted to her decision; and her numerous brothers and sisters paid her so much deference that Ione was the family's queen—from whose oracle there was no appeal. Ione married—another's judgment now came in conflict with hers—a husband's love was not a doating father's—and Ione's habitual resistance to contradiction gradually undermined her good principles, and made *her* the daily sport of the most angry bursts of passion, and her *husband* the most wretched of men. The carriage was in waiting, Ione was tightly laced, and ready for the fancy ball—when one of her satin shoes (the only pair that could be used for the occasion) burst! she gave a loud shriek, in a violent agony of passion—and with it, Ione was a corpse!

PHYSIOGNOMY AND PHRENOLOGY DOUBTED AS SCIENCES.

XLVIII. Lavater and Dr. Gall, though they did not originate the ideas of physiognomy and phrenology, have the merit of first moulding them into systems of scientific pretension. Character is said to be also, indicated by the autograph; by the notes of one's voice; and even by the shake of the hand! and these are favorite notions of many persons—of small mind. Are not all of these the mere charlatanry of

science? And though their advocates profess to rest them all on *induction*, are they not, in truth, the mere vagaries of imagination triumphing over judgment? *Credo di si.* It is impossible, however, to discard them *en masse;* for the error seems to lie in drawing too broad and strong conclusions, from feeble and ill defined premises;—and also, in forming systems from materials (somewhat like the forming of mammoths) very many of which are wholly artificial, and from others having nothing of that visible and tangible certainty which we do possess in the ascertained fossil remains of the hugest of land animals.

MEDICUS involuntarily, and habitually stares you in the face, that he may read your heart and mind! and, from the same motive, if a graceful apology should enable him, he is sure to be surveying with care the topography of your head! Medicus has analized very many autographs—has classified every mode of manual salutation—and has raised a system out of what he calls the characteristic tones of the human voice! He is quite sure that SPARTACUS cannot have been a man of true genius and sound sense, as he wrote so abominably—that his friend LEANDER must be, in grain, a *petit maître*, his autograph being so truly finical—that FAVILLA could scarce make one happy in wedlock, as her voice indicates, from its extreme shrillness, a bad temper—and that ABELARD is lizzard-souled, as his shake is pump-handled, and without any grasp!

ALMANZOR is another theorist, but not exactly

in the same class. He has a great contempt for little men, and cannot realize the idea that a well organized and gigantic soul *can* reside in a frail and diminutive tenement! Its in vain you urge upon Almanzor the numerous examples to the contrary, with which all history and biography teems; he immediately becomes prolific in contrary examples; and with the most inconsequential logic, rests on his, and can see no force in yours. I know not that these madmen can do much mischief in society,—as their class is very limited in number, and also, as it demands some cleverness to be *thus mad*, and those who *are clever*, are extremely apt to keep out of such hallucinations.

LAUGHTER FOOLISH, FEELING, INTELLECTUAL.

XLIX. Laughter should have an adequate cause—be in season—never excessive—nor so mixed up with attempts at utterance, as to produce an incomprehensible melange of words and convulsive expulsions of the breath. When laughter comes direct from the *heart* and *mind* it is a generous and intellectual expression of feeling, not unworthy of any man; and, as it is peculiar to our species it should never be abused. But laughter is often abused, and sometimes degradingly so. With some it is a mere unmeaning habit, strongly indicative of mental vacancy, and becomes peculiarly offensive when continued beyond the sustaining sympathy of those around us. This, like every other exhibition of feeling, must be left, in a great degree, to the guidance of a well regulated mind; and though

we regard it as a clear mark of folly to laugh habitually, excessively, and out of season, we cannot say with La Bruyère '*Je doute que le ris excessif convenienne aux hommes qui sont mortels*,'—nor with Lord Froth, in the Double Dealer, that 'there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh'—and should be sorry to inculcate, with Lord Chesterfield, that though a wise man may *smile*, he should never *laugh* after he has come to the full use of his reason! What a strange proclivity censors of manners often have to push their doctrines into extremes! and how much more impressive and effectual is advice, when, true to nature, it pursues the golden mean, and imposes no useless and impossible restrictions! We would not therefore, admonish FELICITUS to smile only; nor to think that he has committed a crime against the humility, or the dignity of mortals, if he laughs heartily—but we do think that stentorian laughter is unbecoming—untimely laughter is often unfeeling, and ever *en mauvais goût*—long continued laughter makes him look foolish, and others feel so; and that THALIA'S strange habit of laughing and talking *uno flatu*, spoils much of her beauty, and compels us to doubt her intellectuality.

### FEAR OF DEATH, WHY AND WHEN MORBID.

L. Love of life, and fear of death are, in a great degree, the result of education—are found to obtain more strongly and generally in christendom than elsewhere, and have been on the increase in the ratio of the spread of christianity. Not that a *true*

*christian* either cleaves more to the goods of this world, or dreads the possible evils of that which is to come; but that *half christians* (who are still by far the most numerous) love the former, and shrink from the latter, because of their partial faith, having no well-founded hope either of reaping the goods, or of escaping the comminated evils, of that never ending existence to succeed the present. Is there, then, any wretchedness more hopeless than the strong love of life, accompanied by a morbid apprehension of death! present goods, not certainly ours for a moment,—future evils certainly ours, for ever!

Insensibility to the fear of death, and the consequent relative indifference to the loss of the goods of this life, were the necessary general result of the absence of any revelation in the heathen world; and the existence of a revelation, however little relied on (if not wholly disbelieved) begets a state of mind but little known in ancient days,—and now equally so in regions where the light of christianity has not yet dawned. Mohammed evinced much human philosophy in founding his revelation on a heaven of sensual pleasures, and resignation to a fate wholly unavoidable. The mere fact, then, of being born a christian, imposes an additional duty on all such to remove the fear of death, either by confirming their faith, or their infidelity; for with rational minds there should be no neutrality; and, indeed there cannot be; the sun of revelation shining too brightly, not to reach some of the windings of every heart and mind that does not studiously teach itself infidelity. There are,

however, in all societies a very few true believers, who still remain morbidly sensitive as to death, which will be found to be the result of a vicious, domestic and general education in early life, or of errors in the religion as taught: for, belief alone is not sufficient to place the mind at ease. In Louis XI. it was a disease that poisoned his life; and exhibits on this subject one of the most degrading histories on record of the effects of bad education, and of errors in our religion.

Paulus is an honest man—a firm believer—kind-hearted—a lover of his species—a moderate liver, valuing the things of this life rationally—yet Paulus, old, distempered, and capable of but little enjoyment, thinks of the grave, and of all beyond it, with undismayed horror! But such a case must cast no shade on the lustre of christianity: the impressions made on his youthful mind by false education planted too deeply the terrors of the law; and the absence of a well regulated mind shuts out the beauties of mercy and of redeeming love. Perfect confidence is, perhaps, not always attainable; but dismay belongs to no christian, whose mind has not been greatly distorted by early erroneous impressions. As matters are now constituted, it may, perhaps, be stated, as a general rule, that the true christian should neither *love* life, nor *ear* death; and if this be so, heathen philosophy, in the line of Martial, will be still found to harmonize with the conclusion from christian revelation:

'Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.'

Should not parents, then, at the first dawning of

reason, inculcate the loveliness of christianity?—this done, the fear of death would not grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength: but faith, implanted with our earliest thoughts, would enable us to enjoy this life with gratitude,—and yet as the presage of better things to come.

BAD GRAMMAR IN SOCIETY.

LI. The use of bad grammar in conversation, though not conclusive proof of ignorance, will be very generally found to be its offspring. We have, indeed, known and read of able and learned men whose grammar, and orthoepy, too, were extremely bad; but how many redeeming excellencies had they! and yet, even in them, we shrewdly suspect the habit was either the result of bad associations in youth, or of neglected early education. To violate our mother tongue, is at all events, prima facie evidence of vulgarity of education; and, as a mere habit, it is a *little sin* that every sensible mind ought to be ashamed not to conquer.

ELMIRA sins in this way egregiously; and when her pretty lips, and pearly teeth pronounce a plural noun with a singular verb—a pronoun in the objective, instead of the nominative case,—the genitive plural, mistaken for the nominative, and associated with a plural verb, we confess her loveliness, for a moment, falls in the thermometer of our regard, from blood heat to zero. But when we hear CLEOMENES, even whilst arbitrating upon a point of grammar, commit still greater blunders; and find SCHÆVOLA constantly saying, 'this will

do for you and I;' 'He and me were present;' 'the cause of his misfortunes and difficulties are well known' (Schævola belonging, as he does, to one of the learned professions!) they are a little too much for my patience, and cause me to regret, for a moment, that there are no penal statutes for such offences.

FAVOURS RECEIVED AND CONFERRED.

LII. The graceful conferring of favours, and the receiving them in like manner, are among the strongest criterions of a polished mind, and of a good heart. The *savoir faire*, in such matters, is every thing; and if either be ill done, it is sure to cause unamiable feelings, where, possibly, the best ought to have obtained. Tacitus thinks that benefits are so far acceptable, and gratefully received, as those obliged are in a capacity to return them, and that if this be exceeded, hatred is apt to be returned instead of thanks. This seems to us philosophically correct, only under certain circumstances; for if the benefit be generously and gracefully conferred, the result is gratitude; and hatred can scarce arise from the mere inability to disburthen ourself of the obligation imposed.

SERAPION is generous in lending you his purse, and doing you many other kindnesses; but it is always attended with a scrupulous expression of his full sense of the obligation he is creating, which, from time to time, he reminds you of, lest you should forget it; but by no means with the desire that you should cancel the obligation, or recipro-

cate it in any other form, but merely that he may gratify his own love of power, and repose with calmness on the influence of its exercise.

PHORMIO also, is not without generosity, of a peculiar kind; but he never fails to give pain from the total want of a *suaviter in modo* in such cases. He does the act, but is silent, grave, and grum, if not at heart, quite so in appearance. Every interview with him on the subject is a large draft upon your feelings, even if you know there is kindness at the bottom. Oh that benevolence had none of this alloy, what a sweetner would it be in those reciprocal interchanges of kind offices, which the varied concerns of life so imperiously require!

SULPITIUS will *receive* the kindness, most generously and appropriately bestowed by you, but without his moving a muscle, or giving you one expressive word or a look of thanks; and he punctiliously returns the matter conferred, but with the same apparent, if not real, heartlessness. Why cannot men learn that in receiving, as well as in bestowing favours, honour, a good heart, and a well ordered mind, require that it be so done as to cherish and expand the best feelings of our nature?

### MARRIAGE IN OLD AGE.

LIII. The world has long railed against the marriage of old men, and with little discrimination, we think, as its impropriety would seem to depend, not on the mere fact of old age, but on circumstances equally applicable to any age. The octogenarian, or others of that class, may rightfully marry,

if the selection be as suitable in other respects as those which justify the matrimonial relation between younger people. To my mind there is something even sublime in this association of a venerable couple disposed to promote each other's happiness during the few fleeting days that may remain to them; and interesting, too, though the interest be different from that excited on seeing young hearts beat responsive to each other, and the fresh and genial currents of roseate youth mingling in sweet harmony. But solitary old age is a chilly, gloomy existence, which needs the solace of all that the heart and imagination can then yield them from such an alliance; and why should it be withheld? We fear that much of the objection in such cases, proceeds more from the selfishness of others, than from a just estimate of the act itself. If the parties be properly associated as to respective ages, and other circumstances, the alliance should be hailed with joy; and no saucy grand-daughter, or presumptuous nephew should dare to murmur.

PHILOTAS was a *demi-millionnaire* when old age, though with sound health, left him, in the course of nature, but a remnant of existence. During fifty years, he had lived an exampler of conjugal affection and felicity; and he loved the whole sex in the abstract, as his amiable heart saw reflected in woman every excellence of his own estimable wife. She, however, was gathered to her fathers; and after ten years unaffected grief, he saw in STATIRA a faithful copy of his long lamented wife. Philotas was then without children, but surrounded

by their offspring, whom he tenderly loved: but were they companions for him? He married Statira—the whole city condemned it! and his grandchildren never smiled on her, but thought themselves injured, and even dared openly to complain! If there be distilled words of execration, let them be selected to paint in living colours the enormity of that ingratitude which denies to an old man, the privilege of strewing a few flowers on the short, straight path that leads to his grave,—when those who are shortly to attend him there, are to reap nearly the whole accumulated results of his toils and genius for more than half a century!

That old age does occasionally sully its glory by unsuited alliances, is most true; but, as far as my observation goes, by far the larger number of late marriages, though reprobated at the time, by the gossip world, and still more so by ungrateful relatives, have smoothed the acerbities, and cheered the downhill of life; and, had they been received with that generous welcome and heartfelt interest, ever due from youth to the wants of old age, they would have saved many a pang, and have softened still more, the last pillow of those whom nature and God bid us to love, honour, and cherish with an increase, every day they grow older.

### WHITE LYING.

LIV. Lord Bacon notes a sensible remark of Montaigne, 'that a liar is brave towards God, and a coward towards men: for a lie faces God and shrinks from man'—and this is true in every depar-

ture from veracity, where the matter is addressed to a sane mind. TRUTH is essentially a unit which admits of no fractions, of no modifications—it is a sunbeam, clear, pure and direct; its fountain is God,—and when resident in man, is the noblest of his principles, the most powerful of the sources of his usefulness. Such a virtue ought not to be tampered with; for when once turned from its thorough course, no one can say what may not be its ultimate sinuosities.

Lies have been much written on, and have been carefully classified—but in whatever apparently innocent form, or protean shape, they may appear, they are still offensive to a really truthful mind.

VOLUMNIA has a peculiarly *narrative* genius, and has more stories to tell, and descriptions to give, than any other lady. She is voluble, sprightly, agreeable, and sensible, withal—but Volumnia sees every thing in nature, in art, and in life *sous un point de vue exageré*. Nothing is truthfully told by her, all is enlarged—all too highly coloured. But this were comparatively innoxious, if her embellishments were exhausted on such things as the beauties of nature and of art: but when the gossip of private life falls from her cherry lips, in all the glowing hues of her ardent imagination, she lies *de facto*, whatever her motive may be,—for she leaves you in the firm belief of the actual existence of many evil doings and mischiefs, which, though possible enough, have still not occurred; for, with Volumnia, every thing is a *fact* that *may* become one; and every thing is so highly embellished by

her, as to amount to falsehood. Yet, no one questions her veracity, and all delight to hear her talk, as she is so agreeable and good-natured! Some few sensible persons, indeed, receive her remarks *cum grano*, but even they are often left in doubt, by her plausible, and earnest manner, and more so by the repugnance of every generous mind against recognizing departures from veracity in one so young, so fair, and so sensible as Volumnia.

### A MAN OF HONOUR.

LV. 'A man of honour!'—a phrase of most equivocal and even contradictory meaning, which to be explained and reconciled might swell this little volume into a folio. There are, however some *curiosa* about the matter called honour, that may be briefly noted. Fortunately for its admirers, the term has never yet borne the chains of a definition, its very vagueness constituting much of its efficiency,—for how often doth it happen that if the *word* be conceded, insulted honour cares little for the *thing!* Religion is honour, but honour is not religion—virtue is honour, but honour is not virtue! These paradoxes involve important distinctions, not always sufficiently made and regarded. Honour is sullied by a word, and vindicated by a murder. Honour is tarnished by an accusation, and restored by an apology. Honour may strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Honour, to the eye, may walk on stilts, when she is grovelling in the mire. MERCUTIO, as the world goes, says all kind of severe and slanderous things—pays his debts, when, and

if he pleases—wins from his friend money to his ruin—grows rich, *sub rosa*, by *woolly* speculations, or by defrauding government of duties by numerous undiscoverable indirections—but still is a man of honour, being most tenacious in vindicating it by pistol, rifle, or knife! MARTIA equivocates—is an inveterate gossip—coquettes without mercy; but permits no palpable liberties, is very beautiful and rich: she too, is a lady of honour. POLLIO fears God more than man; is scrupulously honest and just,—but feels himself compelled to speak the truth—gives offence thereby—refuses to recall his words and pronounce himself a liar—declines a challenge—and is damned as a man of no honour!

THE ART OF PUFFING.

LVI. The art of puffing has become a science! The expressive words quackery—charlatanry, humbug, are too narrow to embrace its comprehensive import. It pervades every order and ramification in life; eclipses, or rather extinguishes, all modest hopes; plants its foot upon silent merit; has a vocabulary of its own; perverts the meaning of well known words, abounds in expletives, and in grandiloquent terms; extracts merit by a double distillation out of nothing; lavishes on the merest duties of life, the most inordinate praise; vaunts the most ordinary successes as matters of pith and moment, meritorious of very special notice; and gives to men, events, and things, a colouring which formerly belonged only to genius of the highest order, to phenomena of rare occurrence, and to

things the most *recherché*. This is a crime against language, against the order of nature, against truth, and the well-being of society; and indicates a moral, religious, political and literary decadence, much beyond what is generally suspected. Illustration by example would be useless,—and though it flourishes here in eternal juvenescence, it characterizes the age; and is restricted to no city or country in christendom.

## CHAPTER IV.

Expletives in conversation.—A proud but vain man.—Selling off at cost.—Proclamation against gossips.—Whitling, and other idiosyncrasies.—Mothers and daughters.—Love of money.—The superstitious family.—The dinner hour.—The anecdotical gentlemen before soup and fish taken.—The punning merchant.

### EXPLETIVES IN CONVERSATION.

LVII. The only legitimate use of language is the communication of thoughts. Every word, therefore, should have a substantive import, or be necessarily auxiliary to those which have. The addition of terms which are wholly expletive, indicates poverty of ideas, and vulgarity of education; since nothing betokens mental refinement more than an easy exactitude of language, which neither forbids ornament, restricts the imagination, nor represses the just ardour of our feelings.

DROMIO has the most extraordinary vocabulary, and mode of conversing of any one of his numerous class. They consist of a nondescript *mélange* of unlooked for exclamations, ingenious and impromptu self-coined words, far strained analogies, consecutive punnings, marvellous similes, obsolete and vulgar errors, cant phrases, coarse epithets, trite aphorisms, French and Latin scraps, odd

expletives, funny metaphors, with an occasional curiously compounded oath: from all of which he is esteemed an agreeable and very clever man! But Dromio never attempts to argue, nor does he trouble himself to take in the arguments of others, preferring to give to such staid anomalies in conversation, his own direction, by some happy hit in his own strange way; and in this he seldom fails—amusement having generally more admirers, than the search after so occult and old-fashioned a thing as truth. Dromio is consequently extremely popular, and can silence at any time, a host of the most sensible talkers in society!

### A PROUD BUT VAIN MAN.

LVIII. That a man may be too proud to be vain, as dean Swift hath well observed, is certainly true, but there is still some ambiguity in the remark, arising from the distinct senses of the word pride, which signifies, as well a noble self-esteem, as an inordinate one. In either sense vanity *may* be excluded thereby, but the former renders one *incapable* of being, the latter only not so *apt* to be, vain.

ANTIPATER can never think himself in the wrong: is quite sure that all he possesses is the best of its kind—doubts not that his person, manners and conversation, must be admired by all—and yet stoops to every species of artifice, to secure universal popularity. His associations *sub rosa*, are considered by those cognizant of them as wonderful in one so respectable—well off in the world

and withal, so much charmed with himself. No ultra democratic, or aristocratic enterprise is on the tapis, without his active presence; he possesses a species of ubiquity—is current every where, in all things, with all parties, and with all people; but Antipater is too proud to seek for office, and probably, even to accept it, were it tendered! It seems, then, that pride may be the source of abundant vanity, and that it excludes it, only when the pride is a truly noble self-esteem; or when, on the other hand, it is so inordinate as to shut out the world, and centre all our feelings in self-gratulation—an anomaly of very rare occurrence.

### SELLING OFF AT COST.

LIX. The artifices of dishonesty are extremely Protean, often ingenious, and always sufficiently so to deceive women, and others, in search of bargains. I have always vehemently suspected those labels occasionally hung out by shop-keepers, such as '*Selling off for cash*'—'*Cheap sales to close a concern*'—'*At prime cost, owner about to leave the city*,' &c. In these cases nothing is more convenient than a thoroughfare, in the front of which crowds may daily purchase these 'cheap articles,' and the vacancies be as regularly supplied in the rear! By this simple mode, no marvel is it how long and copiously, and dog cheap, may these commodities be had, the public graciously accommodated, and the cunning vender fob off his trash, and yet leave a fuller shop at the end of a half year, than when he commenced his hoax

PROCLAMATION AGAINST GOSSIPS.

LX. That rapacious vulture old Harry VIII., after suppressing the abbeys, priories, and monasteries, betook himself to the suppressing of that unruly member, the tongue; and actually issued a proclamation that '*women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses!*' The tyrant feared the tongue of *woman* only, and considered her babble and talk, as necessarily mere slanderous gossip, dangerous to the commonweal. His was, indeed, an act that all chivalry, as well as patriotism, should condemn: but does not the denounced evil remain, though women be now better educated? And is not much of their talk a mischievous gossip, which, with harlequin ubiquity, slashes its wonder-working wand, most recklessly, at things but half revealed, transforming thin and shadowy forms of human frailty or folly, and possibly of virtue, into hideous monsters hated of God and man! That women have more proclivity this way than men, would appear from the Italian proverb, in which actions are accounted male, and *words* female—*I fatti sono maschi le parole femine.*

SPURINA'S mind and heart are strangely constituted. No man's last Will is to her mind; and then she deals with every clause thereof (real or imaginary, for none has she seen,) as if she were then presiding over them in the family council! No newly proclaimed match is free of objections, which are so plausibly and patronizingly set forth

by her, that you would imagine Spurina versed in all the mysteries of either party, and feelingly alive to their interests, but justly indignant at the expected event,—and yet Spurina is almost a stranger to them both and to all their concerns! She is quite sure moreover that MARCIA is too intimate with TORQUATUS, and that her character, greatly suffers; but what does Spurina really know of either? She laments the folly of TIGRANES, who is indulging his taste in a house and furniture *'entirely'* beyond his means; and deplores the sad predicament into which DIODORUS is placed, in being actually married to one, and engaged to two others! She hears of losses sustained by eminent families, and whines over them, when none such have happened; she accounts for ROXANA's miserable costume at the Fancy Ball, when Roxana was not there! She details with minuteness her reasons for asserting that CALPHURNIUS is the author of a satire, when Calphurnius is necessarily as innocent of it as he would be of the authorship of the PRINCIPIA! All that is possible and rumoured is with Spurina, *reality;* and though she is often wrong, she knows so many things, and talks so much, that she is often accurate to a letter! No matters, however delicate, and secret and sacred, but Spurina's *candour* unmasks them wholly—every thing with her, is common property, and her *summum bonum*, the *ultima Thule* of her aspirations is the eclat of being the first to reveal them! What would the eighth Harry have done with such a gossip; and could even his proclamation have silenced such a tongue?

WHITLING AND OTHER IDIOSYNCRASIES.

LXI. Idiosyncrasies, (craving pardon of the ladies for so uncouth a term) whether the same be physical, or mental, are ever ridiculous things, indicating a mind of less self-control than those who have these morbid habits, are willing to admit. We seldom see PHORMIO without a pretty knife, carving into ingenious forms bits of wood, of ivory, of metal, or other substance that happened in his way. Nothing can escape this whitling mania—from the *recherché* cane, valued beyond price, by some luckless *petit maître*, (the beautiful gold head of which, in Phormio's opinion, needs some additional carving and enchasing)—to the grave binding of my grand-mother's bible, which must needs first sharpen his knife, and then afford him a test of its edge! MUTIANUS, also, has a dash of this peculiarity, but it is exercised mainly on his nails, which he pares and polishes with a perseverance and minuteness, worthy a better cause. Still, it serves an excellent office in company—affording convenient small pauses in conversation; for the work *must* go on, and Mutianus, not being the brightest of men, having, withal, more of polish on his fingers than in his mind, has thus an apology for his occasional silence,—as we seldom keep our hands and tongue synchronously in action. In LUCIUS we find a still more singular habit, but a very harmless one. It consists in alternately winding round and loosing from his thumb a piece of thread or slender twine, which ever

accompanies him, as the most faithful of his friends. Nor is the thread of his argument ever lost, for he is a mine of knowledge, is fluent and agreeable. How he would be, were he to be surprised into company without this bit of twine, *non constat*; yet some do say he hath been seen in such circumstance, without idea or utterance, and as one standing in a labyrinth without his Ariadne!

### MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

LXII. Independence, or an impatience under restraint, is a too striking feature in the deportment of many of our young countrywomen. But no marvel is it that children are restive under domestic rule, when they see nearly every principle of political subordination resolving themselves around us, into the jarring elements of primeval anarchy. We seem to forget that nature herself hath established a chain of such order, and of such nice and mutual dependence, binding the various relations of life, that if we violate any of its links, we weaken thereby the whole; and cast into peril in all its parts, the well-being of society. There is a reciprocal action and re-action constantly, though almost invisibly, existent, between government and our firesides; and, if insubordination reigns in either, it is very certain, in a short time, to obtain in both.

This formal and philosophical preamble, courteous reader, thou didst not look for, now that we are to say a word concerning mothers and daughters! but it is, nevertheless, not out of place,

but why in place, we shall not discuss, leaving it to the good sense of our fair readers to extract it from the hints we have already given. The matter, then, of which we now complain is the unseemly practice of many young ladies receiving and entertaining evening and morning company, out of the presence of their mothers; and that these mothers should yield thereto, and occupy a distinct room, in order that the young gentlemen and their fair entertainers may feel no restraint! This is a fashion among the most reprehensible of the numerous innovations of what is called the new school. Besides being in extreme bad taste, it is unnatural, injurious alike to manners and to morals; is a prolific source of irreverence and disobedience to parents; of improper alliances; ill conducted courtships, Gretna Green miseries, the exclusion of mothers and fathers from general society; and finally, of all the evils of a crude and ill arranged domestic, social and civic life.

### LOVE OF MONEY.

LXIII. Were our love of money regulated by the mere desire to avoid the miseries of being without it, none but a currish sort of moralist would reprehend it, since few things are more justly regarded as calamitous than actual want; and if we have no money, or the means of obtaining it, we are rightly miserable, however rich we may be in the heart's affections, and in stores of learning. But those who value themselves, and others only for and in proportion to what they are in worldly goods,

are seldom without sufficient means themselves, to avoid all the miseries of a want of money, and the more they have, the more they desire. It is true, indeed, there are artificial wants created by circumstances, which as imperiously require a proportionate expenditure, as he who lacks the means of procuring a dinner; and if these wants cannot be supplied, the wealthy pauper is just as poor and miserable in his own estimation, as if he were not possessed of a single carlino. To neither of these classes, however, do we now allude, for poverty, whether actual or relative, so far from being generally, obnoxious to the censure we have in view, is very apt to be without that *studium pecuniæ* which contemplates money as the sole and chief good in life,—and often contemns its possession beyond the requirements of these actual or artificial wants.

The love of money *for itself*, or its accumulation beyond the needs of our circumstances, is the most absurd of idolatries; for if we worship even the vilest of reptiles, or stocks, or stones, they still are our gods, and we believe they can assist, or injure us here or hereafter: but he among us who worships money has no such belief; to toil, therefore, for its possession, beyond our ability or desire to use it, is quite as idle, and as much a mania, as to fall in love with moonbeams, or with shadows; and he, or she who habitually estimates the worth of others by their purse, is no less degraded in intellect, than perverse in morals.

Nor is there any necessity to despise riches—

which are God's blessings, if used as such; nor need we rest in apathetic content; and say with Martial,

> Nunquam divitias deos rogavi,
> Contentus modicis meoque lætus!

for, if we really need more, it becomes our duty to use reasonable and honest means to procure it. But he who thinks the end justifies the means, and that the end itself is the supreme good,—he who looks after an *establishment* for his daughter, and forgets she is to wed the veriest pauper in soul and mind,—he who would build up his family upon his money bags, and aspire to be the *root of a descent* to be made illustrious by his accumulations, will possibly have to wait 'for generations, before his seed can be *so far refined as to* produce a *real* gentleman.'

THE SUPERSTITIOUS FAMILY.

LXIV. 'Do not be so *very* awkward' said DIANASSA (with no little emphasis, and an alternate flush and paleness) to her daughter TERTIA, who at dinner had spilled the entire contents of a salt-cellar! Tertia was no less incommoded thereby, and all at the table felt for a minute quite uncomfortable, until they thought they had ascertained it was the plate she removed that was the immediate instrument, and not her pretty little hand! The mother an elderly lady of German descent, was instinct with a host of these popular and domestic superstitions which, in some form or other, she received from that most unerring teacher, tradition, brought down to her through, perhaps, a long line

of ancestry reaching to druidical times! This is a very common superstition, more or less rife in families, according to the country from which they originate, or the degree of intelligence that may exist among them. We find it in that matchless painting, the Last Supper, of Leonardo da Vinci—and still further back, as the early Romans regarded salt as sacred, and placed small images upon their tables near it, to guard its being spilt, or to remind them of its absence when accidentally forgotten! But the uneasiness arising from Tertia's spilling of the salt, was revived after dinner by the waiter who reminded his mistress that he had come on *Friday*, and that his wages were now due on the same luckless day! Dianassa was greatly surprised and mortified to find she had so strangely overlooked it in taking into her service any one on Friday. She calmly paid him, and, to the astonishment of the man, he found himself as instantaneously dismissed! Poor Dembo was thus taught a lesson which he and his children will probably remember. Tertia's excessive pride, though she was very beautiful, was imputed by the old lady to the silly vanity of her first nurse, who it was remembered by the whole family, had an ugly habit of looking into the mirror with the child, before it was *twelve months old!*

Quartilla, the next daughter, was still more unfortunate in being very short, owing to a provoking practice an ancient friend of the family had, of teasing the mother, and elder daughters, by *stepping over* Quartilla when quite a child! and

QUINTILLA was not without her share too of misfortune, in being unusually pitted with small-pox, her cradle having been rocked when empty, which is well known to prove highly injurious to the child!

Of the sons, in this accomplished, agreeable, but unfortunately very superstitious family, PUBLIUS was distinguished for very irregular teeth, his nurse having lost the first tooth he shed, which prevented its being swallowed by the good mother, a matter so essential to ensure a new growth of even and pearly ones! THEODECTES, the next son, was then in India, having been sent there by his equally fanciful father, on account of his teeth being so singularly wide asunder, which presaged that he must seek his fortunes in a distant land! and, in confirmation of this article of their code of superstition, Theodectes was then on his return, with a splendid augmentation of his means!

During the nursery days of this family, how much amusement and anxious excitement too, were derived from their conversing about the *soul-bell*, its solemn tolling previous to a burial! of the salt and earth in a platter, which they had seen laid on their grandfather's corpse! of the uneasiness of the family when at the lakewake, or watching with the body, they perceived that the favourite family cat, following some one into the room, had jumped upon the coffin, and hence the necessity of instantly killing poor puss! of the evergreens used at his funeral, and the pieces put into the coffin as emblematic of the soul's immortality! How much

were their young minds excited when PHILPINA, their nurse, assured them how *lucky* they would be according to the number and position of the *white specks* she counted on their nails! or when one of them found a four-leaved clover in one of their May-day excursions! or when she solemnly predicted to them the initial letter of their future husband's name, by certain bendings of the hand to the hollow of the arm! or, if one of them lost her garter, what a sure sign it was she would not be happy in marriage! Philpina would also tell them many strange stories of bogleboes, of the ways the doctors had of making medicine out of dead men's bones! of the care they should take of their clothes, as the gnawing of them by a mouse indicated some misfortune! that the crowing of a hen betokened some disaster, and that Quintilla's tooth-ache was wholly owing to her refusing to surrender her cakes during the tolling of the death-bell, it being unlucky to eat at such a time! She would tell them, moreover, how the ghosts are accustomed to run off on their broomsticks, at the first crowing of the cock! that she had often seen more than a thousand of them of dark nights on the ruins of an ancient church *in her country*, and that these spirits, not larger than owls, having diminished themselves, went away at that hour of the morning, because our Saviour arose from dead at that time! With these, and a hundred other fancies would she amuse and alarm their tender minds. The mother, also, finding in Philpina's mind for such fancies, a congenial vein,

her children were quick in perceiving how much disturbed she was by the howling of a dog by night, as the presage of death to one who lay sick in the neighbourhood—her uneasiness, beyond the loss, when a looking-glass happened to meet a misfortune—how her curiosity was awakened if her ear tingled—her aversion to have a spider killed as being unlucky—and still more to cut off the few long hairs that were pendant from the mole on her chin! The boys, also, catching the same spirit, cured their warts by rubbing them in the moonshine! They had much to divine whenever they saw letters in the candle, or when their cheeks burned,—and when using their guns, they would on no account direct them to a Robin Redbreast, the well known friend of man, as Mr. Addison supposes, long before the popular ballad of the Babes in the Wood. Their Saturday evenings were often spent in amusing themselves with the *Sortes Virgilianæ*—or in talking of the death-watch—of the second sight—the spectre of the Brocken—the speal-bone, or the cure of the night-mare by hanging up in their stable hollow stones! With their youthful companions they resorted to various divinations,—as, when a knife or top was lost, by spitting on their hand, and casting it suddenly off, to see what direction it took, with the hope of there finding the missing article! or, of '*spitting their saul*,' as it was called, to confirm their asseverations,—or, when commencing some mock or real encounter, by using the same salivary means in their hands, that more efficient blows

should be given,—or by inviting their friends to '*spit upon the same stone*,' as the surest means of cementing some temporary confederacy!

But some years have now passed by: the bells no longer toll for the dead in Eromitlab—the tone of general society has much improved,—the boys of this family are now manly and clever—the girls accomplished and sensible: but sooner will the leopard lose its spots by change of climate and food, than this family, to its remotest generation, entirely, rid themselves of these superstitious influences. In the domestic community, as well as in a nation, there is a silent and almost invisible stream of tradition, which carries down, sometimes with altered forms, and less vivid effects, these pernicious results; which may be greatly subdued by a highly intellectual education, and by a constant association with the world around them. So likewise, among the people they lose much of their force when the population becomes mutable, or comes in from various other communities. In isolated places, however, or where the people are segregated from the world around them by their habits and language, they remain with an almost unvarying tenacity. In Eromitlab we have now, perhaps, less of superstition than in most places, merely because our miscellaneous and transient elements will admit of no unanimity of sentiment or of action, on scarce any subject, whereby the least of nationality can arise—*Mais en voilà plus qu'il n'en faut.*

THE DINNER HOUR.

LXV. Among the *small things* of life, there still remain under this category many that occasion some vexation, even to well balanced minds: not perhaps so much from any positive inconvenience they impose, as the slight shock they occasion to our more refined and accurate sense of propriety, and the consequent regret at finding others so deficient in it. To illustrate by a too common case: a late dinner hour is given, and with it the usual grace; but PHILOTAS sees fit, for his own indulgence, or because he is a very '*considerable*' man, to add grace unto grace; and his hospitable host, after delaying his company an extra half hour, finds the chair and plate, destined for Philotas, unoccupied, and a doubt suspended over it for some time, whether it shall be removed or not! The lagging guest, however, at length appears, but after the first course has passed away: and then comes the reciprocal awkwardness of some reciprocal apology; or, if the host proves *true to himself*, it seems to Philotas, or perhaps to one or more of the equally unreasonable guests, that a word is due from the host to the supposed mortified feelings of the untimely gentleman! How preferable is punctuality, even in the least important matters of daily life, and how charming, as well as useful, was that exactitude practised by president Washington, even in such small matters. He was eminently methodical as well as punctual,—and when the clock was striking twelve, he never failed to

enter the hall of congress, if any communication was to be made by him. To his guests he allowed five minutes grace upon the dinner hour; and, without favour to any one, all present were then seated at his board. If any of the *Philotas* class entered when dinner was in part accomplished, they received it as they found it, with the firm but, courteously expressed remark, 'Gentlemen, we are too punctual for you; I have a cook who never asks whether the *company* has come, but whether the *hour* is come.'

Would it not greatly promote the convenience of all, wholly to abolish this species of grace, as also that accorded to the cook, so that the punctual attendance of guests on the designated hour, and the proceedings of the *cuisine* should harmonize to the minute? I think so.

THE ANECDOTICAL GENTLEMAN BEFORE SOUP AND FISH TAKEN.

LXVI. The want of *tact*, provoking as it often may be, is too apt to be esteemed by 'good society' an inexpiable sin, less venial than even reckless vulgarity, or open profanity. It certainly springs from a want of refined breeding, and is in itself a defect of common sense, but still may be found in pure hearts, and cultivated minds. The man of *no tact* is apt, in a very *naïve* manner to compliment a lady on her *embonpoint*, not for a moment suspecting that he is giving some offence, when he only designed civility: with equal innocence he notices some little hasty conjugal squabble, for which he should have had neither eyes nor ears; when Scotchmen

and Englishmen are conversing at table he presses with prolonged pertinacity, against their strong attachments, his equally strong objections against the immoralities of their national poets, Burns and Byron; in the presence of Catholics, and even of a bishop, he speaks his mind fully as to the folly of purgatory and transubstantiation; if very diminutive personages, or one having some personal defect happens to be present, he sees, and means no harm in remarking, how very apt small people are to wear tall hats that they may loom larger, and what a misfortune it must be to lose an eye, or to be hard of hearing; when persons near him have recently lost a relative, he still speaks of similar events, or expresses some surprise that they were not at the party last night! and if a candidate has just lost his election, he does not hesitate to praise in his hearing, the admirable speech made by the successful one, on returning thanks to his constituents! These, and many like cases, are certainly very annoying to the feelings of any delicately organized mind; but as they usually spring more from inconsiderateness than from malevolence, a kind heart and sensible mind will rather look out for some redeeming qualities, than brand such persons as insufferable vulgarians.

Of all the provoking displays of this want of tact, we know of none more so, than the prosing talker and anecdotical gentleman, who, when he happens to be the only *stranger* guest at table, and therefore more especially an object of the kind attentions of the host and hostess, perseveringly details a long

anecdote, at the very moment of sitting down, when the first keen edge of appetite is on, and amidst the first unavoidable sounding of the plates and forks! But the story must go on, and with slow intervals, and numerous interruptions, it endures nearly through the soup and fish courses! In such cases we have seen the lady's patience at its last ebb, and nearly all the guests biting their lips with vexation—what they *thought* may well be imagined by all, except such maladroit persons. Should not the first course be a *silent* one? *Je dis que oui.*

### THE PUNNING MERCHANT.

LXVII. We quarrel not with good puns—but, to be good they must be occasional—appropriate, expressive, unstudied. They should seldom be professional, as this indicates in the punster that his thoughts are too exclusively in his own vocation—nor habitual, as this tends to render the mind frivolous—nor consecutive, unless each pun be at least as good as its fellows—nor vulgar, as the wit can never compensate for the offence against decency—nor much laughed at by their author, as this would seem to impose an obligation on others, whereas all laughter should be involuntary. Punning lawyers and poets are, perhaps, the most usual; and, as their intellectual eye spreads over an extensive and diversified field, they usually draw their similitudes, and other elements of their punning wit, from various sources—but I have observed that punning *merchants* never get beyond the

matters they most deal in—specie, notes, and articles for sale or purchase. PHORMIO *wisely* tells you he is no barber or barberee, for he never *shaves*, or permits himself to be *shaved!* that quicksilver has changed its very nature, for it is now quite *steady;* that *deer* skins are unusually *cheap*, and and *feathers* also are now very *heavy;* that indigoes are very *blue*, and olives very *flat*, and much more of such stale and rather unoriginal nonsense, which he expects you to laugh heartily at, as he would have been profoundly quiet, had he been present when Dr. Knox, who having occasion to doubt the truth of some declaration made by his son *Vicesimus*, who was familiarly called *Vi*, said to him, as quick as the spark flies from a collision of flint and steel,—in VI-NO VERITAS. Such is the commanding difference between the natural and cultivated genius of true wit, and the forced and impoverished efforts of naked minds!

## CHAPTER V.

Apician literati.—The reformed rake.—Solicitude of authors.—Politeness costs nothing.—The virtues brought to light by adversity. Others' sorrow may be the source of our pleasure.—Respect for women. Education of children.—Family pride.—The remote arguer.—The lenses of fashion.—Ephemeral reading.—The centre table.—Spinsters out of vogue.

### APICIAN LITERATI.

LXVIII. 'We don't go to a man's house for his mutton,' said a scholar to a lover of good living, abroad and at home. 'That may be true,' replied the Apician, 'but I have never known any association to prosper and endure, be its object literature or law, charity or politics, religion or commerce, arts or agriculture, without this strongest and most attractive of ties—good eating, and drinking.' And, if there be force in induction as an argument, we must side with the Apician. The undeniable truth is that, if man be a political and religious animal, Aristotle might have added—an eating one also. Many strong attempts have been made to mitigate the evils of this propensity, by sumptuary laws, under sanctions the most penal: but, some how or other, the Apicians gain the victory—one slight innovation countenancing another, till the simple repast swells into the ambitious feast! If a literary

paper is to be established—a library founded—a reading-room opened—a conversazione started; or societies, geological, phrenological, entomological, religious, moral, literary or political, are to be called into existence; each must have its inception in some good cheer; and its continuity secured by a due regard for the gastronomic principle! Philosophy may rail against the unsentimentality of an alliance between literature, and this nourishing of the outer man; but king number rules in our republic of letters, as well as in all other matters of our commonwealth; and should he not in Eromitlab, where incarnated democracy hath attained its ultimate and enviable perfection, and dwells amongst us as do our household gods? Dean Swift hath well said, good style is proper words in proper places—and doth not good taste require that all things should be in harmony or good keeping? Hence our democracy rightly insists, that he who hath little chance of employment and distinction, in chopping logic, and in the analyzing of sciences, should be permitted to gain them in chopping the viands, and analyzing the good things of the table! And who shall say nay?

### THE REFORMED RAKE.

LXIX. The dangerous and we may say detestable apophthegm, occasionally sanctioned in good society, that a reformed rake makes the best husband, has done no little mischief in its day. Nothing is more false, as all life proves; for who would risk their happiness on the euphony of an

old saw, generated in the corruption of by-gone days, or on the contingency of exceptions that may happen to a much better rule, and one that is so rarely contradicted! The admirers of the dissolute but prosperous heroes of many old plays and novels,—they who would repose on the fascinating history of a Roderick Random, a Tom Jones, or a Peregrine Pickle, and who can pass over the splendid and chivalrous vices of a Pelham, in expectation that their imitators, in the actual concerns of society may be as brilliantly wicked, with impunity and even reward, should remember that fiction and reality may differ as widely from each other as omnipotence and imbecility, or as the present from the future. That imagination which creatively pourtrays the debaucheries of its heroes, can as easily ward off the attendant evils from its ideal favourites: but in the sober and stern realities of life, there are no such extraneous powers to be exerted; all must result from the inherent nature of rakism, and the powers of the rake himself to form and adhere to resolutions of reformation. The saying *in literis* may, indeed, be true to some extent—a *reformed* rake may make a *good* husband, but never the *best:* the danger, however, consists in the tendency of the apophthegm in any form, to win those at all inclined to listen to it, from sufficiently weighing the evidences of a *genuine* reformation,—and what is still worse, it reconciles an odious association of modesty, of purity, and of the lovely innocence of utter inexperience, with the hacknied acquaintance in all that is of an wholly different

nature. Such marriages may prove happy, but if they do, it is like casting aces three times consecutively—a poor chance on which to hang life's happiness! JULIET and MENELAUS were intimates from early youth: the most timid and refined modesty, with high intelligence and beauty, characterized the former,—whilst every manly exercise, every fashionable dissipation, every expensive indulgence, wasted the health, poisoned the morals and exhausted the purse of the latter. But they had loved from childhood, and Menelaus, though very dissolute, was said to have a good heart! The match, however, was long delayed, much pondered, and sometimes fearfully anticipated—Menelaus gave tokens of reformation, these were cherished and apparently strengthened by Juliet's tender counsels; and her family thought and said to her too willing ear—'a reformed rake *may* make a *good* husband.' Conscience and common sense seemed involuntarily to have changed the words—and they were soon after married! The reformation endured a full year! but gambling—intoxication—brutal treatment, and poverty lasted the remaining fifteen. Juliet's health and beauty and happiness were for ever gone; her only two sons listened not to the counsels of their mother, but loved their father's ways better, and met with dishonourable and miserable deaths, in a few years after their father. How often, before contracting marriage, is any other question asked than the great and almost only important one, 'Is it a safe one?'—*safety* is better than family, fortune, talents,

reputation, learning—nay than all combined,—for these may all be present, and yet every element of safety still be wanting.

SOLICITUDE OF AUTHORS.

LXX. Poets, painters, and musicians are always an anxious class of authors; not that they have more ambition, or are more meritorious of praise, and less rewarded by it, than others; but mainly because of the intrinsic difficulty of deciding on the *degree of excellence* that really belongs to their productions. Arts, dependant upon taste, must be judged of by that variable standard; and as others find so much difficulty, these authors are themselves the victims of a morbid doubt. Those, on the other hand, who deal with mathematics, the physical and other demonstrable sciences, have much less solicitude; and if their own sanguine judgments are not confirmed by their immediate readers, they still have that hope in posterity, which springs from their own judgment and self-satisfaction. Pope was instinct with chagrin; Gray was destroyed as a poet by some cruel parodies on his Odes; Racine had well nigh been lost to the dramatic lovers, by a criticism on his Phædra; but Laplace and Newton, and our own Bowditch, could never be disturbed, either by their own doubts, or those of others,—truth, as to their merits, having so clearly revealed her light to them, as to banish all solicitude.

When, however, an author's destiny is cast in a city of cimmerian darkness, be he of the one class,

or the other, he must feel the Triphonian influences of the atmosphere around him; and as dead silence is there maintained as to the very existence of his labours of the pen, it is no small trial to his philosophy, scarce relievable by even brilliant success elsewhere. This, though somewhat natural, is not true wisdom, and may be repressed. We would therefore, admonish PHILOTAS and SESTIUS, and HIRTIUS and THALLUS, with all others of the fraternity, to *breathe* at their home, and *live* elsewhere; to be cosmopolites mentally resident, where best known and appreciated; to remember that if a prophet hath no honour in his own country, he is no less a prophet; that if much study be a weariness of the flesh, idleness is still more so; that if they have no world around them, they have, each, a little world within them; that if society values them only as they have flattered it, *they* have *not* done so; that if their fellow-citizens are too much occupied with the *studium pecuniæ*, and think, with Hudibras that money

> 'In all th' affairs of church and state
> Is both the balance and the weight;'

If they seriously ask,

> 'For what's the worth of any thing
> But so much money as 'twill bring?'

And if—but why any more ifs—their consolations are indefinite, if they'll only turn their mind within themselves,—or, when out of them—place it elsewhere.

POLITENESS COSTS NOTHING.

LXXI. 'Politeness costs nothing, and may gain you many a pound,' was the amiable and practised saying of an accomplished and venerable man. Though, in the popular sense, it costs nothing, it remains an extremely rare commodity, and difficult of attainment. True politeness springs from the best feelings of our nature, from good associations, mental cultivation; and lies, not so much on the surface and exterior manners, as in the thoughts and inner heart. Nor must it be confounded with those arbitrary rules sometimes ostentatiously practised by certain *cliques*, which separate those uninitiated by the accidents of birth and fortune—nor yet with that ultra ease which banishes all the utilities, with the view of getting rid of what is called the artificial mannerism of the old school. Strange that people will not distinguish between the gold and its alloys, and act as if, in abandoning the latter, they must destroy the former! In this vaunted utilitarian age, nothing has suffered more than true politeness. THEODOSIA at the ball nods her head,—the courtesy in any form, being now nearly extinct: she is social to-day and on the next scarcely recognizes you: she cannot dance this set, but a moment after is on the floor with a more acceptable partner: she knows the supper hour to the minute, and avails herself of it, though many married ladies are excluded: in conversation she gives you no catch words, and hears or replies to you, as suits her convenience: she whispers to her friends, and has a knowing look or smile, quite

mysterious and exciting to some luckless knight: too intent on her enjoyments, she seldom knows or cares what matronly ladies, or venerable men happen to be present: nor can she ever be induced to make up the cotillion, unless all are to her mind: she laughs when she pleases, and as loud as her joyous heart shall prompt her, and in the same key she speaks; quite forgetting that many hundreds of even subdued voices, occasion a noise not very unlike a mill! Methinks it would be better to recal some of the proscribed rules of the *régime ancien*, and of that *politesse* which consists, not merely in courteous and delicate *conceptions*, but also of practical and positive directions, for such as fail in those conceptions.

THE VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY ADVERSITY.

LXXII. It is beautifully remarked by Lord Bacon that 'virtue, like precious odours, is most fragrant when incensed or crushed,—for prosperity doth better discover vice, but *adversity* doth better discover virtue.' There would be fewer vices, and less faults of any kind, in the world if we had but time to think. When the mind, from any cause, is brought to contemplate itself, it is sure to grow wiser, and better. In prosperity we are in full sail; the delights of the present moment, and the pressing anticipations of the future, occupy us too much to permit us to think deliberately of others, and perhaps even less, of ourselves; but in adversity the mind is necessarily turned upon itself, and dwells more feelingly and soundly, upon every duty and relation of life.

ANTISTIUS was eminently prosperous, and the most occupied of men. He never had time to be *actively* charitable, he could give his money, but never his time—no public scheme, however useful, engaged his attention—there too, his money, but not his time, was at your service: he was a man of talents, but advised no man, and counselled with no set of men: he respected religion and morals, but could never attend church, nor bible societies, nor temperance associations, nor colonization projects: he pitied the poor, but never understood the least of their actual condition: he supposed science and literature were useful, but could never aid them beyond a moderate draft upon his purse, which would have been more liberal, had he but time to think and to know the attendant facts: he loved his family and children, but was a stranger to their real wants—those of education, manners, morals: he loved his friends, but could sympathize little with them, as nothing but the murmur of their misfortunes ever reached his mind:—in fine, Antistius was rich in the *materiél* of every thing, but time: all of his mental and moral virtues however had sunk into desuetude, and his heart's soul was rusted from habitual inactivity. But all things were reversed when Antistius fell into adversity; the native excellencies of his heart then became salient, and swelled into high relief and constant usefulness. He never knew before, the powers of his mind, the latent virtues of his heart, the loveliness of active charity, the practicableness and exemplariness of attendance on public worship—but in adversity he be-

came a patriot, a useful citizen, opulent in the true use of time, and efficiently rich in every thing but money. In looking back, through the long vista of perhaps half a life misspent, how great was his surprise and deep his regret that, possibly twenty years of virtuous adversity could scarce make amends for the abuses of ten years of uninterrupted prosperity!

OTHERS' SORROW MAY BE THE SOURCE OF OUR PLEASURE.

LXXIII. There is a certain anomalous principle in our nature which has greatly puzzled metaphysicians—we allude to the gratification often experienced when peacefully contemplating the sorrows, and misfortunes of others! It is not satisfactorily accounted for by the sympathy of Dr. Akenside; nor by the selfish consciousness of our own security, of Mr. Addison; nor yet by the theory of gentle excitements, of the Abbé de Pölnitz,—but seems to be the result of the complex operation of these, and other causes,—among which are *curiosity* and *hope*. Man is, indeed, sufficiently selfish, but would feel *pain* only, were he to contemplate a scene of sorrow, without curiosity, and without hope: nor would he derive any satisfaction from contrasting his own security, with the peril of those in misfortune, were he, at the same time, incurious, or certain as to their unhappy fate. The crowds of females who voluntarily witness the destruction of houses and other valuable property, on some riotous occasions, have no sympathy with the mob,—yet they must experience some species of gratification that first induces, and then retained their presence. So

likewise at fires, what masses of people do we find in attendance, who never think of lending a helping hand! and even the gallows and the gibbet seem to have their attractions! yet, when the moment comes that shuts out all hope of reprieve or pardon; when the final act commences, the stoutest heart feels a pang, more than equivalent to any gratification that preceded, leaving on their mind, for a few minutes, a heavy weight of painful feeling, occasioning perhaps more than a momentary regret at their presence. The deepest tragedies, also, draw the largest audiences; and the most perilous ascensions of a balloon are sure to attract vast masses of people, even of sound hearts, and, as the world goes, of good feelings. Still, we never hear of respectable females and men witnessing any of such scenes, without regret; and cannot but regard it as some evidence of a defective moral education, and an ill ordered mind. Were we to select a friend, a husband, or a wife, it surely would not be from among those who could voluntarily place themselves in such situations,—or who, from necessity, could witness either, without deep emotions of the heart, in which pain, much more than gratification, has the ascendancy.

### RESPECT FOR WOMEN.

LXXIV. It is a trite observation, but still a just one in any sense, that respect for women is a strong criterion of the respective civilization of nations, cities, or individuals. Still, the remark leads to no very definite conclusion, unless the nature of the habi-

tual respect paid on the one hand, and of the kind of civilization indicated, on the other, be clearly ascertained. If by respect we mean attention, civilities, adulation, bows, and every kindness, and indulgence, it is, indeed, evidence of one species of civilization, but none whatever of an elevated, intellectual and really refined state of society,—for all this may exist in primitive and even plebeian communities and individuals. Nor by civilization, as connected with this subject, do we mean learning, science, and mere mental illumination,—for all this may likewise be present, with little of those graces, and genuine refinements, which spring from well regulated, and highly polished minds. This respect, then, should have its seat both in the mind and heart, and its steady object should be the elevation of woman to the highest order of human intelligences; and should by no means rest satisfied with those courtesies, kindnesses, and adulations, which have their source in the affections, and yet manifest little of that deference and true respect, which centres in the mind, and places woman beside man, as his companion for consultation, his friend, his rational and intelligent sympathizer in every emergency. How often do fathers and brothers extend to their daughters and sisters, the most unlimited affection, and devoted tenderness; and yet leave the important matter of early education, and a subsequent course of reading, to crude instructors, and to the fashionable, ephemeral, redundant issues of the press, which weekly load their centre tables, shining in various

colours, and often gorgeously decorated at more expense of labour in the artisan, than in the author! Would not respect for woman, and its attendant civilization, be of a much superior order, were daughters thoroughly educated; and were brothers and husbands hourly to consult the most suitable works to be read and studied by their sisters, or their wives? Were this the case, the tone of society would be greatly changed; and fathers, and brothers, and lovers too, would manifest a respect, truly worthy of being considered the test of civilization.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

LXXV. Who, in a few words, can awaken the soul to a full sense of the wrong done by parents, who neglect to educate their children,—and how can so trite a subject be so distilled, as not to fall dully on the ear, like a thrice told tale! Millions of persons stand in this relation during every hour of every year; and most of them deal with it, as with air and water—the commonest and cheapest things in nature! These relations are, indeed, the freest gifts of God to man; but we are too apt to forget that as air and water, which are designed to nourish all, become stagnant, and the sources of pestilence and death when left without motion,—so, from neglected education, springs every evil that sickens, desolates, and poisons life. To the mother chiefly belongs the *moral* education of her child, which should commence with the aurora of its intelligence, and be carried on through life: to the father mainly

appertains the *physical* branch,—and the *intellectual* is mostly entrusted to others in schools, colleges, and universities; but all are bound reciprocally to aid each other in the important work, they being responsible to God, their children, and their country, for what manner of man, or woman, they usher into life. But these nice distinctions form a philosophy too subtle, a responsibility too onerous, to be comprehended, or endured, by MENANDER and LAURENTIA. The morals of their children were left to the nurses (who were more skilled in bogleboes than in morals)—and to chance; the vigour, health, and graces, to the dancing master, or to the child's pleasures and caprices; and all intellectual acquirements were referred to the *nearest* school; Their daughters (as might have been anticipated) though yet in their teens, are adepts in *innocent* deceptions! know not the loveliness of *inflexible* veracity—are delighted with gossip—speak a mongrel French, and bad grammar in their mother tongue: and know little of their religion, beyond their primitive catechism! Their sons, too, have *graduated!* They puff cigars—dress *á la mode*, frequent the divans—swear gratuitously—gamble occasionally—read newspapers—talk politics—wear deadly weapons, practice weekly with their pistols—carry a snuff-box and *cainee*—indite many short notes to ladies—copy trash for their albums—bask in the sun,—and thus is a day, and a day, and a day spent! And thus will *years* be spent, till they becoming parents, will educate *their* progeny in the same way and so complete the circle of wasted, abused, degraded life.

FAMILY PRIDE.

LXXVI. A wise and virtuous father *may* have a foolish and vicious son; but he is not a wise man who does not look for a contrary result.

A weak and wicked father *may* have an able and pious son; but he is not an observant man, who looks for this result. We will not say *how far* the virtues of the heart and mind are transmissible; but we do say there is at least as much hope for this result in man, as in other animals, as to whose high breed so much thought is often had, and so much money expended.

This however, being admitted, forms but a poor justification for conferring rule or privileges on particular families; nor does it sanction in this, or any other country, the respect that would be extorted by those who can boast a long line of ancestry—as we all have had an equal *number* of progenitors; and the only difference *may* be, that the one has preserved a genealogical table, the other has not. But, give once an authentic list of virtuous and enlightened ancestry down to the present claimant, and we can scarce refuse our reasonable expectations of his worth, and claim to respect—until he proves himself wicked,—or an ass. The distinction of family, then, is certainly, *prima facie*, honourable: but, *self-creation* is the pure fountain of that, which in the next generation, may be a polluted stream. Potentates can, indeed, confer the name of honour, but merit alone can give a claim to it. Birth is an *accident*, to which is attached a *chance* of inherit-

ing the deserts of our forefathers: but he who is the architect of his own good fortunes, hath *qualities* worth a score of accidents and of chances. The aristocracy of nature, then, is knowledge and goodness,—and here the extremes seem to meet, the only aristocracy or democracy, that is genuine, being that founded on the claims of the *actual possessor*.

But PROMETHION is a roaring democrat and aristocrat too,—and yet is really so in neither sense! He hath not the virtues of the ancestors on whom he relies, nor the qualities in himself that justify the civic influence he would claim. Let him alone, therefore, cherish family pride, who preserves the chain unbroken, and in whom his link is found perfect, strong, and polished; and to such an one, let the meed be awarded, on the score, we care not whether of the aristocracy or democracy we have mentioned.

### THE REMOTE ARGUER.

LXXVII. My readers may perhaps have seen, in more than one city, an individual or two, of talent and acquirements, who degrade them both by an eccentricity in argument, on which they not a little pride themselves. It consists of a tantalizing and pedantic seeking out for analogies and illustrations so rarely far-fetched, and remote from any visible connection with the topic in hand, as greatly to startle one,—and then tediously bringing the similitude to light, to the surprise of the impatient auditors, that the mind which had so tediously

made the development, should nevertheless (as it certainly must) have so instantaneously dropped all the intervening links, and gone, as it were, through mountains of rubbish, to find the only two pebbles that match! This, it must be allowed, cannot be done without the main essential of wit; but these gentlemen have so much of the *copia verborum*, and the dross of pedantic eccentricity, that their wit differs from that delightful quality, which is ever clothed in few words, and which saliently presents itself in gossamer habiliments, revealing at once, the full force of its charms.

PAMPHILUS belongs to this restricted class of remote arguers. He exhausts your attention, from the curiosity excited by the starting point of his argument, and the many devious and lengthened paths in which you have to travel with him. As may be supposed, he is an adept in charades, riddles, rebusses, and anagrams; but in his arguments, he carries you to Eden or the moon! In his opinion, the American revolution might never have taken place, were it not for the visit of a Dutch ship from Guinea in the reign of Charles I. with some natives of the torrid zone! Nor can he believe that Louis XVI. would have met his unhappy fate, had it not been for the suppression of the religious orders in 1782, by Joseph II. of Austria! And here he reminds you of the well known fact, recorded by Bentham and others, that Henry IV. of France was murdered by Ravillac, merely because two thousand years before that event occurred, the sacred goose of the capitol had

cackled at Rome! and then gravely assures you that such a man as Washington might never have existed, had not Nebuchadnezzar been driven into the desert,—with other such ingenious, useless and out-of-the-way efforts, which captivate many, but which to a well regulated mind must be regarded as an idle waste of talent, and a shameful abuse of a wit, which, if carefully separated from the mass of alloy that encumbers it, might prove a cheerful and instructive source of conversation.

THE LENSES OF FASHION.

LXXVIII. We should value a man for what is in him, not for what is merely about him, that being an unmeaning and deceitful transfer of our affections from things to persons,—quite as absurd as to admire as a Paganini or a Kreutzer, a miserable scraper, because his fiddle happens to be a perfect Cremona! And yet, how often does the world perceive every virtue in those surrounded with palaces, paintings and perfumes, who, perhaps, only a few years before, were contemned, being then without any of these appliances! 'Tis truly surprising how witty, sensible, kind and graceful has JULIA become, since her father's sudden wealth placed her in a splendid mansion! How different is our mental vision, under a change of circumstances! Pæans to Julia's praise are now sung by the fashionables, who never heard of her when she lived in an humble tenement in Purgatory lane; and who still but feebly countenanced her, when she somewhat bettered her condition by taking a house

in Paradise street. But times are greatly changed with Julia, not for the worse, as the world usually goes, but vastly for the better. Now, the head of a magnificent mansion, she decides upon the codes of fashion for those who knew her not before—is considered very pretty, though she formerly blinked! is really charming, and by the amateurs and connoisseurs of music, beloved—though she knows not a note of that science, from a note in punctuation! Decius, too, her father, has become extremely *clever;* a thousand merits are now discovered in him, which had heretofore wasted 'their fragrance on the desert air.' Thus are the modest and substantial virtues, the ignorances and essential vulgarities of life, diminished or enlarged by the powers of the convex and concave lenses of fashion,—giving to both a colouring, little to the credit of the head and heart of those whose station renders them the arbiters of so many things that constitute the well-being of society.

### EPHEMERAL READING.

LXXIX. Who, that is under the age of thirty, has read, or now reads the works of Dr. Johnson,—of Goldsmith, Dryden, Pope, Smollet, Addison, Swift, and a host of others, so familiar to the old school—for there is an old school in literature, as well as in fashion! If wave succeeded wave, in the ocean of literature, as in that of the waters, the inquiry would be of little moment, as one wave would be about as powerful and as limped as the other; but this is far from being the case. And let not this remark

be ascribed to the canting prejudice of education. The works, under which the press has latterly groaned, are not unknown to us; and we might even admit, or rather compromise the matter, that were a judicious course of reading, selected from these materials alone, strictly followed, the bright authors we have named, might repose in dusty undisturbedness. But, the evil of which we do complain, results chiefly from the astonishing multiplicity of ephemeral, jejune, and trashy productions, which obtrude themselves hourly on the notice of the young, to the almost total exclusion of every sterling work of the last century, and beyond. The love of *ease* seems to be the prominent characteristic of the age, and affects our manners, government, and even religion, in common with our studies, if studies they can be called, which deal so largely with the day-fly volumes of the present times. There are now so many books to be 'tasted,' or 'swallowed;' and so few to be 'chewed and digested;' there is now so much reading by 'deputy,' that studies have become mere *divertissements*, leaving few durable and valuable impressions on the mind. And all this is fluently vindicated by the young PHILOTAS, though he confesses that he never read a word of the Rambler, of Rasselas, or of the Lives of the Poets, in his life! and who nevertheless resorts to the very taking argument that ours is the age of improvement—of the onward march of the mind, of labour-saving machines, and contrivances in science and literature, as well as in mechanics—that German drudges are

now happily out of vogue, that all requisite knowledge can now be acquired with more ease in a few years, than heretofore in a life of toil, &c.! All this *may* be true, and the git of the evil not yet responded to—nor do we mean to contend the matter further, than to enter our protest against *ultraism* in this, as in all other matters.

### THE CENTRE TABLE.

LXXX. A centre table! that universal article among the *meubles d'une maison*, what moral can we extract from it, how shall it be interpreted, and how shall its various kinds be classified? As a whole they constitute no mean index to the popular literary taste of the day; individually, each indicates the preferences, and many of the peculiarities of its fair owner. In its arrangement, it may be studiously *negligée*, or equally methodical; the volumes circumferentially disposed, or in radii from the centre; in small piles, exhibiting their beautiful coverings, or in open layers, garishly displaying the richest engravings. These tables, moreover, are sometimes exclusively literary; more usually a strange melange, forming *un petit musée* of trifles, *recherché*, in the exact ratio of the taste and knowledge of the collector. It may be anxiously nice and polished in all of its particulars, a very mirror of its charming protector; or, from its dusty, abused, and common materials, intermixed with long delivered cards and notes, form a pretty sure criterion that it hath no true lady, but a slattern, for its author. In political families the table is apt to

have a dash of that propensity—in those much given to other languages, few English volumes are to be seen; and, if happily, a pious turn is prevalent there, the religious annuals, and other cognate works are markedly predominant. In all its forms, then, whether prim, negligent, literary, miscellaneous, nice, sluttish, political, or religious, the centre table shadows forth the spirit which dwelleth in that house.

### SPINSTERS OUT OF VOGUE.

LXXXI. The well-known addition of 'spinster,' so usual in olden times to designate unmarried women, hath nearly ceased to be a word in our vocabulary, and with its desuetude, as an effect, and in some slight degree a cause too, the women of our day have become the 'lilies of the field,' which 'toil not, neither do they spin, and yet even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these!' We complain not that the days have passed when sisters and wives clothed their brothers and husbands in 'purple and scarlet' vesture, as did they in those of Solomon; or that our statesmen and generals, like Tarquin and Alexander, have not their garments spun and woven by their fair relatives; and that few Tanaquils and Lucretias are now to be found with their maids industriously spinning and working in wool and in dyes! The jenny and the power-loom, nay the whole 'march of mind,' have long since relieved them from such necessities. In times far more recent, the maxim was that young women were never ripe for mar-

riage, until they had spun a set of body, table, and bed linen! and hence were unmarried women called *spinsters*; which appellation the law took up as a necessary addition in every judicial proceeding in which they were named. On an ancient goblet, among the communion plate in our sister city of brotherly love, is inscribed 'The gift of Margaret Tresse, *spinstór*, to Christ Church in Philadelphia,' from which we learn the single blessedness of the pious donor, as also the change of orthography in their use of an o instead of e! In Germany, where the 'march of mind' is much less in the arts than in literature, their ladies still retain the distaff, their favourite knitting, and their needle-work; so that, even at routs they could sooner forget their fans, than these invariable accompaniments which impart to their drawing rooms and their *salles de danse*, more the appearance of schools of industry, than of innocent gaiety or dissipation! And to such length is this matter carried that, even at their theatres and operas, you may find the ladies alternately weeping—laughing—or knitting, as the case requires!

What a change has life, with us, undergone in such matters! LEONORA, whose too indulgent father has all the virtues of the village preacher so beautifully told by Goldsmith, but, happily for him, a more ample, but still restricted purse, spends annually, in ruffs and splendid 'kerchiefs, the 'forty pounds a year,' from which the poet's delightful personage could find not only a competency for a happy family, but, as the same poet says,

'His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd.'

Leonora 'toils not, neither does she spin'—nor sew—nor use her needle—nor draw—nor paint—nor read! How then does she spend her time? I will tell thee—three hours at the piano—two with the milliners, and other trade's people—one in the street—one in attending her birds and other pets—one at looking over the annuals and splendid engravings of the 'Book of beauty,' the 'Gems of beauty,' 'The flowers of beauty,' &c.—and the rest in eating—undressing—musing—dozing—toasting her pretty little feet at the fire, and finally—in sleeping!

## CHAPTER VI.

The lady of antipathies.—Maimonides' ladder of charity.—Excess of candour.—How to choose a friend.—The omnipresent lady.—The inquisitive gentleman.—The incredulity of ignorance.—Hasty judgments.—The unfeeling prosperous man.—Too much humility.—The science of shawls.—Secrets worth knowing.—Improbable but true stories.—The politic man.—Circumlocution and laconism.

### THE LADY OF ANTIPATHIES.

LXXXII. The misery arising from morbid antipathies, and from tooth-ache, two very afflictive evils, seems to excite no commensurate sympathy. The former more frequently occasions mirth than pity, though very unjustly, there being many cures for the latter, none perhaps for the former; and both are often the opprobrium of prophylactic means. Antipathies very generally take their rise in early infancy, are seated in a delicate or disordered nervous organization; they usually become confirmed habits, and are always a species of madness in respect to the particular phobia. Their infinite variety, and their ridiculous, though painful vagaries, are truly wonderful, are seldom traceable to any satisfactory cause, and, if the stories told of them be all true, would form as curious a volume in the mental history of man as can be found. But

there are, undoubtedly, false as well as genuine ones; for there are silly minds, which somewhat affect them, or which rather encourage than repress them as serious evils; and this to the bad example of children, and the great annoyance of adults; such antipathies being as easily propagated and imparted to tender minds, as they are curable by such as are well disciplined. Now, it is to this class only that our pointed reproof extends, being in them criminal; the other class must be left to the experienced physician, (if indeed he have any means,) rather than to the admonitions of the moralist.

Some of the genuine antipathies are strange enough, and have belonged even to the most powerful minds. It is said that Lord Bacon swooned at each eclipse of the moon—Scaliger trembled in every limb at the sight of water-cresses—Brahé nearly expired at the sight of a fox—Uladislaus, of Poland, ran from the sight of apples—Ariosto shuddered at the presence of a bath—Cardan at the breaking of an egg—Cæsar at the crowing of a cock—Erasmus took a fever whenever he smelled fish—Mary of Medicis and the Cardinal de Cardonna, from the odour of a rose; (but it is said this is *national* in Italy!) and lastly, an Englishman, it is related, actually expired when obliged to hear the LIII. chapter of Isaiah!!

It is a well authenticated truth, that many like idiosyncrasies have their origin from terror excited in young minds, as by threats of bogleboes, &c. connected with the accidental association at the

time of various things, the smell and sight of which still remain associated in the mind. And yet how often do we hear foolish mothers threaten their infant children with the Bentznickle, Jack Frost, and other such alarming characters, if they persist in eating cake, or cheese, or touch pictures when forbidden, or will not take medicine, or refuse to go into the shower-bath! &c. The injurious effects produced in all after life upon a whole family, by these and similar follies, we have witnessed in SINOPE. Should a luckless spider, to save himself from a fiery death, encroach on the carpet, this strange mother gives a scream, rings the bell most violently, the children all are instantly ensconced in corners, or perched on chairs; the servants, even to the cook, are diligently employed with tongs and shovel to seek and murder the poor insect; the deed is done, but the repose of old and young is somewhat disturbed for the residue of the evening! If thunder comes, as come it must in summer, (Oh, I wish there was no summer, says Sinope,) a deadly paleness seizes all; they run to one chamber, they darken the rooms, smother themselves under matresses, carefully drawn to the centre of the room!—the bell then rings, and the servants are ordered to remove instantly every thing *metallic;* and thus they lie in durance vile, until the storm pleases to subside! The mother and servants are afraid of ghosts, of haunted houses, of grave-yards, of guns without locks, and even when new from the shop; and they exacerbate their minds by talking much of all such

things! Now little, if any, of this is constitutional; and if in some degree so in the mother, how mischievous is it to educate her offspring in such infirmities! and that it is mainly the result of erroneous education seems manifest, as they all are affected exactly alike, and the very servants partake of these self-created maladies in the same degree.—*Mais ceci est plus qu'il n'est necessaire.*

### MAIMONIDES' LADDER OF CHARITY.

LXXXIII. CHARITY, even in its more particular sense of liberality to the poor, whether by alms, or gratuitous services, is just as various in its sorts and intrinsic worth, as coins are, from the liard to the louis d'or; and every mode in which this virtue is exhibited is just as characteristic, as the stamp of its particular value, as that which is imparted to the current representatives of worth, by the size, fashion, and material used. I know of no more beautiful illustration of these steps, or various degrees of merit in charity, than that given by the Jewish philosopher, MAIMONIDES, in his *More Nebuhim.* It would be here, perhaps out of place, and rather too long, if presented in its original admirable form,—but we may still be permitted to invoke its essence, in shadowing forth, (though with much diminished lustre) the character of CLORINDA, who, during a long and active life, gained no little, and even a just celebrity from her numerous charities—and yet could never reach beyond the fifth step of this matchless ladder of Maimonides! Clorinda was a woman of ancient

family, of great wealth, and merited influence, in all the higher ranks of life. Charity, in its full loveliness, is either the gift of heaven, or the slow growth of moral culture. At first, the native goodness of her heart would not permit Clorinda to refuse *solicited* alms—she gave, but still in a small way and with some '*reluctance or regret*;' and this being but the '*gift of the head and not of the heart*,' she attained thereby only the first and lowest step on the ladder of charity. But as she became better acquainted with the piteous tales of woe which life unfolds; and, by contrast, saw the blessedness of her own prosperous state, she soon learned, not only to give, but '*cheerfully,—yet not proportionally to the distress of the sufferer*;' and here Clorinda gained the second step. We live to learn, and learn to live,—so that presently, she gave proportionally, as well as cheerfully—'*but not until she was solicited*,'—and thus was she raised to the third step. The death, however, of a lovely infant, from excessive cold, whose fond, yet too proud mother, failed to beg for fuel, instructed Clorinda in the necessity, and greater worth of unsolicited alms; and thus she was placed on the fourth step. And yet, in practising there, she '*put her alms into the hands of the distressed, exciting in them the painful emotions of shame*.' But, in time, she gained even this fifth step, and perceived how heavenly it is to give—without regret—cheerfully—proportionately—unsolicited—and also so that the distressed shall receive the bounty and know their benefactor '*without their being known to him*.' Here

Clorinda stopped. Firmly planted on this step, she seemed to rest content,—or to contemplate the three remaining as a height too giddy for human attainment—a perfection in charity reserved, as she thought, for the few angels permitted to tabernacle here on earth! She could not learn to bestow her benefactions on objects '*without being known to them*:' nor yet further, in such a way that she '*might not know the relieved objects, nor they the name of their benefactress*:' nor lastly, how to place herself on the proud pinnacle of the ladder, by '*anticipating charity so as to prevent poverty,—as by assisting the reduced brother, either by a considerable gift or loan of money, or by teaching him some trade or other business, so that he may not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding up his hand for charity; and to this our Holy Law alludes when it says, 'And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay, then thou shalt support him; yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner: that he may live with thee.'—This is the eighth and highest step, the summit of charity's golden ladder.*'

How difficult is perfection in any one virtue, how unattainable by mere human efforts, in all! Nothing but that universal menstruum, VITAL RELIGION, can reach, and dissolve those infinitesimal atoms of sin, which diffuse themselves throughout the soul, and become incorporated, as it were, with our very being. And though we are most encouragingly told 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' what HERO in religion (and there

are many, we trust) can rest content with a hope short of the highest? Degenerate as man certainly is, the only sure means of attaining even the most humble, is with zealous humility to aspire to the best.

EXCESS OF CANDOUR.

LXXXIV. SERTORIUS is the object alike of praise and of censure for apparently, the same vein of character! Such an anomaly must have a cause, and we readily find two reasons for it. He actually possesses the admired virtue, but it so often extravasates as to become a foible, and sometimes nearly a vice. His admirers contemplate the virtue, and take no note of its abuse: his censurers dwell upon the abuse, and lose sight of its heavenly ally. By the one class Sertorius is greatly esteemed and lauded for his candour, sincerity, ingenuousness; by the other he is condemned as too free, plain spoken, and as even priding himself on a reckless *speaking of his mind* on every occasion, to and of all persons, without respect to time or circumstance: and this, indeed, is unfortunately the more prominent trait of his character, and a very mischievous one; because, lovely as candour and ingenuousness certainly are, their effects are generally rather passive and negative only,—but this colloquial laxity of '*speaking one's mind*,' is very apt to have positive effects which poison the sweetest sources of our social converse. Sertorius is often nobly candid, but how frequently is he blunt and rude and obtrusive! His *sincerity* hath settled many

differences, but his extreme *openness* hath occasioned many heart-burnings—lacerations of feeling—family feuds, and raised against him as many enemies as friends. Thus do even our virtues, when they swell beyond their just and natural boundaries, become the occasion of serious evils; and none are more carefully to be watched than those which flow from the abuse of the very excellences which excite our confidence.

### HOW TO CHOOSE A FRIEND.

LXXXV. Time was when to discourse of friendship was used, no less with ladies fair, and dainty knights, than with such sages as Aristotle, Seneca, and Cicero, of the olden times; and with Bacon, Addison and others, nearer to our own. But in this our day, we fear the sentiment itself is not so ardent, as when the speaking and writing thereon were more in vogue; for, now, both these are condemned of fashion, and he would be a bold man who would write 'De Amicitia.' Nor can we venture, however briefly, to set forth the three most excellent 'fruits' of friendship; the first which doth ease the heart by revealing its emotions of joy or grief into a friendly bosom that reduplicates the former, and divides the latter; the second which extracts honey from sweet counsel and comparison of thought; and the last, which showeth the thousand things unseemly for a man himself to do, but which are so meet for the deputation of a friend. These salutary and delicious fruits are set forth in many volumes, and there may they seek them,

who desire counsel beyond the limit of their own heart. Speak we then, not of the matter of friendship, but of the choice of friends, a subject not yet proscribed by the world, being so german to an odious thing called *policy*, which it so much cherisheth.

DEMARIS took the first honours at the university, which, however, is no sure earnest of success in life. He was not devoid of talents, nor of feeling, and had a soul for friendship, but no rudder wherewith to guide him in the selection thereof,—so that in the space of twenty years, Demaris infringed upon every rule that hath ever been set forth for the choice of friends; and having commenced with wealth, education, talents, and a good heart, he ended with poverty, comparative ignorance, bodily imbecility, and moral ruin! The first ambition of Demaris, on leaving college, was to select as his friend a young man of overgrown fortune, so that from imitating him who had the means and disposition to place no check on his expenses by being 'saving in the stable' in proportion as he was 'plentiful in the hall,' his own less ample means were gradually waxing poorer. He next took up with a covetous man, but reaped no advantage from him who loved money far better than his friend Demaris. Then came a worldling as his choice; from whom though liberal and elegant in every art of pleasure, he only learned a series of new desires, and how to make still further drafts on his broken fortunes to gratify them. In more rapid succession, he took to his heart a good-natured man, and a

simpleton; with whose shallowness, he was soon disgusted, but lost no little of his cast from the unnatural, though short, association: next came a very Hotspur, without morals or manners, whom he was obliged to shoot, and be shot by—then followed a conceited *petit maître*, with whom there was no keeping, unless he submitted to his idle and egotistic fancies, or alarmed him with daily threats of a mortal quarrel. With an accomplished bully he had many exciting adventures, and as many perilous disputes—with a poor spendthrift he stood too often in the painful relation of a diddled and losing lender—with a dastard he was daily disgraced, by reflection, or could only come off with an evanescent shew, by fighting his battles—with a speculator he had the misery soon to see the poor remnant of an ample patrimony, suspended on a mere chance—and with a too fond lover of various wines, and cunning games of hazard, he finally ended his miserable career, through the alternate exhaustions of hope and fear, of success and disappointment!

THE OMNIPRESENT LADY.

LXXXVI. All things in social life, nay, all that is beautiful in nature or in art, lose a portion of their estimated value, when constantly presented to our senses; and what they suffer by their commonness can be brought back to them, only by occasional intermissions of their presence. The clear blue skies of Italy, the matchless hues of the Aurora, the winds which blow 'Sabæan odours from the

spicy shore of Araby the blest,' the glories of a rising sun darting its rays through the summits of mountain waves, the collected lustre of all the polished brilliants of the richest monarchs, nay even the face of the glorious sun, the source of every beauty, would cease to excite emotion, if ever present to our eyes; for it is by contrast alone that man retains the power of keeping alive in all its plenitude, the consciousness of their supreme excellence. This may serve as a preamble to what we have to say of the folly of the lovely, spirited, and accomplished JULIA, who, from being *omnipresent*, loses nearly all the influence she could not fail to exert over every heart and mind, were there even occasional intermissions of her presence. But Julia is not only wherever fashion can be found, but sometimes where it is not to be found; and, moreover, is in every part of the numerous rooms in which, by night or day, it may be assembled. Equally familiar with all, she has no selection as to her agency in enterprises, from matters inaudibly and invisibly small, to those which are justly noised far and wide. Julia mistakes her popularity for friendship, or that which could ripen easily into love. But man loves not in woman that which she lavishes with a heart which seems to love the world, and all that it contains. That sweet mystery is wanting which clothes imagination with the power to raise therein a thousand fancies, a thousand times more bewitching than all that the loveliest woman nature ever formed and art improved, can offer, if garishly displayed. Julia's beauty,

fine manners, and worth, attracted to her a numerous crowd of flippant admirers, but no true worshippers. She had never learned the important secret that no man ever yet loved the *woman* of his choice, but an *ideal emanation* from her, heightened and refined by the delicate veil cast around her, by the rarity of her presence; and which, so far from forsaking him after marriage, grows with her growth, if she be really possessed of even the tythe of that imaginary excellence with which he was permitted to wed.

THE INQUISITIVE GENTLEMAN.

LXXXVII. If we would gain knowledge we *must* be inquisitive; but there are various other modes of being so, than by asking numerous questions; and when this indulgence must be taken, we should never lose sight of the proper time and manner, and above all of the character of the person interrogated, and the matter sought; as whether it be really worth the seeking, is likely to be, and whether it ought to be, communicated at all, and if so, to us. Nothing, however, argues so frivolous a mind, and such a want of just feeling as the habit of asking idle, impertinent, and pumping questions; as of a statesman, his opinion of some great measure on which he is most likely soon to act—of a lawyer, what he thinks of his client's case—of a parson, seeking to be a bishop, who he thinks will be chosen—of a merchant in difficulties, how money matters go with him—of a timid lady under a banter, what she thinks of the individual

assigned to her—of an author, his opinion of his avowed rival—of a fond and foolish mother, what she thinks of her daughter's only competitor in the world of fashion—and the thousand and one other strange inquiries put so *mal à propos*, and with such infinite *mal-adresse* by the amiable and unreflecting MUSIDORUS! There is but one way with such a remarkable person, viz. to answer his numerous questions by a series of others in quick succession, all of which should be much beyond the grasp of his mind—Silence is the sure result!

### THE INCREDULITY OF IGNORANCE.

LXXXVIII. Credulity often appertains to the learned, incredulity to the ignorant: With some minds, however, the matter is wholly the reverse. Nothing is more confounding to some than antiquity, a century or two involving all in mist and doubt. Others have no fixed or clear faith in any thing they do not palpably understand; and many can scarce be made to grasp the obvious distinction between what is *above* our reason, and what is *contradictory* to it.

PYRRHONIUS has no hearty belief in there being any actual remains of the Greeks or Romans, from so far back as eighteen hundred years! All must be renovations of much more recent date! If a mummy, claiming still greater antiquity, be presented, it is with him a mere artifice for extracting money. The world no doubt was fashioned by the Great Supreme, but how, asks he, can any thing be created out of nothing! The attempt to

contrive wings for man's flight, or to perfect balloons for any useful purpose, he regards as impracticable and impious,—the air being made for the feathered race, and man for walking on terra firma! A power superior to steam is with him preposterous, for what '*can*' be more irresistible than such an agent! and a thousand such other sage doubts and unbeliefs continually mark the ignorance and contracted vision of his tiny, yet presumptuous mind. To argue with such persons is a folly without a name; it is like 'fanning the face of the sun with a feather!'

HASTY JUDGMENTS.

LXXXIX. Hasty and severe judgments betoken as much folly as gall; 'judge not, lest ye be judged' is a precept against such judgments only, since it is both a right and a duty to express our opinion of the conduct of those around us; but it should be soundly and feelingly done. Some have a strange way of censuring *en masse*, and of drawing the broadest conclusions from the narrowest premises.

VALERIUS has an ugly habit of pronouncing him a fool, whom he has detected once in a palpable folly: another void of understanding, who has evidently mistaken a matter he should have understood—and a third as having no redeeming virtue, who is clearly without a particular one! Would it not be wiser and more benevolent to survey the characters of those we commune with, somewhat *arithmetically*, by adding up the columns of their

virtues, their vices and their follies, subtracting the latter from the former, and then deciding according as the balance may be found? I have scarcely ever seen even a primer, from which some useful thought might not be extracted, and have rarely met a character in which was not to be found some heavenly trait, worthy of imitation. A poor condemned criminal, whose life had been marked by much of vice and folly, gave me on this point, the last assurance. The annals of his life were fully exposed to my view; and therein I found both principles and actions, that might have graced a moral diadem! How illiberal, then, and unwise withal, are those sweeping censures in which Valerius so much indulges, against every one whose peccable character shows many blurs: he ought to know that in the human heart are 'many mansions,' and that, if some are thrown open to much that is vile, there may be others that remain the adyta of truth and honesty.

### THE UNFEELING PROSPEROUS MAN.

XC. It would be no easy matter, even for a truly wise man to decide, whether his most fervent prayers should be against the gale of prosperity, or that of adversity: the sensualist, perhaps, would decide against the latter, the pure in spirit, against the former. The complaint, as to the evils and dangers of each, is trite enough; but the mass of mankind are sufficiently vain to believe that prosperity could have no dangers for them, and that they would be sure to find 'all her paths peace.'

In a well regulated mind, prosperity should raise a perpetual fountain of gratitude, from which should flow copious streams of benevolence. In the like mind, adversity however extreme, should also have its fountain of gratitude, and its streams of benevolence too; for, 'he whom God loveth he chasteneth;' and, if man, the immediate instrument, be not then an object of gratitude, he hath, for its never ending exercise, a more enduring and glorious one, in his Maker. And as benevolence in such a case as this, consists more in generous wishes, than in actual disbursing of bounties, he hath greatly the advantage of the prosperous man; it being then as boundless as the universe!

The arrogance of POMPONIUS, since he hath become the favourite of fortune, is so brutal as to auger in my, perhaps too superstitious mind, an infallible reverse! He hath no genuine pity—all that looks like benevolence in him, is for effect,—his charities, so called, are never in secret—a poor relative might starve, when a tythe of that bestowed on idle ostentation, would gladden his heart! Those who have met misfortunes, and are sunk in life, are criminal with him, and, of course, are the objects of his marked neglect; but those who like himself, are on the apex of the wheel, are wise and prudent and worthy, in whom he finds a thousand virtues, never before detected by mortal eye! Pomponius is liberal with those who need no liberality; is active and useful in all that *must* succeed; the patron of every art that can reflect from the mental exertions of others, honours on himself; boundless

in means before the wealthy eye, he is restricted in all his resources, and times are peculiarly difficult with him, whenever he is privately solicited by those who are slowly ascending the ladder! And, finally, Pomponius hath drunk so deeply of Lethe's oblivious draught, that he hath absolutely no memory whatever of himself as he stood, only some fifteen years ago! Peace to such a heart! but if peace comes in all its truth and beauty, it will be only in the calm that succeeds the gales of a sore adversity.

### TOO MUCH HUMILITY.

XCI. Among the rarest, but most insiduous of all hypocrisies, is the affectation of great humility. Like all of its class, it is an 'homage which vice pays to virtue;' but, at the same time, is so peculiarly artful in its origin and ends, as to give assurance that he who practises it would be a most willing adept, were occasion to offer, in every other that swells the dark catalogue of these false assumptions. As genuine humility is the consummation of virtue; as it is the crowning victory over sin, the conquest over self, the triumph of grace over the prince of darkness, the extirpation of the last lingering remains of our fallen humanity; and, as the moment of this annihilation of the impress of Satan, is that, which on earth, allies man by anticipation to the angelic host; so is false humility the highest treason that man can commit against his Maker, the last act that fills to repletion the cup of his iniquity. Of all heaven-directed qualities, it is the most to be venerated when real,—and yet, from its rarity and

difficulty of attainment, the most to be suspected; and when officious, or apparently excessive, it ought to awaken our liveliest vigilance. We forbear to illustrate these views by a character, or by reference to a class or sect; but, with this intimation, let watchfulness be on its tower, but ever attended by charity.

### THE SCIENCE OF SHAWLS.

XCII. THE SCIENCE OF SHAWLS, (said a foreign pedantic *exquisite*, to an exquisite *belle* of Eromitlab,) you ladies are really bound to cultivate, in preference to all others! for, let me tell you, as the mania for shawls is now at its achme here, as well as every where, the *Taklids*, or copies of Aleppo and Bagdad, would deceive any one—and those of France, since Terneaux's importation of the Thibet goat, and even those of England, since Main's invention for the spinning of this wool, are equally to be guarded against. I assure you there is as much deception in this article as in our champagne, or chateau margaux. What you say, replied the lady, may be very true, but as no one among us seems to have studied this science, our 'ignorance is bliss.' But its not 'folly to be wise,' insisted the gentleman; and as you are now probably to expend a couple of hundred pounds—or, rather I should say, possibly a cool thousand of your currency, it would be cruel, after all, to wear a sham, you know. This, and a long conversation which ensued in a shop of high fashion, arrested my attention, and imparted to me more knowledge of this august 'science of shawls,' than I recollect

ever before, or since, to have heard. Women are always more sensible in such matters than men, and the beautiful PHILOCLEA soon became a willing pupil, and made no mistake in purchasing a *Taklid*, either for a *Kashmir*, or a *Lahoris*. The *Neutarhs*, or recent fashions, were carefully examined, with the view of finding its sure mark, interwoven in some part of the border: the *Ala-Ala* was also hailed as the infallible criterion of a very superior quality—and then the *Alemoar*, with its rich *ensigns* curiously worked; or the *Kunkeridar* with its *foils*, and the well known and beautiful, but alas too common *Silfilatar*, with its *chains*, were all displayed by the obliging vender; and analyzed, and scrutinized by the gentle purchaser, and her better informed friend. Next came the rare *Fermaish* with striped disk—then the modest *Dshar*, with a plain one,—in course, the brilliant *Dshedshekli*, with various figures; and then the square *Boghsha*, with its magnificent centre of flowers, which serves the Hindoo ladies to recite their prayers on, when votive natural flowers are no longer to be had! By the side of this lay, in rich profusion, those with beautiful palm trees, (or rather Cyprus) so carefully elaborated into their borders, this being in those countries the emblem of all that is lovely in their morals and religion. After these followed the long and narrow *Baeldars*, so well adapted for turbans and belts, and the pure white *Tonlics* for robes, or Turkish trowsers. In sweet association lay the exquisite *Risajis*, of all colours and fashions,—as the *cerulean*, *muscle-shell*,

*garlic*, *red*, *yellow*, *blue*, and the modest *cream white!* How confounding all these names, countries, uses, qualities, shapes, ornaments, signatures, colours, and prices!! At last, however, the selection was made, the price established at eight hundred dollars, and my patience was somewhat on the wane.—But, would you believe it, indulgent reader! this was the third shawl of like value, which the lovely Philoclea had purchased within that year—and her good natured father became a hopeless bankrupt, in the course of the following!

SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.

XCIII. What a silly habit some, otherwise clever men, have of affecting to make secrets of things known to others in common with themselves; or to speak of matters with an air of special knowledge, about which, in truth, they know nothing! Such people convert the merest trifles into mysteries of importance; communicate them to you as a very special favour, accompanied with earnest charges to let the matter go no further, and then with such grandiloquent expressions, significant looks, and emphatic shrugs, as may exaggerate it with you, and gain to them, a temporary importance. How strange the affectation that would reap gratification from such ideal gossip, at the expense too of no small sacrifice of veracity! On other occasions, such mystery-mongers pretend as much closeness as conspirators—not a word is to be extracted from them—the subject is quite too delicate to be even alluded to—probably, however,

only because they are so utterly ignorant of the whole matter, as to have none of the necessary elements on which to ground inventions!

CHRYSOGONUS meets one in the street,—and in an instant has hold of his button, places his mouth close to his ear, and then, in slow and almost inaudible words, informs him that CLODIA this morning, made a sad Gretna Green affair, with young DINOCRATES, a mere adventurer, an intruder into our society—without a solitary letter to sustain him, or a shilling in his purse! All this is quite true, replies the gentleman, as far as the renegade lover is concerned, but wholly otherwise as to the lady, whom I left only a minute ago! Oh, I am delighted to hear you say so, continues Chrysogonus, still whispering, as if his secret had in no degree been marred—I doubted myself the actual elopement, but I have good reason for knowing it will soon take place. Indeed! says the gentleman, that can hardly be, for I have special good reason for knowing otherwise myself, and for believing that Dinocrates has himself eloped yesterday to avoid his creditors! Well, I trust you may be right, says Chrysogonus, placing his lips still closer to the ear of his interlocutor,—there can be no doubt, however, he *addressed* her—but have you heard of the most extraordinary cabinet that is to come in with the new president? And, waiting no reply, he thereupon whispers a most minute account of every individual of the cabinet, with all the secret motives applicable to each appointment! You could not, my dear sir, have read the after-

noon's paper, replies the gentleman; the cabinet is officially announced, and not one of the individuals named by you, is in it! Chrysogonus, a little disconcerted for a moment, still whispers—that no doubt is all so, as you say it is official, but I have it from an unquestionable source, that this is merely temporary, and for a special purpose—rely upon it, all whom I have named will be finally brought in. And thus does this strange being live in a world of his own creation: and if a hundred of *his secrets* were killed in a day, his prolific invention would have an equal batch for you, on the morrow!

IMPROBABLE, BUT TRUE STORIES.

XCIV. Cæsar's wife was not to be suspected, nor will a man of true dignity, and who is soundly veracious, be suspected of even the most trivial deflexion from truth. How dangerous, then, is the practice of telling improbable, though perfectly authentic stories! And what an idle gratification is it for a sensible man to amuse others, or himself, by detailing anecdotes and histories, which though true, are sure to be questioned by some. Such persons should ever bear in mind that, if they charm their auditors ever so much, by their narrative talent, and amiableness in its display, they encounter some risk, from the incredulity and ingratitude of some present; and that, whilst they give them credit for telling the matter infinitely well, they have suffered in a correspondent degree, with them, and perhaps with others, in their dignity, and possibly, in their character for high veracity.

### THE POLITIC MAN.

XCV. If there be a word in our vocabulary that should be hated, even the printed form thereof, and much more the use, it is the word *policy*, which, *ex vi termini*, seems to convey as heartless, cold and selfish a sentiment, as any that belongs to the meanest of our humanity. This little word, so often used in vindication, comes upon one's feelings, as a passing cloud that drops its snowy flakes upon the fair bosom of a genial May day. It is the cunningly fashioned key that unlocks the very adytum of the heart, where dwells the besetting sin, and the subtle imp, its author, of nearly every son and daughter of Adam. Policy! the very word seems to have so bright, but cold and silvery a polish, as to blind the eyes of mere human truth, and to gloss over, by its reflected rays, the utmost sinfulness of sin. What that is most hideous in human action hath not had this deceitful word for its champion! What that is merely mean, hath not been rendered palatable by this artful, *icy-headed* term! But, in illustrating its offices by a character, we have no need of reference either to *crime* of the highest, or *meanness* of the lowest kind, but simply to the actions of almost daily occurrence.

JANUS is a man of the world, as artificial a structure as if wholly made by man, and in no part by God! The phases of his mien are so infinitely expressive, and cautiously suited to the occasion, that each would afford the artist a perfect study for the particular sentiment. The life of Janus is throughout a series of politic rules and shrewd cal-

culations, in which even the doctrine of chances, whether moral or physical, is never for a moment out of sight. If he seeks some favour of a statesman, he knows the happy moment of the great man's success in some long cherished plan, and has his audience then! If the favour sought be of a captious or gloomy man, it is timously made, just after dinner: if of a close man, then soon after he hath been receiving money: if of an unhappy man, he ascertains the cause of his grief, and pours oil into the wound, as a preface to his request: if the matter be likely to demand some reflection, he avoids making the solicitation by letter, but rather by a seeming incidental oral request; if of a superior, his courtesy is as fragrant and soft as zephyrs over cinnamon groves: if of a dependant, his demeanour hath more of blandness than usual, but is still enforced by a proportionate expansion of his dignity: if of a lovely witty woman, his earnestness seems to spring 'from nature's mintage stampt in extacy.' Should any kindness be rendered by him, he puts it to interest in his mind, as a fund that may serve him a useful purpose at some other day, though ever so remote: if he be wronged, he makes little present account of the matter, that it may serve its turn on some future occasion. The opinions of others he seeks with avidity; on doubtful issues, he hath none of his own to express, or till the occasion is gone by. If wiser heads than his have clearly spoken, and the wind seems to blow but in one way, he is loudly and incessantly audible amidst the current; but if the sky should

lower, and any change can well take place, none perceives the speck in the horizon so soon as he! In every etiquette of life, caution, guided by policy, is his chart and compass; the heart and brain never meeting in sweet unison to guide his sails. Utility is the God he worships, feeling being left to children, to old women and fanatics! Thus has Janus had a face for every man, a conduct for every emergency, but all ultimately centring in self. With him nothing can be wrong that is politic, nothing right, that is impolitic.

### CIRCUMLOCUTION AND LACONISM.

XCVI. Time and words are both needed and used, when the current of thought is turbid and sluggish; but when the stream of thought is deep and limpid, the clear idea starts upon us as Minerva from the head of Jupiter, instantly clothed in the perfect armour of a few expressive words. Tedious circumlocution, and forceful sententiousness, are the faithful indices of the inner man: the one a sure criterion of a dull and chaotic mind, the other of an active and orderly one. Habit has scarce any agency in either of these modes of conversing; both spring from mental organization, and remain nearly unaltered by education in the one, and neglect thereof in the other. The character of Euphorus receives some illustration from an anecdote told by that true philosopher, the author of 'The Light of Nature pursued,' of one who, finding his horse uneasy under the saddle, alighted, and thus addressed his servant—'Tom, take off the saddle

which is upon my bay horse, and lay it upon the ground; then take the saddle from the grey horse and put it upon my bay horse; lastly, put the other saddle upon thy grey horse. Tom gaped all the while at this long preachment, and at last cried out, 'lack-a-day, sir! could you not have said at once, *change the saddles*?'

Euphorus can dispatch the four courses of a dinner, in as short a time as he can tell you the simple fact that he dined on carp to-day. He discharges the painful office of informing you that your nephew has fallen in a duel, by first detailing all the remote, potential, supposed, and actual causes of the quarrel, with numerous episodes on the sin and folly of self-vengeance! and when he arrives at the melancholy result, he paints it with all the elaborate care and minuteness of the most faithful, but coarsest of the Dutch school. All must be listeners to him; dozing and impatient ones, necessarily, as he consumes as much time in telling you there will be an eclipse to-morrow, as the astronomer took in calculating it!

Curtius was born under a very different star. The current of his thoughts is as rapid and as clear as the waters of Terni, and yet the particular thoughts, like the globules of its spray, run not into each other to form a solid permeating mass, but each, though rapidly, is most sententiously and separately expressed, without the least repletion or enlargement. This mode of expression, better suited to the printed essay than to oral converse, is still a jewel of great beauty viewed by twilight—'a

pearl of heaven's kingdom,' but of diminished value, as being out of place, and without its just accompaniments. The regret in hearing Euphorus speak, is, that nature should have given one so strong an inclination to utterance, to whom she hath been so niggard in clear thought, and felicity of expression; the regret in listening to Curtius is, that others generally lack that grasp of mental power which at once takes in the distillations of his mind, so tersely, curiously, and felicitously expressed. When Euphorus and Curtius meet in converse, who, without a sunbeam, could paint the fantastic eddies that trouble the confused waters of two such streams!

## CHAPTER VII.

Colloquial immorality.—Infirmity of purpose.—Living too fast.—Threading a needle, an emblem of truth.—The angler for praise.—Much ado about nothing.—Know thyself.—Graceless denial of requests. Modesty is in the mind.—Long apologies.—Forgetting old acquaintances.—Climbing boys.—Rage for novelties—Oratory run mad.

### COLLOQUIAL IMMORALITY.

XCVII. Men of intelligence, and even of sound morals, sometimes indulge habitually, in a certain *random* mode of speaking, that may well call in question both. Endued with much humour, and a strong liking for whatever provokes laughter, they practice, and countenance in others, the least happy turn of thought that may occasion amusement, though at the expense of using language, metaphors, and allusions, as offensive to morals and religion, as they certainly are to sound sense, and pure taste.

TIMANTHES is no infidel, nor *roué*, nor latitudinarian, nor vulgarian; and yet, from too high spirits, too keen a sense of the ridiculous, a too yielding assentation, and finally, from a habit of not duly weighing his words, his *colloquial laxity of morals*, would cause any stranger to suspect him of being each and all. When Timanthes is admonished

on the subject, he expresses, and feels, for the moment, much regret, but finds consolation in knowing that he *did not mean* what he said, and in believing that others must take the same lenient view of the matter. But Timanthes, and all of his class, should remember, that enemies impute the worst of motives, discreet friends are much pained, and can make but a feeble defence for them,—and that strangers must decide upon what comes within their own cognizance, and are at no pains to seek for, or to listen to explanations. We have known instances of the kindest hearted men in the world, whose love of humour, of an equivoke, of some verbal, though *unintentional* severity, was so uncontrollable, that through life, they passed with most people, as malicious gossips.

### INFIRMITY OF PURPOSE.

XCVIII. CATULLUS belonged to the class of *undecisives*,—not that he was tardy, or cautious in deciding, but that his so called resolutions were so apt to be abandoned in their tenderest infancy! No marvel is it that he should have become morbidly timid in his own judgment, even on the veriest trifles, for he saw nothing palpably, both from the want of natural perspicacity, and fixity of thought. He remembered, moreover, his numerous silly mistakes, and became conscious that his excessive vivacity suddenly evaporated his few thoughts, as it were into thin clouds, oft leaving him in misty and unstable regions, from which fortune, and kind friends could alone rescue him. Still, he remained

temerarious in resolving, lethargic and uncertain, in executing. Through inquietude of soul, and infirmity of purpose, he often leaped from thought to thought, with that inconstant rapidity, which reminds one of the humming bird passing towards a thousand odorous and goodly flowers, as if eager for the sweets of each, and yet flitting by most of them, abiding on but few, even for a moment! The resolution which charmed him in the morning brought with it regret, in the evening; he promised and refused, and renewed his promise, almost *uno flatu*. He would suddenly wrap himself in his cloak, close the outer door, sally in the street for a promenade, and as instantly change his mind, and return to his comfortable *fauteuil* and blazing fire: a thought would then strike him, he turns to his escritoir, and addresses a note to an architect, enraptured with the idea of displaying his talent of constructiveness! Plans were soon prepared, but his mind had changed, and with it, he encountered many doubts whether he should cross the ocean—settle on the borders of some beautiful American lake—or, possibly, whether he might not find, where he then was, some newly finished house more to his mind—or—but here a new idea again arises; why not make a winter residence of Washington, and build a cottage at Nahant, or at Newport! The thought seemed a most happy one; the architect is required to give a plan of a *cottage orné*, for the heights of Newport, which being done, he remembers, for the first time, that a beautiful one at Nahant is then on sale—he forth-

with writes, obtains a satisfactory reply,—but, in the mean time, has come to the *fixed* conclusion that he could live with much more ease, elegance, and economy in Florence,—for which he sails, via England,—but, on the passage, it occurs to him that not a word of Italian doth he, or his family, know; and to remain in artificial dumbness, until a language were acquired, suited not Catullus. He, therefore, spent his summer in London, and his winter in Devonshire, Nahant having received him, just as the May flowers garnished the fields. Catullus was a man of easy, but not of ample fortune: his extreme fickleness and numerous unaccomplished enterprises, added to the expenses of a family, that naturally copied after his capricious fashion, ended in greatly impairing his means. Nahant was cold and cheerless in October—Eromitlab, at any season, was too democratic, gossipping and commercial for one of his habits; and December found him tastefully established at Washington! But, who that had inhaled the balmly ocean air of Nahant, could endure the ensuing dog-days, in the dusty avenues and streets, from alpha to omega, of our champaign metropolis! Catullus therefore, oscilated, for some years, between the rocks and waves of Nahant, during the summer, and the courtly scenes of 'Life in Washington' during the winter; until his greatly minished purse, and exhausted power of locomotion, from gout, planted him once more in Eromitlab, concerning whose vast increase many thousand puffs, during ten years of absence, assured him it

must now have become, indeed, the first of cities! Brick and mortar, had done much for Eromitlab—democracy, and illiterateness little for its moral and intellectual condition. The want of excitement soon terminated the mortal career of poor Catullus; who, with a tiny mind, still had taste, and no little fondness for books, and for all the refinements of life. *Sit tibi terra levis!* And though thou art gone, Catullus, there be many who can vouch for thy warm and generous heart; that thou wert unconstant only to thy own interests; and that many more resemble thee in thy faults, than in thy virtues! How many among us belong to thy class, who, in fickleness, are as like unto thee, as were the Dromios to each other!

LIVING TOO FAST.

XCIX. Although mind *in se* may be a unit, and all minds that ever existed may have been in essence, precisely the same, yet the mode in which each is obliged to manifest itself, is still as various as the features or expressions of the human face, no two ever having been exactly alike. A man of genius differs, perhaps, from a fool, only in the greater perfection of his bodily organization. The mind is capable of indicating itself only through the numerous outlets or vehicles of the body,—and though we differ, *toto cœlo*, from the materialists, whose doctrine we detest, yet we can readily conceive that he who fashioned the union of mind and body, occasioned only an *ostensible* difference in minds, and that that difference may arise wholly from, a more or less, perfect organization of the mediums

through which mind indicates itself. Now, though no two things in nature more widely differ than mind and matter, and mind is very far from being a machine, yet its association with the body, by being compelled to use its organs, is such that every mind may be said to have its own allotted fund of '*excitability*,' as every watch spring has its particular strength and elasticity,—which mental excitability is drawn upon, and sooner or later exhausted, according to the use made of it. Some men's minds may be said to tick incessantly, and also much faster than others—they *live* more in a month than others do in a year, and as they live more rapidly they run down the sooner. The man of no mental disturbances seems to be a mere annuitant, and, as such, he spends so much, and no more, every day and every year, out of his fund of mental energies; and if by any unforeseen event, his mind be unusually exercised, he has a happy facility of going into winter quarters, until he restores the hiatus made by this heavy draft upon the treasury of his excitability. Among a few also, even of the rapid mental livers, we find such a recuperative energy, as partially winds them up, or rather delays their final running down; but these, on the other hand, are extremely apt to cease their motion suddenly and for ever, just like the instantaneous and unexpected breaking of a very taught chain, in which were some unperceived links nearly worn through. There is as little wisdom in thus dealing with our mind, as with our body; and the *roué* in mental excitements is as sure to come to

an untimous end, as he who recklessly exhausts his physical energies, by too high living. The former is a very numerous and diversified class of fast livers, from the precocious boy at a grammar school or college, to the pertly intellectual miss in her teens, who goes through nearly the whole chain of excitements, that should scarcely have been exhausted in the course of a life! I have never visited a fruitery without some pain at seeing the finest plums, apricots, or peaches prematurely ripe, by reason of some insidious insects within them, that have set all their juices in unnatural motion, giving to them a fair and tempting exterior, that seduces the unwary to pluck them, with eager hope of a delicious repast, who finds them precociously mellowed, tasteless and inwardly diseased. And this disappointment, as often as it hath occurred to me, brought to my mind many fair and promising youths, apparently instinct with genius, and almost men, who, in a few more years, had lived out their brief term of life, by a too incessant and rapid use of every mental energy.

Menalcas was one of those luminous spirits which burn too fast, shedding a continuous stream of vivid flashes over the paths of life, and then pass off the stage of existence, like the unexpected burst of those beautiful stars that terminate the rocket! When a youth at college his actions and conversation were all manly; his associates were all nearly double his own age; he took the lead in every enterprise, whether of worth or of folly; and came into full and active life, before he had passed his

majority. He floated for a time on the surface of society, maintained, in the estimation of his juniors, and to the envy of his seniors, an admirable species of ubiquity, in which he flattered the world, and the world flattered him. Every amusement, every occupation, every success, and every chagrin of life were experienced by him, in less time than sufficed others fairly to commence their course; so that, by the collision of innumerable ideas, the exhaustion of unmitigated excitements, the reduplication of every gratification and of every mortification, he arrived at the listlessness of age, at the very time his friends and his country had hoped to have seen him in the flood-tide of vigorous intelligence, and of active usefulness! Menalcas was suddenly lost sight of, and became *civiliter mortuus*, some years before he became so *naturaliter*.

Parthenea had all the sprightliness, incessant motion, fickleness, and beauty too, of a humming bird, sipping its sweets from a thousand flowers, and constant to none. Her genius glowed with a continued, bright and burning ardour; she was keen in the pursuit of every innocent pleasure, all of which she rendered criminal, only because she knew not how and when to stop. Parthenea had seen more plays, attended more parties and concerts, had visited more watering places, inaugurations, congressional debates, musical associations, Italian and French operas, museums, galleries, fancy balls, masquerades, tableaux vivants, fairs, popular preachers, new churches, horticultural exhibitions, magicians, raffles, auctions, &c. &c.

before she was out of her teens, than her venerated grandmother, who lived to ninety-seven, ever had witnessed, though in the best society of the old school, for more than half a century! At twenty-five, I found Parthenea had lost her bloom, her buoyancy, much of her charming volubility, and still more of her good nature, and fine taste in dress. She was still unmarried. At twenty-seven, I found her *ennuyée* with every thing, complaining of the 'dull realities of life,' of the astonishing mutations in society! Poor lady! how little did she dream that all this change was wholly in herself! She had exhausted the power of every exciting cause known to the catalogue of fashion; she had rung the changes on them all, and they had now become as incapable of raising emotion in her as the limpid waters of a gushing fountain would be, in allaying the morbid appetite of an inveterate inebriate. At the early age of thirty, the graceful tomb became the only memento of her existence! How few delight to visit these abodes, there to revive their recollections of the forgotten dead! We have done so, for instruction to the living. How much wiser would it be to spread over the surface of a whole life, the excitements which so rack the mind when concentrated! How much more durable their influences, how much sweeter their enjoyment! Happy are they who *live* during their whole life, because they live rationally; wretched are they who live only during a part of their life, and drag out a miserable existence during the residue, because, whilst they lived, they lived irrationally!

THREADING A NEEDLE AN EMBLEM OF TRUTH.

C. A lover of the moral sciences finds himself sometimes in the vein to extract, from things the most simple and usual in life, lessons of much practical wisdom, and in forms no less impressive. When Luther compared the human heart to a mill-stone in constant motion, with, or without grain; when he deduced an argument for the body, and soul's resurrection, from the wonders unfolded by chemistry; when he compared the bible to an orchard, and proved the devil to be a doctor of divinity! he was occupied in a species of moral alchemy, which the captious and over-nice may contemn as remote conceits, or as the idle fancies of a morbid imagination; but which the truly wise will not fail to approve. For, if a single valuable precept be more strongly inculcated by such small ware, brought, as it were, from a distant country,—it more than out-weighs any injury that can arise, in that it may be a fancy or far-fetched conceit, with more of truth in it than of taste. We find, moreover, that Lord Bacon, so far from slighting this species of illustration, is, of all men, the most remarkable, to use in part, his own language, for regarding 'the eye of the understanding as like the eye of the sense, which sees great objects through small crannies, and great moral truths, through small and contemptible instances.' With him, nothing in nature was too trifling to be made some use of, in the laboratory of his analogical and inductive mind. He extracts broad philosophical truths from such little matters as a child's forming, what it calls, a looking-

glass, by covering a small loop of whalebone, with a thin pellicle of spittle—or, from the various forms of icicles, according to the modes in which the water drops—or, from the little cloud made by your breath on any polished surface, which, as he observes, ever breaks up first in the skirts, and last in the midst.' He dwells much upon what he denominates '*lancing instances*' which, though small in themselves, awaken the mind to close thought, and a nice observation of the wonders of nature—under these he would philosophise on the fact 'that so small a drop of ink in a pen should be drawn out into so many letters or lines'—'that a pinch of saffron should tinge a whole hogshead of water'—'that so great a cloud of smoke should be raised from a little incense'—that numberless *specific* odours, as those of violets, roses, &c.—that heat, cold, articulate sounds and voices, images of all kinds, and of unnumbered objects, magnetical and other virtues, should all pass through the air at once, and without obstructing one another, as if each of them had its own separate passage, and could not infringe against another—that light and colour should so suddenly pass through such a bulk of solid glass, or water, &c. Come we now to the text of our section, which hath been, perhaps, too long delayed. It hath often been said that truth lieth at the bottom of a well! if so, it is no little consolation that the path to its adytum is so direct, and that when straightly pursued, it is so surely found there. It may, indeed, be said that truth is ever a point at the end of the straightest possible line; and though the road

be sometimes long, and the point be thereby, nearly invisible, yet is the conviction most cheering, that it must be eventually reached—nay, with the like unerring certainty with which birds do travel to their remotest destination; for, if like them, we do but preserve a steady eye on the direct course, regardless of every attractive path towards the right or the left, the zenith or the nadir, we find no disappointment at the end of that line. How often have we been impressively reminded and convinced of this, when we have observed the firm eye, and steady hand with which the gentle PARTHENIA threads her needle! for this doth truly represent the directness of the path of truth, and shows, moreover, how vain are our efforts to attain it, when sought in any other than the one appointed way, and that the slightest deflection from the true line, most surely ends in lodging us wide of the mark. Parthenia, with a full share of life's cares, and possessed of a highly accomplished mind, yet so 'commands herself to take care of small matters,' that even this simple manipulation, of threading her needle, is with her, for the moment, an abstraction! and, like one in the eager search of truth, she knows, from all experience that would she pass the slender filament through its destined narrow passage, it must be finely pointed, and undeviatingly directed, lest it come in rude contact with either of the four walls of steel which environ the needle's eye. She hath learned that these offer a too firm resistance to endure enforcement from the feeble thread, which bends from its onward course,

is forbid a passage, and cast on the one side into illimitable space—until, by some renewed and well directed effort, it pursues the straight path, and with safety and triumph passes into the haven where it would be! This narrow and iron bound coast, like the path of truth, is full of danger and defeat, to such as sail regardless of their chart and compass; but, when the mind, aware of the Scylla and Charybdis on either side, attempts no forced or devious passage, the well appointed thread passes through its slender channel with unerring certainty: and so doth the seeker after truth as surely gain it, if with like intent and directness, he truly steers his course.

### THE ANGLER FOR PRAISE.

CI. If you hear a beautiful woman complain of feeling wretched, and looking miserable from the last night's party—or an author professing discontent with some parts of an admired volume—a lawyer making light of his argument in some great cause—an artist, when commended for his *chef d'œuvre*, say it is tolerable, but he fears this, and doubts that—a politician affecting diffidence at the applauses of the people, each and all of them are *angling for praise*, and for a pabulum as essential to their happy existence, as motion and salt are to the purity of the ocean. Insensibility to praise is brutality—a morbid thirst for it the meanest and most incurable of mental diseases. Cicero has beautifully observed that we *yield* praise to the powerful from *fear*, we *lend* it to the weak from *interest*, and we *pay* it to the deserving from *gratitude:* but we think no honourable mind will

ever submit to accord praise to those who, (however meritorious they may be,) are evidently angling for it. Nothing, to a generous mind, is more grateful than to yield commendation to the worthy; but he who debases himself by seeking it, is not worthy *at the time*, however meritorious in the particular object for which he ingeniously or importunately fishes for praise. If a thing be really good, we can see no reason why its author may not cast off all affectation, and speak of it nearly as a third person—there is something even charming in this, if done with evident sincerity, and if he be no angler for praise. But TROILUS is never heard to whisper a syllable directly in approvance of his works, which others greatly admire,—and yet is restless, nay miserable, if the praise be not ardent, —and if disappointed, in his ingenious *bait*, no piscator of the old Isaac Walton school, more anxiously resorts to others, than our friend Troilus. CRESSIDA never looked more lovely, nor was there any dress in the room more tasteful and beautiful than her's; yet in proportion as others praised she disapproved, till the dress was analyzed in all its parts, and it was *demonstrated* that none was as fanciful and *appropriate* as her's!

### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

CII. Much better is it to be even ridiculously busy in the veriest trifles, than to indulge in habitual idleness. And though he whose life is spent in pompous and fussy activity over things infinitely small and easy, is sure to be unmercifully laughed

at, by an undiscriminating and censorious world, yet how much more venial, and even estimable is this '*much ado about nothing*,' than the contented indolence of the inveterate idler, or his more probable churlishness, and even vice, after the rusts of long inactivity have accumulated around his soul, hebetating his faculties, and souring, if not indurating his heart! The Spanish adage truly saith the devil tempts other men, but the *idle* tempt the devil—and the orientalists speak of idleness as the daughter of folly, the sister of vice, and the mother of misfortune. But no one need fear the mere busy-body of small matters,—he may live in a world of his own creation, fancy it vastly more extensive and indebted to him than it is, and may occasion thereby vexatious delays and even disturbances, in his communion with others; but, after all, we should consider him as an innocent personage in the great carnival of life, in which, though his part be really insignificant, he circulates through the entire Corso, with as much conspicuousness and self-satisfaction, as the best of them, and finds, too, among the numerous crowd, those who can appreciate the part he fills, almost as highly as he does himself! We should likewise bear in mind, how valuable is the general result, when even the minutest interstices, as well as the broadest fields of human concerns, are filled with action, and how merely relative, after all, are usefulness and importance of every kind! Life, in its best estate, and the greatest actors among its scenes, make but a sorry stage for pigmy players,

when viewed by superior intelligences, or even by man, when abstracted by philosophy, from the illusion which surrounds it. Istudne est punctum, quod inter tot gentes ferro et igne dividetur? inquires the philosopher, when viewing the whole earth as a mere point in the universe, filled with little beings, bursting with self-importance, and contending for mastery, with fire and sword! If, then, the world, with its numerous nations and stirring scenes, are little else than vanity, why not permit every petty microcosm within the great one, nay every individual who would derive pleasure in making *much ado about nothing*, to do as each thinks fit in this respect? If they find happiness in clothing their puny bodies in giant habiliments, and in aping the daring and chivalrous deeds of business, found only among the skilful and methodical, we should remember there are higher orders that can but view us all as ants: and as some of these, with seeming importance and industrious bustle, build their little mounds only an inch in diameter, and the termites of the sandy deserts, raise their habitations to twice the height of man, yet do they all belong to the *formica* race, *we* should not quarrel with Nature's diversities in our species, in which we also find some ruling the destinies of the world, and others, with like industry and self-complacency, figuring as busy individuals, conciliating the applause of Eromitlab, with quite as much ambition, and conviction of their worth, as ever a Cæsar, a Tamerlane, or a Bonaparte, aspired to rule the earth! We say then, to

those who would disparage BASSIANUS and MARTIUS, LAVINIA and SABINA, and the whole class that belong to the multum agents, nihil agendo, suffer them to enjoy their little world, they are useful in their sphere; and if they do *loom* much beyond their natural limits, why do you wince?—they cannot diminish your stature.

KNOW THYSELF.

CIII. CLEOMANTIS speaks sensibly of the beauty of moderation, but, in nearly the same breath, is himself excessive; he is indignant against rash opinions and slanderous inuendoes, but patronizingly, and as if in a privileged way, he indulges in many severe remarks; is an extreme admirer of inflexible veracity, yet illustrates its odiousness by highly coloured and almost imaginary examples; laughs at the folly of much that is fashionable in dress, without any consciousness of the extreme peculiarity of his own; strongly inculcates the beauty of humility, and still delivers his own opinions *ex cathedra*, with no little impatience, moreover, at contradiction. Cleomantis is often much surprised at the provincial and surprisingly contracted views of the society in which he moves, but perceives not that his own are rather peculiar, and of by-gone days; is judicious in his remarks on the idle gossip of the day, but listens to it *erectis auribus*, and winds up with some equally novel and amusing anecdotes of the *same class!* Surely the human heart is mysteriously deep, tortuous, and deceptive! Cleomantis is no hypocrite; his

error lies in reflecting a good deal on the exterior world, and not at all on the numerous springs and motions of his own mind; he knows more of every thing than of himself; and thus is it that the Enemy of all good, after amusing a man during a whole life with the idea that he is guarding his own safety, when he is only looking over that of others, leaves him, when on the brink of the grave, with his own mind and heart sealed up, and deriving a fatal and deceitful comfort from mentally reproving the follies of others!

GRACELESS DENIAL OF A REQUEST.

CIV. It should never be forgotten that there is a *suaviter in modo*, as well as a *fortiter in re*, to be observed in the denial of any request. To a delicate mind it is always sufficiently agitating to make any request, unless of a friend; to one equally delicate, it must be still more so, to give any denial. But where a refusal is really called for, and this should be *well* considered, two things are equally essential—a dignified firmness, to indicate the existing necessity, and the utmost suavity of language and manner, to assure the individual of the sincerity and extent of our regret. When, however, the denial is so gracelessly done, as to manifest a cold resolution only; where all the amenities that can soften the pained feelings of the solicitor, are unthought of by the solicited, it at once shows an absence of sound feelings and good sense, and the presence, either of great *mal-adresse*, the result of defective education in manners, or an essential

*grossièreté*, which clings to one in spite of education.

MODESTY IS IN THE MIND.

CV. There is so much delicacy in the beauty of genuine modesty, that, like an airy dream, it scarce reveals itself even to the imagination, and refuses to be described in words. The charming and well-known allegory of the meeting of the flowers, to have a prize awarded to the most beautiful of them, shadows forth the loveliness of modesty—there, after numerous competitors, the violet would but take a peep at the beauties, as she lay in her humble bed, and thought she would only see them as they passed by. But when observed by the judge, as she half raised her lowly head, he at once pronounced her the most beautiful, because the most modest. Livia was accustomed to say, that, to a virtuous woman, a naked person was but a statue. Modesty is truly in the mind; and, whilst we in a great degree coincide with this illustrious Roman matron, the practical and philosophical accuracy of the remark suffers some change, from the prevailing opinions and manners of the age.

That unmeaning prudery, however, which PAULINA invariably shows, when passing, with her friends, through a gallery of paintings and statuary, is not only in extreme ill-taste, but causes one to suspect most vehemently, the genuineness of her modesty. What brings her there so often, if her delicacy were once offended? Modesty is noiseless, unconscious, would rather seek to hide her pain, when really felt, than to transmit it to those

around her: but Paulina has none of the violet in her nature; she is the rose of the allegory, very beautiful to behold, but without that retiring loveliness which won the palm to her less conspicuous companion.

### LONG APOLOGIES.

CVI. An apology, when proper to be made, should be prompt, clear, frank, and *short*,—for nothing is in worse taste, and to a delicate mind more disagreeable, than to be obliged to hear and to recognize the various changes rung upon an apology, which was perfectly satisfactory in its very primitive form. This excess usually springs from a good heart, but a weak head; and however important or trifling the subject may be, which causes the apology, when once distinctly and ingenuously made, is more forceful and lasting in its impression, than if tediously reiterated. Ladies, we lament to say, are particularly faulty in this respect; and often seem as reluctant to part with the subject, as if each repetition certainly gave renewed pleasure to both the parties—whereas every apology must intrinsically be accompanied by some actual or supposed cause of dissatisfaction,—and can scarce be made without placing the one or the other party *somewhat* in the wrong. And if the apologist assumes all the actual or imputed wrong to herself, still, it either places the other, in the attitude of having been mistaken, which of itself is not agreeable; or compels her to express satisfaction at an explanation which must involve some one in some remissness, however trivial it may be. Let SABINA,

then, who dwells half an hour on an apology, that should not have occupied a minute, remember that if the cause be a pure mistake, in which neither is the least in fault, the more she presses it, the poorer compliment does she pay to the intelligence of the other, who should be presumed to see, at once, the nature of an unmixed mistake: that if the cause involves herself alone, her protracted and oft repeated explanation seems to question the forgiving temper of her friend—and lastly, that if the apology implicates in the slightest degree that friend, however much she may generously accuse herself, the appeasement will be sure to be the more effectual, by the fewer words she uses.

FORGETTING OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

CVII. There is, perhaps, more of the milk of human kindness than of philosophical truth, in the Spectator's remark that, 'pity will always be his portion in adversity, who acted with gentleness in prosperity.' The reverse of the proposition is strictly true—but, as the world goes, I question whether even meagre pity be accorded to those gentle and generous sons of prosperity, who are now enduring the miseries of irretrievable adversity. The world is wonderfully oblivious of those whose necessities compel them into obscurity; and the noble hospitality, the public spirit, the numerous acts of benevolence, and the very name of those who once filled so large a space in the eye, and in the adulation of society, are nearly forgotten, and sometimes, even more by their own, than by the

succeeding generation! There can be no true faith without works, and no true pity, without some efforts at relief.

ALCIBIADES was a merchant of great wealth; better educated than usual with that class; generous, confiding, and hospitable, almost to an extreme; a patron of the arts; public spirited; and, for these reasons, was much adulated, sought after, and with the acclamation of society, placed at its very apex. His superb city mansion, and delightful country residence, were the resort of strangers, and of a numerous train of summer friends, and parasitical retainers. But Alcibiades was hopelessly ruined by a series of misfortunes; and, in the fleeting course of a few years, was nearly as much forgotten as if he had never lived. No one tendered him kindnesses; none volunteered to obtain for him office or employment; none pressed him to their groaning tables, their splendid parties, or to the privacy of their rural felicity: there was no one to inquire into his wants, or how to do him a poor service; none gently and generously to sympathize with him; none to force him out of his now morbid retirement,—but when his name happened to be pronounced, all admitted he was a true gentleman! Call you this pity! Alcibiades, thanks to the Gods, left no child,—and, shame to man, scarce money enough to give him a poor burial. Such, alas! is too often—the world.

CLIMBING BOYS.

CVIII. It is a subject of deep regret to every feeling and reflecting mind, that we still adhere to the

supposed necessity of employing *human* beings in the unwholesome and disgusting employment of cleansing chimneys. Public sympathy has been sometimes enlisted on their behalf, (but always too feebly,) with the view of superseding their use by the introduction of *mechanical* means; but our selfish apprehensions have always got the better of our feelings; and the excellent inventions of Mr. Smart, of Mr. Evard, and others, have been laid aside, without the least effort to remove their imaginary imperfections. Be this, however, as it may, among a people so boastful, as we are, of '*liberty and equality*,' this gratuitous brutalizing of a portion of our species, stands prominent among the thousand examples which proclaim that our beautiful *theory* of democracy is not so very immaculate in *practice!* But, if chimneys cannot, with safety, be burnt out in cities, as they usually are in the country, when the roofs are covered with snow, if no effectual mechanical means can be invented, there still remains one matter wholly within our power—the *melioration of the condition of these chimney-boys.* What has been done to lessen their sufferings, to clothe them warmly, to feed them well, and to protect them against the savage cruelty of their ignorant, venal, and degraded masters? Why are these poor sweeps, brought out at the hour of four in the morning, when the mercury stands at zero, there to pound at people's gates, for an half hour, to the annoyance of the neighbourhood, until lazy servants, slowly rise to receive them! Who that has the feelings of a man can

repose in quiet, snugly ensconced amidst his downy pillows, and merino blankets, and hear the mournful cries of these little urchins, impatient for admission? We have sometimes heard these cries at neighbours' portals, in anxious and momentary expectation for their admission; yet neither servant nor master heard—or heeded them; but their voices shortly after, would be heard on the summits of some other chimneys, like Mahometans on their minarets, welcoming the morning with their Allah Allah! Poor souls, truly hath the Almighty, in them, tempered the fleece to the shorn lamb,—for in these narrow, sooty abodes, they doubtless found some warmth to revive their chilled spirits, and they sang merrily their well-known traditionary song Surely these hopeless beings are entitled to a more generous care. Why are they not placed under the custody of much more humane and clever persons, well paid for the performance of so painful a duty? And why are not families, by law compelled, to admit sweeps at designated, and always at more reasonable hours? And finally, why should there not be a little code of the most humane laws made in their behalf, and suitable persons appointed, strictly to enforce it?

RAGE FOR NOVELTIES—ORATORY RUN MAD.

CIX. Those alone who are in the habit of looking back through the vista of half forgotten times, and of bringing into some concentration the numerous strange things which, during forty years, or more, he may have witnessed, can be fully aware of the

signal follies committed even by communities, during the paroxysms of excitement occasioned by fashion, the necessity of spending money easily acquired, and especially during that period in which a city is passing from its boyhood, and is fast emerging from the insignificance and restricted means of such a state, to that of prosperous manhood, and of suddenly acquired wealth. At such times every thing is a novelty, and every novelty has a charm. The veriest charlatans in science, or in the arts, the merest quacks in oratory, or in teachings *de omnibus*, are sure to be welcomed, and lauded as very surprising men, as philosophers, poets, orators, and what not! A thousand of these follies, which picked the pockets of the good people of Eromitlab, might be adverted to, little to the praise of their discrimination, or in evidence of their intellectual attainments in those times. Among the host of silly and successful impositions, was that of a pedantic, travelling pedestrian, who had visited the five quarters of the globe, and was last from Persia, the walls of China, and heaven only knows where else! This was a stirring novelty, and his orations on metaphysical politics, on atheistical cosmogony, on the eloquence of the ancients, on the habits of the Tartars and the Bedouins of the desart, &c. were such blessed things for the gossip *savants* and *elite* of those times, that his hall was nightly crowded, and the applauses reached the very skies! But, after a few nights, the audience began to perceive there was a marvellous peculiarity in this half-crazed impostor;

his language emphatically was his own, and such, as it was not given to man, scarcely to pronounce, and certainly not to comprehend! Some became staggered, greatly confounded, and a little suspicious that it *might* be nonsense!—but the most were ravished by his eloquence; and in the whole assembly, on the last night of his performance, there was found only one venerable old man who roundly pronounced the orator an arrant knave, fool, and atheist. A small specimen from one of these orations I have preserved, and here insert, that the present generation may be able *discere ex uno omnes*, and that others may wonder at the mawkish taste of a community which, instead of ostracising such a palpable charlatan at once, attended and praised all that he had to say! The precious extract is as follows! 'The luminous reflection of the light of reason, like the swift-darting flash from the Ægian shield, strikes a dazzling conviction on all those who, by the concatenation of human events, are absorbed into the sphere of its micrography. Its powers are irrefragable—its unity, like that of a sister republic, (France,) indivisible: like that, its fulciment is true virtue—its apopthegm is faith; and therefore, though its base may be shaken, the foundation cannot be uprooted by the mussitation of all the ambidextrous litigarians of this globular jumble of elemental matter. Indeliberately have I always avowed, that its latesusterous cavity would engulph all the petty verticulate weeds of weak-mindedness, the languid ladanumity of laziness, the blind, grovelling earth-wormedness

of those children of noiance who still adhere to the apocryphal details of the New and Old Testament! Those beauties may be latitant, but cannot be forever concealed, for even the loxodromick mazes of interpolatory periphrasticity, cannot conceal them from the searcher. Even to those who avow a taste for the attic salt of ancient notoriety, its salsoacidity must be evidently pungent, while its salubrity on the mental affections is unprecedented, and only gentle medicaments of an apophlegmatick nature are requisite to a perfect cure of the somnolentic stupor that pervades its faculties when *in statu quo*. The arts of stenography, logography, brachygraphy, and of paleography, are unequal to the expression of its praises—incommensurate with the palacious greatness of its lustrous powers. Then, how can I, in my weak, unadorned, humble language, display the impetus glare, that implex irradiation, that divine light of reason, which must, and will, at some future day, not far distant, prove, after some luctation, the incomputable latitudinary mandification to the anatomical illustration of the Mind of Man!'

We confess the closing remarks of the foregoing specimen, in which the orator speaks of his 'unadorned and humble language,' has occasioned us shrewdly to suspect that, having heard of the gullibility (if there be such word, and if not, then cullibility) of these strange Eromitablians, he designedly practised a most impudent, but alas! successful hoax! It is quite certain, moreover, that since these days, nothing in the form of lectures

on botany, history, astronomy, elocution, arts, science, medicine, or even law, have ever received any special favour in Eromitlab, and that the popular teachers of most of these subjects, however meritorious, are doomed to encounter the most mortifying and total failure; nor do we remember, since, of any audience for such itinerants, (after their *gratuitous* introductory,) ever exceeding in their receipts, a meagre indemnity against the necessary *frais* of such experiments!—and how often do they leave Eromitlab with the profound assurance that more than cimmerian darkness hath spread its sable wings over that otherwise money-making and money-spending community!

# DIVISION II.

## NATIONAL MANNERS, CHARACTERS AND THINGS.

### INTRODUCTION.

As it hath been always my lot, *grazie a dio*, to live in a city, so it hath been, almost equally, to live under the most *intensely* democratic government the world hath ever known. In our fair and goodly country, as nature hath bountifully made it, man hath now in progress an experiment, on a vast scale, which embraceth government, laws, religion, morals, political and domestic economy, nay, all that appertaineth to man's happiness, and in the success of which many millions of our species, here and elsewhere, are deeply concerned. On the result of this stupendous scheme, the civilized nations of Christendom are solicitously watchful; some with the hope of imitating us; others, kindly wistful, but incredulous of its happy issue; and a few, perhaps, with the dread that our success will prove their downfall. The *principles*, *manners*, *characters* and *things* of a people occupied, for more than half a century, in such an experiment, must, each and all, be of extraordinary interest, and still, of some complexity: they are not, there-

fore, to be disposed of in the little sections of a little volume like the present. The author, then, of this second division of his subject, is almost inclined to interrogate himself with the '*cui bono?*' and the '*cui malo?*' as to these, his brief thoughts on such matters, but consoles himself with the hope that, although he aims not at a philosophical treatise on the politics, morals, and manners of his country, the hints which are given may, possibly, stimulate others to a deeper and juster thinking on their numerous topics; and that his skimming the surface, as it were, can, at least, do no harm, as no American Montesquieu, should one arise, would be likely, either to be deterred from his enterprise by the exhaustion of the subject in the ensuing pages, or be seduced into any serious errors, by what may be set forth therein. And though our subject would properly embrace the influences of an almost *unmitigated* democracy, on the religion, politics, laws, morals, and manners; on the arts, sciences, trades, agriculture, and commerce of a numerous people, to whom the factitious distinctions, so common in other countries, are but little known; of a people, however, who have, *in fact*, among them the rich, the medium class, the poor, and the canaille; and moreover, the bond and the free, the learned and the ignorant; we should necessarily be very brief on each of these topics; and therefore, disclaim all intention of attempting more than an imperfect *coup d'œil* of some of them, and a glance at others. And, in so doing, the honest, unsuppressed, but unexaggerated thoughts

of one who has been more accustomed to think seriously and anxiously of these matters, than to speak and write of them, will be briefly given.

The genius of a government, and the principles and manners of its people, cannot fail to exert a reciprocal action on each other. Every order and profession derives a structure, nay, becomes specifically marked, by certain habitudes, manners, and principles of action, from the pervading character of the fundamental, and other laws, by which they are all governed. A democratic people *will* have democratic laws, institutions, and habits; and these, in turn, not only confirm them in their democracy, but, almost daily enlarge and inflame it, until, both government and people are at a loss for means to control the results of their joint, or several procedure; and, instead of calm and honest endeavours to retrace their steps, they riot in a mad and reckless course, that would seem to have no other issue than the ruin of government, and themselves; their hope and steady object, however, being, the ruin of their political opponents! It is a bad philosophy which supposes there can be no excess of a *good thing*. We quarrel not with republicanism, though it may be called democracy: but when, under either name, it pervades the minutest ramifications of life, and acts with a spirit as intolerant, yet levelling, as his, who first conceived a democratic thought in Heaven, and then, for its maintenance, waged war against the Supreme, it ceases to be a principle of government or rule, and becomes an odious spirit of insubordina-

tion, which carries with it moral and political ruin and death, with as much certainty, as the most salutary medicines terminate our physical existence, when administered without skill, and in excess. It is impossible to contemplate the organization of our society, our manners, and principles of action, in the various professions and pursuits of life, without, at once, perceiving in them all, the specific marks of an *incarnated* democracy. All of these influences, were they detailed, and constructed into a work, by an accurate and impartial observer, would be, in morals and politics, similar to that written, in medicine, by the philosophic *Ramazzini*, of Padua; who, in his book *De Morbis Artificum*, undertakes to explain every disease that arises from the respective trades and vocations of life. But such a task, *in extenso*, falls not within the contracted limits of the volume we designed; we are seeking after the butter-fly and humming-bird readers; those who love the honey, but would repose on no flower long to extract it, rather than after those who ponder over heavy octavos, and love *petere fontes* more than *sectari rivulos*. But though we be thus sincerely humble in our present object, we shall not deal in meagre generalities, or sheer gossamer words, to win the fancy of dull and superficial minds: for men, manners and things, in a new world, where nearly every matter belonging to man hath undergone so many new-fangled mutations—some for weal, others for wo, are not to be even transiently dealt of, without some regard to precision, or to philosophical exac-

titude of thought. And though these mutations have certainly been very great, it will be found that every order, profession, and vocation, in our country, has retained some of those ruling features, by which similar ones in other countries, are characterized. But the inquiry becomes both curious and useful, when directed to the operation of the democratic influences, in greatly enlarging some of these original features, nearly extinguishing others, and lastly, in producing, by unnatural combinations, the most singular results, sometimes disgraceful to humanity, and at others, though harmless, eminently amusing and absurd. We shall find that the *courtier* (for we have even them!) retains his characteristic insincerity, but uniformly acts with less dignity, (sometimes in the *burletta* style,) with much less respect for fundamental principles, with more flexibility to the requisitions of circumstances, and finally, (if seeking for power, or desirous to retain it,) becomes a more ultra leveller, than is known in the actual life of such a character in other countries; reminding one, indeed, of their caricatures, as delineated in tales of fiction, or in the more exaggerated representations of the drama! And yet these persons, when firmly established in power, or when their political race is certainly to terminate with the office in hand, often act with such matchless arrogance and despotism, as may well raise a doubt whether, after all, democracy be not something wholly factitious, and contrary to *man's inner nature.* So again, the *merchant*, if Cornelius Agrippa hath rightly described

him, remains a 'subtle searcher after hidden gain; a covetous devourer of his prey, never happy in enjoyment, but ever miserably tormented with the desire of more;' and yet, the love of the 'dear people' (as a means of attaining political influence) triumphs even over the love of money; and he is often found to sacrifice every mercantile principle, nay, axiom, in order to maintain the integrity of his party, or the tinsel name of his partisan leaders! The *lawyer*, likewise, often turns reckless demagogue, abandons the elevated maxims of his high vocation, and again, for the good of the dear people, consents to relinquish his cases, that he may vindicate their rights—and eventually obtain himself an office! The *ambassador*, moreover, if Sir Henry Wotton doth not slander him in saying that 'he is sent abroad to lie for the good of his country,' remains a model of intrigue, in which he also plays an adscititious, nondescript game between the *people* of his country, and the government to which he is sent! The *tradesman* adheres to his love of employment; but, with wonderful adroitness, is sure to cast the obligation rather more on his employer than on himself, and with an ultra independence, executes the work upon solicitation, in his own way, after his own liking, and pretty much in his own time! The *agriculturist*, in other countries proverbially honest and primitive, and, above all, segregated from the excitements of politics, is too often, with us, as cunning in vending his commodities, as the mere trader; and with the zeal of a partisan, enters into

the demoralizing and time-consuming conflicts of national, state, and county politics! His plough and harrow are abandoned to his underlings; his seeding-time and harvest-time can scarce command his presence; the higher and more exciting duties of the canvass make of him a stump-orator! He turns a legislator! covets petty offices, more for paltry power than for profit! or becomes a director in some local bank! or a land-speculator in remote states! or visits the dignitaries at the great *Officina officiorum;* and, in fine, occupies himself in any thing but an industrious cultivation of the soil! The *physician*, whom the same Cornelius Agrippa treats with as little ceremony as we have seen he doth the merchant, in that he considers him as instinct, almost *ex natura*, with envy, and discord, as necessarily envious of his professional brother, as quarrelsome about even the most idle etiquettes; and when consulting upon the life or death of patients, as approving of no remedy that he hath not prescribed, too often remains with us essentially the same character, with the superadded reputation of being a mischievous politician, who neglects the duties of his interesting relation to the diseased, with the view of curing the maladies of the body politic! In the matter of such medico-politico sons of Esculapius, we have known their employment to turn quite as much upon the point of their politics, as upon that of their skill in the curative art; and still further, where they have even refused to be employed in families, eminent for a different political faith! The *divine*, also, is

found occasionally figuring on this troublous arena, and blending with the duties of his parochial visits, as much zeal in the cause of political creeds, and favourites, as in that of the cross! This ardour in a matter so peculiarly terrene, he sometimes carries with him even into his pulpit, and with the quixotic chivalry of a Templar, becomes the animated champion of the people's cause! But of all the unnatural and mischievous alliances of these kinds, that which has most swelled the ranks of radicalism, and given to them their fixed numerical, and consequently political preponderance, yet remains to be noted! Men without property, without talents, or worth; the *fœx populi*, the veritable *canaille*, are, indeed, sufficiently numerous with us: so are foreigners, who are almost daily poured, in fearful numbers, upon our shores, and who, to a man, are of one political faith; but these combined would still not be sufficient to cast the government avowedly into their hands. And yet, these are the classes which, after all, are the rulers of our destiny! The fatal alliance to which we allude is that the scale is turned in their behalf, by an unholy, and suicidal association between them and some of our most worthy *tradespeople*, respectable *mechanics*, and, *mirabile dictu*, even of our *gentlemen* of talents and of education! and thus is the constitutional numerical majority obtained, by a mixture of most unnatural and ill-assorted elements. There can be no doubt that, were the solid and enduring interests of this great nation steadily kept in view, the two parties would

then be composed, each of strictly homogeneous elements, viz. *first* of the honest and industrious; of men of large property, or small property; of men without property, but who desire to acquire it conscientiously, and who respect it, without envy, in others; of men of learning, of moderate acquirements, or those who have no acquirements, but love them in others, in fine, of people of every conceivable honest occupation, of gentlemen, of all who have something at stake, either in the shape of property, of reputation, or of an abiding desire to do well in the world: and *secondly*, of the mere *canaille*, those who hang lightly on the skirts of society; the idle; those who are rancorous against the rich; those who hate law and subordination; those who are ignorant themselves, and are jealous of knowledge in others; men of no fixed principles in religion or morals—in fine, of the wicked and worthless. Were the two parties constituted on the principle of this bifold distinction, what a glorious democracy should we then *really* have! but as it is, a large portion of the first class have forsaken their ranks, they have abandoned the tents of their forefathers and gone over to Baal, they have, in truth, not only parted with their own independence, but with all control over the best interests of the whole *worth* of the country; they have, for the bauble of a restricted and capriciously resumable power, bartered away a jewel without price; they have sold nature's own birthright for a mess of pottage, and placed even over themselves, and over all that is truly valuable among us, a

hydra with more heads than the fabled one; but for whose destruction, neither their wit, nor that of man can devise a plan, and no Hercules, as of old, can now administer an enduring relief, so long as they continue their ruinous connection with the second class we have named. By their abandonment of that class, and by that alone, can the nation be saved; the union was the sole cause of the evil, and its dissolution now remains the only remedy.

But the evils to which we allude, extend into other limits than those which are strictly public and political. In the more retired scenes of individual, nay of private or domestic life, we readily perceive the blighting influences of an ultra democracy, not only perverting by reflection the genius of our government as originally constituted, but directly, the very organization of life and society, in all of its varied departments. We find these evils visible in the diminished respect of youth towards age; in the lessened control of parents over children; in the relaxed discipline of schools of every kind; in the declining estimation, among the body of the people, for talents, worth, and learning; in the preponderance of even ill-gotten wealth over that intellectual tone which exerted so salutary an influence in the outset of our government; in the extreme superficiality, though universality, of knowledge; in the morbid excitements of the poor against the rich; in the painful and disgusting adulation of political favourites; in the unmeasured and unprincipled abuse of all the great men of the

nation, when in the Opposition; in the contempt of our highest judicial tribunals; in the vilifying, *en masse* of the legal profession; in the jealousy against and even hatred of all universities or eminent institutions for the diffusion of knowledge; in the impoverished and unmanly character of nearly all addresses made to the 'sovereign people;' in the decline of the higher drama; in the less refined, and meagre tone of conversation in our social intercourse; in the banishment of nearly all the etiquette, and salutary formalities, that used to regulate all assemblages of the *élite;* in the neglect of the fine arts; in the power, and growing corruption of the press; in the increasing severity of our sectional jealousies; in the diminished love of the Union; in the narrow hostility of counties to the interests of their cities; in the intolerance manifested towards masons, catholics, slavery, and all societies for the colonization of coloured people, for the suppression of intemperance, and the diffusion of gospel light; in the disregard of the rights of foreign nations; in an overweening and daily augmenting national vanity; in a wild and unprincipled coveting of new territories; in a disregard for the sacredness of vested rights; in the fearful increase of self-revenge; in open and daring infidelity; in ruinous experiments of political economy destructive of mercantile prosperity; and finally, in the almost total contempt of those elevated morals, honourable principles, and regulated manners which characterized what is called the old school, in contradiction to that new one which now grows with

a rapidity, and wide-spreading amplitude that, like the trees of some of our native forests will admit of none of the undergrowth of primitive times!

The foregoing, and many others are fruitful topics on which we might have dwelt at large. Many of them form the subjects of the ensuing pages; but, we shall in all cases adhere to the promise made to the reader, in our prefatory epistle; and consequently, shall never weary him with any lengthened dissertation,—which, were we to indulge in, we would mar the object with which we commenced, and blight the only hope we have cherished, that these pages may be read.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**Moral and political honesty.—Tamerlane's boast.—Partisan Orators.—Maxim of Plato.—The Ephori.—The true basis of liberty.—Foreign influence once a bugbear.—Flattery of men in power.—A saying of Socrates.—The People.—The President.—The House of Representatives.—The Senate.—The Judiciary.**

### MORAL AND POLITICAL HONESTY.

CX. 'I go with my party,' said an eminent statesman, in reply to a question expressive of great surprise. 'But not if the matter be wicked and unconstitutional!' rejoined the other. 'Certainly not, *if* it be wicked and unconstitutional; but I go with the party, for there must be a tribunal of the last resort.'

Such is the miserable logic, and worse morals, of very many partisans! Was it not the same principle that sustained for ages, the infallibility, first of the pope, and then of the church? But a sounder religion eventually proved the fallacy of both; and a sounder political morality, as we trust, is not yet quite extinct.

PATROCLUS was a gentleman, a scholar, and a virtuous man. With him, love of country was an elevated principle—a strong and pervading passion.

His means being quite ample, he dedicated most of his life to scientific politics; and being an eminently practical man in every thing that engaged his attention, he anxiously desired to serve his country, and would have faithfully and efficiently done so, had such men been in fashion! But Patroclus could flatter no man—could be bound by no party—and never, for a moment, would admit that any one could be *politically* a rogue, and *morally* an honest man! It may be readily conceived, Patroclus was never a favourite with the people, and still less so with their leaders; so that, after a life full of anxieties for his country, and many abortive attempts to serve it in some public station, he had never learned, up to the hour of his death, that offices and employments, however inconsiderable, whether of trust, profit, or honour, are reserved for those alone, who freely abandon the mawkish doctrine that unites morality with politics!

Marcellus was of another mould: he, too, had been a politician from boyhood—had studied these matters as an *art*, in the people's wishes and affections, leaving books, (saving political pamphlets,) to philosophers and fools! Marcellus was daily encompassed, head high, with journals from every part of the Union—wrote numerous squibs, fuller of gall than fire—became a legislator at one and twenty—was sent to congress and to the senate, in due season—became governor of his adopted state; and, in the exercise of the appointing power, contributed largely to the manufacturing of presidents!

so that, also in due time, his name was prominent for secretary of state, and finally, aspired even to the presidency! And yet, this man hath been often heard to boast that he had no time to do more than to observe men and things; that knowledge had always come to him piece-meal, and by deputies; and that no volume was ever read through by him, saving the biography of some eminent candidate for the people's honours! Marcellus, moreover, was as incapable of condemning as morally wrong, any of the political acts of his party, as a Bramin would be of questioning any article of his religious faith. All of such matters he left to the infallibility of caucusses, of conventions, and of such-like machinery! Hath not democracy caused the family of Marcellus to be 'exceeding fruitful'—and may we not say to him, 'tell the stars, if thou be able to number them! so shall thy seed be?'

TAMERLANE'S BOAST.

CXI. It used to be the boast of Tamerlane, that he governed men by four great arts, viz. BRIBERY, AMUSEMENT, DIVISION, and SUSPENSE. Each is a powerful instrument in wicked hands, but he seems to have placed *money* first, which, whilst it hath an inherent efficiency, constitutes the main spring in using the other three. Money, in the hands of political power, is a key that suits every lock—a wedge, which in the moral world, equals in power, the lever and its fulcrum, so much desired by Archimedes, in the physical. Like caloric, it is the most subtle and permeating of all known

principles, fusing the adamant of virtue, and congealing, when abstracted, like *positive cold*, the most inflammable of the vices. Like knowledge, money confers power, and like ignorance, it seems to create actual imbecility. Tamerlane, therefore, showed his philosophy, in placing *bribery* at the head of those corrupting acts, which tyranny demands. *Amusement*, with its train of subtle artifices, comes next; and how readily man surrenders his most valuable (but not truly valued) rights, when charmed from the contemplation of the dangers by which they are beset, through pleasures, actual or anticipated, all history shows, from the games, and saturnalia, and carnivals of the old world, to our more humble, but no less insiduous and dangerous, barbecues, and festivals! The seeds of dissension are easily sown, and envy, jealousy, with the like passions, are too natural to man, not to render *division* a most potent instrument of despots, in degrading and tyrannizing over their subjects. If to these we add *suspense*, based on lavish promises, and the excitements of curiosity and of hope, no marvel is it if a nation falls a gradual, but no less certain victim, to the artifices of our modern Tamerlanes.

### PARTISAN ORATORS.

CXII. It was a favourite saying among ancient philosophers that in democracies, the *people* are like the sea, and their *orators* like the wind. How true this is at the present day, is well known to those who witness the tempests and calms, which are

alternately produced among the people, by popular, though turgid, ignorant, and inflammatory demagogues, on the eve of some election; especially if the address of one of these orators be followed by a powerful and argumentative appeal from a political opponent, who endeavours to extort conviction from the sovereign people, against their wishes. It is then that the ocean rages, the air is rent with hurricanes, and nature seems to be shaken to its very centre! These commotions endure until a more favoured orator succeeds; who, with a few cant phrases, crude anecdotes, and reckless assertions, produces so unruffled a surface, so profound a calm, as can be imagined by those alone who have witnessed, how suddenly the great ocean of waters may be excited into angry, raging, and foaming waves, and then be subdued into an even and polished mirror, by causes so apparently inconsiderable.

When present at one of these meetings of the people and their orators, I found POLICRATES hugely in the minority,—for he belonged not to the democracy; and was struggling, by forceful arguments, and oft-repeated questions, to compel them, or their more favoured orators, to give him some explicit replies to his torturing, and unanswerable demands. At length, impatient at their interruptions, and yet triumphant in his cause, he exclaimed, 'Would you, my fellow-citizens, place your necks, and those of your countrymen, nay of your wives and children, in a single noose, and subject them all to the tender mercies of one man, how-

ever wise and virtuous that man may *possibly* be? Would you, like dogs be thus suspended, that he may give you life or death, at his will and pleasure? Would you'—But here the orator was bluntly arrested in his course, by a thousand affirmatives!! 'Yes, yes, we would—and now three huzzas for ——.' Policrates could say no more; and my heart nearly ceased to pulsate with astonishment and mortification, that amidst so many, and in a land so boastful of liberty and enlightenment, not one voice of that party was raised to cry—shame, shame upon ye!

A MAXIM OF PLATO.

CXIII. It was a divine maxim of the divine Plato, never to use violence to his country, no more than to his parents. But is it not too often with patriotism, as with filial affection, that whilst the sanctions of society, and especially those of polished life, repress the *child* from overt acts of outrage towards parents; and the penalties of the law restrict the *citizen* from violence or treason towards his country, both relations are often greatly, though insiduously, infringed by them? As it seemeth to me, he is the worst of enemies, and traitors to his country, who through, perhaps a long life, doggedly closes his mind to every argument that forces conviction on other minds, who bluntly disregards the decorums of his station, the obvious fitness of things; and, under the guise and formulæ of law, yields every thing, without emotion, to the mere requisitions of an equally unprincipled party!

When *moral* honesty is forced to blush, shall *political* honesty, with unshaken nerve, cry out *peace, all is well?* Oh shame, that an enlightened and virtuous community should endure such a distinction! Its a monster generated by sophistry, fostered by state-policy, used by wicked ambition, and upheld by slavery and vulgar insensibility! If this, indeed, be the morals of our age, and of our country, then is it time, with fearful anticipations, to provide against the future. Who, if this be the state of things, shall bring into action an antagonist principle, that may redeem us from the impending ruin? Who will not come to the rescue, and at once, execrate the man who would be a political miscreant, and a civic saint!

THE EPHORI.

CXIV. When the impairment of political, or other power, in any branch of a government, removes from it the seeds of its own eventual destruction, though with the loss of much of its former dignity, such loss may be more than compensated by the longer preservation of its usefulness: but when the privation of its constitutional powers flows from the jealous usurpations of others, and its dignity is also intentionally sullied, that its efficiency may be gradually, though certainly, destroyed, the case becomes one of great alarm, in which there would seem to be little hope of relief, from any source. Could the democratic party in our country, or rather, their leaders, who have committed this great political sin against the rights and honour of

our national senate, make with truth, the same reply that was made by THEOPOMPUS, how many evil forebodings would be put to rest! The EPHORI, we may remember, were established to restrain the royal prerogatives and dignity, from encroaching upon the rights of the people. The Spartan king, on a certain occasion, being asked whether he did not blush to bequeath to his children an authority so much more crippled than he had received it from his ancestors? replied no, for I leave it much greater, because much more durable.

The sovereign people, however, of our country, in destroying the constitutional powers, and endeavouring to sully the dignity of the senate, resume, neither these powers, nor dignity *to themselves*,—but merely transfer them from a supposed enemy, the senate, to a supposed friend, the all absorbing Executive! thus casting into ruinous confusion, as perfect and beautiful a piece of political mechanism, as the loftiest intelligence, and the most inflexible honesty of sages, ever contrived. And why is this done? nothing worthy the name of reason can be given; it is the madness of party, yielding to the infatuation of ambitious favourites; it is the frenzy of those whose minds and hearts, ill attuned to the 'music of the spheres,' or to harmony of any kind, sees no beauty in that admirable system of political checks and balances, in that salutary scheme of gradations of power and subordination, which was the glorious discovery of our early patriots, and which has been the admiration of the virtuous

and the great, of all nations, and has been the source of our best and firmest hopes, for the perpetuity of our institutions! And yet, the people, for whose lasting benefit this was done, permit, nay encourage their leaders, to lay the axe at the root of this noble tree; which, for more than half a century, has been spreading its branches, far and wide, giving shelter to us, and numerous friends of liberty, from every nation of Christendom, and bearing fruits, in greater abundance, and more salutary, than the most fervent hopes of our forefathers could have anticipated. Shall the reckless democracy of our day triumph over its fall? Will not every patriotic heart rather say, with Cato;

> 'The laws, the rights,
> The generous plan of power deliver'd down
> From age to age, by our renow'd forefathers,
> So dearly bought, the price of so much blood,
> Oh! let it never perish in our hands.'

THE TRUE BASIS OF LIBERTY.

CXV. There can be no solid basis of liberty but the virtue and intelligence of the people, for little reliance can be placed on their leaders. And this is the case, though not in the same degree, in every conceivable form of government, but more so in the ratio of the degree of political liberty enjoyed by the people. Even in governments the most despotic in form, a salutary control is exerted over their rulers, by the virtue and intelligence of the people; but when, both in law and in fact, sovereignty resides in them, their liberties are hourly

in danger, when the body of the people are either corrupt, or ignorant. Aristotle and Plato may indulge in the fanciful speculation of making kings, in the abstract, of those who are supremely wise and virtuous; but individuals die—the people never; and the opposite speculation, after all, is more true, viz., that ultimate sovereignty, in the nature of things, resides with the people; and that, unless they be unusually vicious and unenlightened, they insensibly exert a great influence over the actions of government, whatever its form, in theory, may be. But however democratic the constitution may be, a crude and corrupt people may be greatly oppressed, by even a few ambitious, and unprincipled individuals; such a people have but a nominal *political* liberty, and but little security for their *civil* liberty; for, what is to guard either, if they have neither virtue nor intelligence. The constitution and laws are but dead letters, against the artifices of aspiring and clever men, if the people know not how, or have not virtue enough to watch over their rights. In such a state of things the people may, for a time, cherish the belief that they are free, but their more enlightened leaders will finally convince them, that though *theoretically* sovereign, they are *practically* slaves!

FOREIGN INFLUENCE ONCE A BUGBEAR.

CXVI. Time was, and late hath been, when foreign influence was dreaded by us, as the Grecian horse to our nascent republic, and was vehemently exhorted against, as the hydra dire, or

dreadful whirlpool, that might poison, or engulph, our liberties! Tempora mutantur! We have now grown big enough to influence others; and so saucy, withal, that the cry of the wary now is—'guard your ambition, cultivate national justice, respect neutral rights, might is not right,' and other like prudential, and very sound admonitions. But our roaring democracy, like WORLDLY WISEMAN, in Pilgrim's Progress, saith that all this is the mere cant of the political EVANGELISTS; and would have our rulers, get all they can, keep all they get, talk loudly, and feelingly of justice, when due to us, —be quiet and haughty on the matter, when due from us! Such, in truth, have been our vast and rapid strides to wealth, and power, and dominion, that we begin to feel as if descended from the Gods, and to claim the exercise of their attributes—ubiquity—omnipotence—omniscience! The Atlantic and Pacific boundaries seem too narrow for us; there is a south, and a north, as well as a west—all—all *must* be ours; if not immediately, certainly after-a-while! for the Saxon race is *destined* to spread over this hemisphere, and none to rule it, but Anglo-Americans, our gracious selves! Thus do we too often speak, and thus do we too often, nearly, act. But, if the God of nature hath not, suddenly, reversed his decrees; if the *past* be any guide for the *future;* if moral and political justice be not wholly divorced; if they be not factitious, and of man's contrivance; if their seat be, truly, the bosom of the Almighty, then do we clearly see a black and fearful cloud, pregnant with

mischiefs, which, ere long, if we persist in such a course, must pour down upon us the vials of its wrath. But, we *preach* not, and would only add, that gentleness in prosperity is a god-like virtue—that political wisdom is the offspring of experience, not of theory,—and that what has been, *may* come again. Be wise then, and reject not the lessons of our forefathers.

### FLATTERY OF THOSE IN POWER.

CXVII. When patronage is extensive and arbitrary, flattery, rank and foul, is as sure to be in close attendance, as are bees upon the sweets of flowers, be they otherwise ever so poisonous. How infinitely have the wits of our countrymen been sharpened to devise ingenious and varied modes of adulation, of those in power! and how gross and earthy have they often been! Where sprightliness and true salt, however, are found in ignorance and in poverty, their act of flattery loses much of its essential vileness, and our admiration of the manner, obscures the contempt we must otherwise feel. Hence the anecdote pleases, of the half famished, but witty Turk, who, when the emperor, at a balcony, before assembled thousands, dropped a letter he was reading, rescued it from the winds, and from the eager grasp of hundreds striving for it, and, with matchless quickness, wove some small twigs, by the aid of which, in a moment, he sprang up to the balcony, and with these words addressed his dread sovereign: '*Sire, a vile insect hath wings, you see, and can make a shift even to fly for your*

*highness's service!*' The wit, and ready turn of the speech, raised him from the humblest station to power and greatness. But, when men of education, wealth, and family, stoop to flattery equally gross, yet with none of its salient wit, and sprightliness, who can delineate its baseness, who can paint, in living colours, its intrinsic lowness!

A SAYING OF SOCRATES.

CXVIII. Among the wise saws of the wise Socrates, we find a complaint, as applicable at the present day, as it was then; to wit, that although no one undertakes a trade, even the meanest, he has not learned, yet every one thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades—government! In unison with this, the old couplet, with more wisdom than poetry, saith,

'A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save *polity*, politicians all are ready made!'

THE PEOPLE.

CXIX. Strange that the people, who, with us, are the constitutional fountain of all power, should forge their own chains, or suffer others so to do! There must be a reason for this—which is, that the people are not *in fact* the source of all this power, but that there is something paramount the constitution, and even them, which has its rocky and everlasting foundation in nature itself: and that something is KNOWLEDGE—the sure and ultimate source of all efficient power. The people, then, are the nominal, the constitutional fountain;

their leaders are not only the actual organs of rule, but the directors and controllers of the people, even in the exercise of their ideal and high-sounding original sovereignty—of their magna chartas—their declarations of right—and their constitutions; for their leaders hourly obtain the mastery over them all, by arts, which knowledge alone knows how to contrive and to wield! If the people be wise and virtuous, they possess both the substance and shadow of true political rule; if deficient in either, they retain the latter only; their demagogue leaders are sure to have the substance. In such case, the people, 'pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw,' idolize their captains and their chieftains—vilify, without stint, those of their opponents—go fast asleep over their rights—(so thorough is their confidence in their leaders!)—endure with brutal patience, the unnumbered evils that flow from the quack experiments of their charlatan rulers—kiss the rod that lashes them, if it but lash their opponents more—destroy the present generation for a phantom good to remote posterity, or for the still more idle gratification of some political dotard's fancies! These, and a thousand like evils, have but one remedy—the people must become as enlightened as their leaders, and far more honest; until this be effected, the rule must still remain with a few demagogues, however democratic every thing in theory may be. The *names*, indeed, of liberty and of power, go a great way, and justly so, in the absence of the full *substance;* and thus will it continue to blend evils

and goods, until man's moral, intellectual, and physical condition be greatly meliorated. Whilst the people have it in their power to think they are free, and to believe that all rule emanates from them, they may suffer in their property and worldly fortunes, by ignorant and unprincipled legislation, but we shall have no *taking off of heads*, no Nero fiddling whilst Rome is burning, no actual burning at the stake! There is some consolation in this idea—some hope that if you 'touch their bone and flesh,' the people will then resist—'skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life!' But what a falling off is this from the high-toned feelings that obtained in the more primitive times of our young republic! Happy would it be, were the people Argus-eyed enough to see when, and how, and by whom, they are so grossly deceived! this would be a golden age, indeed, and one that never can arrive as long as man continues to be man; for, mere *numerical* power is as absurd, and as contrary to nature's philosophy, as mere *hereditary* rule; the people, to be wisely governed, must be wise themselves, or the numerical principle must be abandoned, and the wise and virtuous alone be represented—the ignorant and the vicious would still be fully protected.

### THE PRESIDENT.

CXX. The chief magistrate of this country is, or should be, the nation's unbiassed choice. When thus selected, he is truly an honoured man, and wields an astonishing mass of constitutional power,

as generously and freely conferred as the heart of man could wish. But, whatever be the *theory* of a government, its *practice* is sometimes very different; and this, it seems, may be eminently so in this, the only government on earth, too, in which the mere *numerical* principle is almost universally operative! However the president may be chosen, he who in name, is a democrat, may become a despot, in fact! With a patronage, unknown to any other government, he still retains the felicitous name of republican; and possessed of a power that endures but for four or eight years, he may so exercise it, as to influence the nation's destinies for, perhaps, as many centuries! The president has prescribed duties, yet does nearly as he pleases—he has a tribunal for the interpretation of the laws and constitution, but takes that onus upon himself, he has a senate with defined and co-ordinate powers, but assumes the control of some, the disregard of others, and spurns the dignity and weight of all—he finds a currency, the best in the world, the pride of all who are truly experienced, yet persuades the people to annihilate the whole, and to substitute that which, were it fully within his power, must inevitably diminish all existing property to one fifth of its value, and all future commercial operations in a far greater degree—he has an overflowing treasury, which he deals with as a national calamity! and finally pursues measures that may soon impoverish it—records constitutionally established, and to be sacredly preserved, are expunged with a *sang-froid* that baffles comprehension—he

finds the constitutional appointment of the chief magistrate, neither hereditary, nor nominative, but purely elective, and yet nominates his successor—he knows that the spirit of the constitution is opposed to all control by conventions, yet takes his office from their dictation, and encourages successfully, others so to do—he appeals, for an expression of the people's will, to a convention, and when regularly given, adopts in preference, that of a self-constituted, grossly-usurping minority convention—he has half-starving ambassadors at expensive courts, whom the democratic congress, in fear of the people, refuse to further compensate, but which he, by the artifices of his appointing power, fully compensates—he has a thousand offices to fill, more than are wisely filled, and yet has a thousand more created, for sinister purposes—he deprecates the appointment to office, of representatives in the national legislature, yet often violates, his own sound maxim—and finally—he has his eyes over the whole nation, and yet cannot see and truly learn the few individuals who, in his palace, counsel with him!

Who can say that this august office will not, ere long, meet the fate of that imperial diadem which when no longer worth having, was struck off to DIDIUS JULIANUS; and that the nabobs of no remote age, will not be thus chaffering for a dignity, once beyond price, because the free gift of a virtuous people, to the highest merit in the nation? We pause not for a reply—it is written in the book of fate.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

CXXI. Congress is necessarily, in some degree, an epitome, or microcosm of the nation. We there find somewhat of the learning of the professions, and the shallowness of their nominal pursuers—the virtue of the patriot and the corruption of the partisan—the eloquence of the scholar, and the wordy jargon and nihility of the charlatan—the penetration of the philosopher, and the superficial *fond* of the *parvenue*—the blandness of the educated and refined, and the *grossierité* of the demi-civilized—the fire, fluency and civility of the south, with the staidness and *brusquerie* of the north—the independence, strong sense, *nonchalance*, and limited scholarship of the west, with the more effeminate, orderly, and policising mannerism of the middle region. In that body we also find, the characteristic vanity, practicalness, and noisy democracy of the nation—the pride, the enterprise, and the demi-aristocracy of the few: there may, likewise, be found the worshippers of those in power, and the conscientious opposers of all unmanly adulation; the disorganizers and destructives conflicting with the conservatives and sticklers for the constitution. And finally, we there may see, in close association, the wise and the prudent, the ignorant and the reckless, the virtuous and the well-meaning, the vicious and the inflammatory!

Who can predict the eventual results of the deliberations of such an assembly! Who, looking through the vista of time, can foster a cheering confidence in the permanency of our institutions!

Who shall say whether virtue and patriotism, or vice and political corruption, shall obtain the permanent mastery! Such elements, after due fermentations, *may* settle down, and leave us the pure, clear, and strong residuum of a happy, prosperous, and enduring nation. *Ansi soit-il.*

THE SENATE.

CXXII. How has this ark of our liberties struggled for its constitutional rights, its prescriptive dignity! How nobly has it sought to keep intact, its pristine glory, its chartered privileges, its conservative influences! But the Upas of radical democracy permits no vigorous growths to flourish near it, none that can infuse vitality to the surrounding atmosphere; all that spring not from that parent tree, must wither to a dwarfish size! Usurpation is not the less sure and fatal in its effects, from being slow and insiduous; it needs no open violence, by arms or blood, to achieve its unholy purposes. There are moral, as well as physical means of destruction—open, as well as hidden, and slow, as well as rapid, poisons. Usurpation may well effect its work, *non vi sed sæpe cadendo;* this, indeed, being of all others the most to be dreaded, because the least perceived.

When shall the lustre, of which it hath been robbed, sometimes so furtively, but lately so daringly, be restored! When shall the halo of its former past renown, again encircle it! Only when the frenzy of the wildest politics shall have subsided—when men abandon their selfishness, and

the people shall discover that the *outs* are often more wise and virtuous and patriotic, than the *ins*.

THE JUDICIARY.

CXXIII. Judicial power, from its nature, is ample and latitudinary, and scarce admits of restriction within very defined limits. No definition of power, no limitations of jurisdiction, no organization of courts can occlude oppression, if virtue and learning do not preside therein. Judicial interpretation *must exist*, and in its exercise, as all history proves, judicial legislation is sure to follow in close and almost inseparable alliance.

The powers wielded by this organ of government, are necessarily immense; they come home to the bosom, and affect the private transactions of the greatest and humblest in society. Privileges, rights the dearest and most sacred, property of untold value, reputation, liberty, life, are all dependant upon the decision of a few individuals, whose learning, and industry, and virtue, and moral courage are daily, nay hourly put in requisition; and if either of these fails, the lasting ruin of individuals and of families may follow! How necessary is it then, that the source of judicial power should be eminently pure and competent, and above all, that it should flow from a power as exempt, as possible, from all the bitter influences of partisan politics! The judiciary, moreover, should be, of all other offices, the most independent, and be held during good behaviour, but yet subject to removal for incapacity or corruption, by

some more simple and practicable means, than impeachment. The judiciary should, also, be amply remunerated, so as to command the most exalted learning and talents; should never be oppressed with multitudinous occupations, with distinct and conflicting duties, nor by vexatious additions, from time to time, to their regular calling. When incapacited by age, or other innocent cause, judges should receive a reasonable stipend for life, and in all cases be removable at the request of three fourths of the two branches of the legislature. No prescribed period of superannuation should exist, nor should any judicial office be for a term of years only. Of all the departments of a government, none should be more carefully and appropriately invested with the insignia of an exterior or visible dignity, than the judiciary. Like temples of worship, courts of justice should inspire all within their walls, with the deepest respect, without fear; for it is in them that the majesty of law seems to be embodied in the judges, its vicegerents; and in them, the people, when not *radicalized*, are generally most disposed to look for those outward and visible signs of an inward and intellectual dignity, which ought to characterize those ample and salutary powers which are supposed to be in them so learnedly and virtuously administered. But in these ultra democratic times, of an ultra democratic form of government, no marvel is it that our judges should so generally refuse to sit in robes, and that others should prefer to appear on the bench even *la tete couverte*, nay even *sans*

*habit!* Some judges, moreover, go so far as to industriously cast off the *intrinsic* dignity of their office, and practise such follies and antics, as would seem to be purposely done, that they may be in better keeping with the harlequin radicalism which brought them into power! In such cases, happily not common, they more faithfully represent their parent, than that august majesty of law, which, in the mind and heart of every true man, is ever encompassed with a halo. How truly imposing is a court of judicature, when in all things properly constituted! We there find men venerable in age, deep in learning, vast in experience, expert in all the amenities of life; decided in justice, mild in mercy, patient in listening, slow in deliberation; not given to too much incontinence of tongue, exempt from prejudice, free from taking sides, courteous equally to all, tender of youthful advocates; not morbidly captious to take offence at imaginary insults, but ever ready to support their true dignity with firmness, caution, and coolness; anticipating no one's argument, carping at nothing, and at no one, but learnedly, and industriously, yet laconically expounding the laws, without fear, bias, or affection in respect to any man, or set of men. In such a court we are apt to find the judges robed, the officers with appropriate badges, silence strictly maintained, advocates respectful and kind towards each other; we shall find the witnesses decorously and tenderly examined, juries tenaciously regardful of their oath, and solicitous to discharge faithfully their high responsibilities; business despatched

with due method, and not at one time fretfully hastened, or cast out of court for some trivial neglect, and at others, retained on the docket for years, maugre the grossest neglects: we there find, moreover, (to speak *de minimis*) the room well ventilated, the floors, tables, chairs, and papers well conditioned—cleanliness being here, as elsewhere, a virtue.

In the hall of a tribunal so constituted, how exalting, how stimulating, how truly delightful is the discharge of the duties of the advocate! But, when a tribunal lacks knowledge, dignity, industry, and impartiality; when its immensely important and vital functions are ill discharged, when judicial arrogance is only exceeded by a levelling judicial vulgarity; and when business is immethodically doled out to some, and incontinently despatched for others more favoured; then if there be a spot on earth that must offend an honourable soul, 'tis such a court! We have some such, in our country,—and we cannot fail to have more, unless the virtuous and enlightened, and highminded come quick to the rescue, and terminate the reign of radicalism in our land.

## CHAPTER IX.

America's supposed destiny.—Wild Statistics.—Freedom of speech. The true spirit of liberty.—Proximate causes in politics.—The Numerical Principle in government.

### AMERICA'S SUPPOSED DESTINY.

CXXIV. From the days of Cicero down, and probably, from his time indefinitely up, philosophers have said many strange things; which, as the sage of Tusculum was not too well-bred to call absurd, we, perhaps, may be permitted to denominate silly. Among the thousand that come under his 'nihil tam absurdum, &c.' none of our own day belongs more indisputably to this category, than that which consigns our fair portion of the planet Earth to an eternal mental sterility, and teaches that even nature hath been imbecile in the living creatures indigenous in our hemisphere! But our own philosophers have not been over-wise in their intemperate, boastful, and grandiloquent replies, and in their hasty anticipations of the '*destined*' overshadowing greatness of this western world! The out-pourings of such ignorant jealousy as could dictate the sentiment, that nature had deviated from her usual scheme of benevolence, and stamp-

ed this extensive continent with any marks of decided inferiority, ought to have excited no umbrage in well balanced minds; nor should the charge have been met with so many round assertions of our equally marked superiority! We are, indeed, now much better known by our impugners than formerly; we are getting up in the world! Still it is no less in bad taste, than ungenerous, to retaliate, as we are too much disposed to do, by assuming to ourselves every excellence, and by telling the folks of the old world that civilization, knowledge, the arts, and all the elegant refinements of life, are but taking their destined circuit round the globe, have been gradually abandoning, (since our star has risen) their former seats, and are now spreading themselves, with unexampled rapidity, over this fairest of all lands, and there to dwell in a renewed strength, and beauty, and perfection, far transcending their brightest displays, in all past times! In all such matters, we confess ourselves sceptical, and greatly prefer the *argumentum a posteriori* to the one drawn *a priori*. We can, as yet, see no very decided evidences that these brilliant and halcyon anticipations are to be realized. That the human race in general is destined to exhibit, through the universal spread of christian influences, a more exalted degree of mental, moral, and intellectual excellence, and a scheme of happiness far greater than has yet been exhibited, we do believe; and it is possible that this land may become the central point from which these rays of human blessedness may begin to flow. But if

they do, we must greatly reform our *principles* and our *manners*, as I opine, before we can, with any show of reason, begin to anticipate and to boast. We are indeed, in some things, quite a clever people. We are by no means stinted in talent, nay, even in genius. We are thrifty, industrious, inventive, enterprising, plausible, promising, and withal, valorous! We have, moreover, many goodly bays, many mammoth rivers, stupendous lakes, unrivalled prairies, matchless forests, inexhaustible mines! We can also number a few clever writers on various subjects, have a due portion of statesmen, orators, artists, and mechanics, who have justly made some noise in the world! We have many enterprising merchants, who have made a still louder noise! We have a constant tide of emigration setting like huge waves upon our shores, which, added to our own prolific increase, may ere long diffuse over our vast territory, more than one hundred millions of people! And yet all these, and vastly more, *may* bring with them an ample harvest of misery, instead of happiness; for, to use one of our own popular phrases, 'we are not yet out of the woods,' since all of these, though essential elements, can never, of themselves, make a truly great, refined, prosperous and happy people. A fierce and overwhelming spirit of democracy, with the abundant harvest of its peculiar fruits, added to national vanity, unheard-of extravagance, commercial gambling, and numerous other cognate faults, may prove more than sufficient to neutralize all the blessings we now enjoy, or can rationally

anticipate. After all, therefore, as it would seem, nature hath been with us, as elsewhere, true to herself, and just as prolific in the goods and evils, virtues and vices of humanity, on this side of the great waters, as on the other. How absurd to suppose the box of Pandora has been nearly closed among us! or that national prosperity or adversity, greatness or insignificance, is ever the gratuitous bestowment or denial of Providence! Far better would it be to read the volume of past experience, and therein learn that all depends upon man's exertions. The truth is, that our free institutions impose even an additional necessity, carefully to guard the virtues and eschew the evils of our nature; and that, if we repose with any complacency on the favour of the Great Ruler of nations, either to keep us out of difficulties, or to rescue us when we are in them, we shall be sure to meet with the reply the carter received from Hercules—'first whip thy horses, put thy own shoulders to the wheels, and then call upon Hercules, and he will help thee.'

But, strange as it may appear, the main idea of our characteristic national vanity finds its first support in a British authority! On this head we have been not a little amused at the curious speculations of a certain master William Gilbert, who, in his theosophical poem, entitled 'The Hurricane,' discourseth, most flatteringly, in this wise. He maintains that every continent is endued with a *mind*, which, by its subtile emanations, influences the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of its

people!—that each country, moreover, becomes sub-distinguished, by the like emanations, so as to gain thereby its individuality! To this speculation he further adds, that nature has constituted among all nations, a system of *judicial compensation*, which in its operation must inevitably transfer to our shores the most enlightened and dominant civilization; and that as the European mind, during so many ages, has overshadowed those of America and other continents, the now dominant mind of Europe is destined soon to be annihilated by that of America! The author believes that this change is to be effected by a species of mental chemistry; that the mind of Europe will be *combined* with that of America, and be thereby destroyed by it, in obedience, as he says, (in his preface,) 'to a primary law of nature, that they who dig a pit for others, must eventually fall into it themselves'!!—and he then adds—'the contest is now between the two last parts of the world, and there is no prospective umpire to refer to; but it must be decided by the possession of first principles, or the highest mind in the hierarchy of minds; and the European mind having previously arrived at perfection, from her long intercourse with Asia and Africa, and not being able to rescue herself from the grasp of the American mind, the question is now settled forever, and Europe yields to the influence, mind, and power of America. Europe succeeded in throwing America into the pit, and, of course, it must be her own turn to go in now; she depopulated America, and now America must depopulate her.' Fudge!

WILD STATISTICS.

CXXV. A populous and powerful nation, with bad political economists, is like sharp razors in the hands of madmen—spendthrifts without money—christians without grace—fulcrums without their levers—physicians without anatomy—merchants without arithmetic—impetuous streams without banks—rich soils with perpetual malaria—powder-mills with numerous lights and fires;—in fine, like any thing intrinsically good, as far as it goes, but with either the seeds of its own sure destruction, or the means of untold mischief to others.

The French have always been more curious and exact in their inquiries into the *moral*, than into the *political* and *physical* branches of statistics; and, indeed, this tripartite division of the subject has never been sufficiently, and distinctly, kept in view by any nation. Moral statistics (generally the most neglected) must be the natural foundation, the starting point of the other two. They present a living picture of man's intellectual and moral nature, his actual habits, and employments, and the operations of his laws and institutions. These are the pole-stars that should guide us, not only in legislation, but in nearly every act of government. Without this branch, genuine political economy is but body without a soul; it chronicles all that is valuable in relation to marriages, births, deaths, crimes, education, various pursuits, religion, amusements, and, in fine, all that appertains to the moral, in contradistinction to the physical condition of

things. Little that is truly searching, little that indicates a philosophical spirit, has been effected in this subject, by those who guide the destinies of a nation so vast in capabilities, so novel in its predicament, as ours truly is! What can a few *informing souls* do to enlighten the dark and inert mass by which they are surrounded! How can they impart their deep convictions to those who see nothing beyond the narrow sphere of party prejudice, and inveterate ignorance! With such dull minds, or rather, perverted hearts, political economy is an idle, impracticable, infant, pretending science, one on which they delight to heap the obloquy of popular cant, and of vulgar proscription, to repeat the oft refuted arguments of sluggish, superficial, benighted minds, and to class it with the fancies of pedantic logicians, or the perverted metaphysics of the schoolmen; concerning either of which, however, they know still less, and nothing but its shadowy and traditional ill name.

Theopompus is considered by his admirers, a statesman! Struggling, for the third of a century, in all the troubled vortices of local and national *demagoguery*, he has had but little opportunity to repair his almost total want of education; and yet aspires to speak most fluently, and dictatorially, on all the multifarious and vital concerns of national prosperity! All things in nature, all in art, every thing relating to mind or morals, all that is for weal or woe, are either diminished to the dwarfish standard of his tiny vision, or exaggerated to the monstrous, and the morbid, when he

plays the philosopher, and views them through the Herschell telescope, constructed by him for his peculiar use! Law to-day, is with him, but a methodized chicanery, an impoverished device of aristocratic oppressors, a bold system of chalatanry that should be carefully watched—to-morrow he would legislate, as if it were a master science of immense power, and of admirable construction, every portion of the plenitude and cunning of which, he would have you believe he has so identified with his mind, that he can scarce give in it any false counsel! Political economy, likewise, is now with him a juggling fancy—a vain pretence of knowledge in things inscrutable; and then, anon, a simple, useful and practical system, well known to him and his disciples! and thereupon he utters, and expounds a series of measures, that might well congeal the life's current of the nation, but which excites in him as little solicitude as if he were omniscient, or could demonstrate to a fraction, their infinite and complex operations! Should misery and ruin follow, he is most fertile in devising a host of imaginary complaints against his political opponents, that he may cast the onus of every mischief from himself, on them! He deplores the failure of his great schemes, and would have you think they were never fully tried, but were recklessly marred by the counter-plans of jealous enemies. A life thus spent in quixotic enterprises, leaves nothing untouched that is venerable from long experience—nothing that is sacred from its intrinsic difficulty—nothing that is popular from

long use; all must undergo the ordeal of his political alchemy! Without any of the natural skill, or acquired learning of a Paracelsus, he practices the idle imaginings of the maddest of his sect, and of the political astrologers, to boot; and deals with government, laws, and general politics, as those pretenders did with the elements and the stars, rashly meddling with the most hidden mysteries of the moral world, as if their wonders had been unsparingly revealed to him! What mischiefs may not be concocted in the crucible of such a madcap! What other worlds in political economy, and in the whole science of rule, are yet to be revealed through the lenses of his mammoth telescope! Who is the living seer that shall foretell them! Happy the nation which loves, and shall not easily forsake the paths of experience, but rests content with carefully removing the occasional rubbish with which time and circumstances may encumber them! And we hail the day that shall dismiss such follies,

> 'Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
> Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.'

### FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND OF THE PRESS.

CXXVI. Government may be free in theory—tyrannical in practice. A portion of the people may be licentious with their tongues and type, whilst the voice and press of others are stunned and nearly suppressed by the louder, more popular, and factious vituperations of those in power.

In a government of opinion, it is essential that every where, and on all things, opinion should be free, and the press as unshackled as the restraints of virtue will permit. Nor is that opinion free because we have no inquisitions, nor *lettres de cachet*. The frowns of those who rule—the influence of venal papers—the policy of corrupt partisans—the selfish pursuits of gain, or of office—the restiveness of the people under a fearless voice or pen—the dependence of the press on popular favour and on individual patronage, necessarily occlude much of that light, and salutary warning, which the moral independence of a truly free paper would so copiously impart. We are said to be the freest people on earth! yet honest and unmixed truth is no where to be found. Neither of the political parties, into which we are divided, dare be inflexibly honest and truthful: the most important documents are withheld from the people; garbled extracts, or disingenuous comments, mutually disfigure every act and word of these opponents; government, religion, morals, literature, education, men, and manners are all presented in the meretricious colourings of venal eulogy, or in the crude and distorted trappings of false and damning criticism and censure. Men the most honourable, patriots the most disinterested, judges the most impartial, scholars the most learned, religionists the most holy, enterprises the most useful, are delineated as destitute of honour, as vile, selfish, worthless, ignorant, and meritorious of perpetual, hopeless disgrace! Looking to the same source, we find

men of no note, mere expletives at home and abroad, brawlers, demagogues, illiterate pretenders in government, science, and literature, held up as examples of every virtue, as instinct with eloquence, taste and acquirements!—and all this is called freedom of the press—public enlightenment! Some, indeed, who view the matter differently, have suggested a *neutral* press as the remedy! But strange is it they do not perceive the true source of the evil in the people's love of excitement, and the frequency of controversial ribaldry! Such a press could be sustained, neither by patronage nor reading: truth, in its purity and simple elegance, suits not the morbid appetite of those who hourly pore over the loathsome pages of hired presses, or the scandalous chronicles of those who are seeking political favours.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

CXXVII. When the spirit of liberty exists among a people, in its *full vigour*, there is seldom occasion to make strong appeals to law, and to constitutional checks; and the nation is guided with ease, little talent being required, either to protect, or to advance the public good: so, when liberty is *on the decline*, rulers of wisdom and of virtue become essential, to guard against the enemies of law and of order, to stimulate the languishing spirit of freedom, and especially to restrain the unprincipled and aspiring, who would revel in the confusion, and on the ruins of the nation. But when the spirit of liberty is once *extinct*; or the people, from any cause, become

regardless of their rights, all the virtues and all the exertions of a few highly gifted patriots, will probably be of little avail, against the machinations of the people's favourites, until the mal-administration becomes so overwhelming as to ruin many, and to threaten all. When the people are made to feel *physically* they soon begin to feel *mentally;* and when they once begin to *think* seriously, the nation is more than half rescued. To remain free, an unenlightened people should be specially cautious of all *favourites*,—and though a generous gratitude and a sound confidence are due to, and should be reposed in, those who have done the state many services, nothing is more fatal to liberty than to lavish on any mortal, the adulation and unlimited confidence of a nation. It is seldom, moreover, that favourites have proved grateful; and all history shows that more generally they become oppressors of the very people that raised them to power, and so confidently trusted them. There have been few despots who were not once favourites—and few favourites who have not aimed at vast power. Cæsar could scarce have aspired to, or gained full sovereignty, had not the people flattered him, and he the people; and when the tyrant fell, Rome was still enslaved, because the spirit of liberty was nearly extinct before they favoured Cæsar, and that previous impairment of liberty sprang, in a large degree, from favourites flattering the people, and the people them. Was there not more of wisdom, more of the stern love of liberty, and knowledge of human nature, in the practice of *Ostracism*, than

at first appears? The day may come, when we shall be too happy to resort to some of these long forgotten expedients of ancient days, would we rescue our liberties from the grasp of the people's idols!

PROXIMATE CAUSES IN POLITICS.

CXXVIII. Great effects never proceed from small causes; they sometimes *appear* so to do, but only to those whose mental vision grasps the *last* small cause, without perceiving the numerous antecedent ones which are set into efficient operation by it. The quarrel between queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough about a pair of gloves, would be supposed by such narrow-sighted people, to have *caused* the change of her ministry, and the peace which followed it with Louis XIV.! And thus is it often said that the blood of Lucretia put an end to kingly powers at Rome; that the sight of Virginia terminated the decemviral power, and that the view of the robe and body of Cæsar enslaved Rome! When these are mere modes of expression, they are not only harmless, but are often even striking beauties. This, however, is not that of which we complain; but that a whole nation should sometimes ascribe the greatest results to apparently the most insulated and insignificant causes! Superficial thinkers, are, indeed, extremely prone to look at the proximate cause alone, deep thinkers are sure to seek after all the remote causes, and to trace them down, as from a fountain, through various streams, until they reach the *occasional* cause, that

set all the rest in motion. Hence is it that, in times of great public calamity, the misconduct of those who are high in power, is vehemently assailed as the sole cause of the pressing evil; and the more important and pervading causes are wholly lost sight of. This shallow view of the matter does much less injustice to the guilty individuals, than prejudice to the whole community; for if the great object, as it ever must be, is to remove the calamity, and to prevent its repetition, it can only be done by diligently seeking the true causes, and not resting content with railing against those who happen to be connected with the last and finishing cause of the calamity.

National adversity, or extensive evils in any community, almost always arises from deeper and more permanent causes than the profligate or ill-judged acts of those at the head of the government. The malady often lies in the public, that reciprocally corrupt, and are corrupted by them. Would we, then, discover the true cause of such evils, we are bound to look to the nation's *principles* and *manners;* and if these be diseased, endeavour by correcting them, to remove the evils, or prevent their recurrence. The nation's rulers are its vicegerents, who are either acting out their constituents' cardinal doctrines, or recklessly and ignorantly experimenting, with the hope of pleasing the people, and of permanently destroying the ability of their political opponents! We are, then, to look to the constitutional powers that created these rulers, and by no means to forget also to look to

the principles and manners of many, of both parties, that are ruled. If the *proximate* cause of public calamities be found in a few acts of those high in power, we should first seek out the *hundred remote* causes, and remedy them; and these remote causes, as we apprehend will be found in an extremely rough and ultra *democracy*—in the anomaly of the *numerical* principle of government—in amalgamating with ourselves, almost at once many hundred thousand *aliens* annually—in an overweening *love of money*—in a wild *extravagance*, which has no parallel in any other nation—in a *spirit of enterprise* that has every other virtue than discretion—in a boundless *national vanity*—in a love for *superficial*, but an almost total indifference to *solid knowledge*—in a strange mélange of democratic *theoretic* principles, in things pecuniary with the luxurious *practical* habits, however, of princes,—and finally, in numerous other manners and principles, as crude and as motley, as are our population, collected from more than the four winds of heaven! It would seem, then, to be a strange inversion of the order of reproof, and such an one as can lead to no profitable amendment, to rail against our rulers; much better would it be to rail against our ungracious selves; much better diligently, and at once, to reform these principles and manners, to remodel our constitution, and not to live, as we do, perpetually singing pœans to our 'glorious constitution', to the prosperity and prospects of our 'happy, happy country,' when there is so much room to doubt each and all of these felicitous mat-

ters! 'We dislike innovations,' say some, 'we fear all tinkering of the constitution,' say others! Now, for my part, I would tinker it every day in the year, until I made it perfect; and why not, if you get clever workmen? But, others say, 'this cannot be done, the *numerical* principle is too strong, the democracy would do the work, and a bad work it would then be.' We doubt both of these apprehensions, and believe that the democracy would neither do the work in fact, nor badly, if they did it; and we entertain this belief because, although the numerical principle would give a numerical majority, the real operatives would still consist mainly of the Opposition; and if even all were left to the democratic majority, the work *could* not be so ill done, as not to introduce many salutary amendments. We should, for example, expect, even from them, some modification for the better in the *numerical* principle; that *aliens*, though welcomed to our shores, and protected by our laws, would be deprived of the right of suffrage; that our *president* would be chosen for a longer term, and be rendered ineligible thereafter; that presidential districts would be established, from which the chief magistrate should be alternately selected; that the powers of congress on various subjects, especially on the agitating questions of internal improvements, the establishment of a national bank, protecting duties, interference with slavery, the recovery of fugitives, &c. would be explicitly and satisfactorily settled. These, and other changes seem to be imperiously called for: the last eight years have gone far to

prove that we cannot hope for happiness or prosperity, under our present constitution; the attempt ought to be made, and if made, could not fail to achieve much good; until then, we are destined to remain in troubled waters; and thrice happy are they who can, by struggling, keep themselves from being overwhelmed.

### THE NUMERICAL PRINCIPLE OF GOVERNMENT.

CXXIX. Every nation that ever existed, or, indeed, that can well exist, has had, and will continue to have, two great and distinct classes of people; the one selfish, crude, and mainly unprincipled, the other patriotic, enlightened, and mainly virtuous. To the former, generally appertains a superiority of physical force, to the latter, an ascendancy of moral power. Between these two parties there exists a constant, deep-rooted jealousy and rivalry for political sway. Now, if the people of that nation be constitutionally equalized, if the *numerical principle*, be admitted which confers the right of suffrage on every individual citizen who has attained his majority, it becomes nearly certain that, not only the mere numerical preponderance, but the political rule, will reside with the selfish, crude, aud mainly unprincipled; and that the moral force of the numerical minority, can but seldom obtain the ascendancy in political power, and that, too, only temporarily, under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances. These two classes of people, for the convenience of some name, may be called the *earthy*, or *democratic* party,—and the *intellectual*

or *aristocratic* party,—the former being a natural majority, the latter a natural minority, in every nation. To the terms 'democracy' and 'aristocracy,' some odium has been reciprocally attached by the respective parties; this, however, is of little moment, as each must be judged of by their actions, and by the fruits that result from them; which can neither be rendered better nor worse, from the mere influence of a name. How it ever came to pass, that the *mere* numerical majority, which in all other nations and ages, have been mainly guided by the intellectual majority, should, in our country, have gained the *constitutional* ascendancy, is, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary events that political history ever recorded. An act more suicidal to every hope of enduring and rational liberty was never before committed. Nature, reason, common sense, all past experience, nay, the happiness, safety, and prosperity of a whole nation, should have risen, and with deep alarm, forbidden the act. On this *one principle* is staked, and imminently jeoparded, all that is dear, and that was hopeful in the vast and interesting experiment we are making in government. This principle is a flagrant departure from that true and noble democracy established by our forefathers. It is a new fangled, unnatural, gratuitous, and wicked innovation, which owes its birth, not to the spirit of our own revolution, but to the jacobinical one that soon after followed it, in France. In fine, this principle is a political gangrene, in a once healthy and vigorous body, which has already vitiated the very life-

blood of our people, and threatens such a state of political corruption, as must, if not speedily arrested, terminate in a universal *bouleversement* of the existing state of things. The elective franchise should be liberally extended, so as justly to represent every substantial interest in the community; but that it should be universally conferred, saving only the requisites of age and citizenship, is a political monstrosity, hideously unnatural, and grossly unjust. It is nothing less than a *carte blanche*, conferred by the virtue, intelligence, and property of the nation, on a comparatively few *miscreants*, to rule the destinies of a great nation! for the numerical superiority of the democratic over the other party is not so great but that the scale is turned in its favour by those brought within its pale by universal suffrage, a large part of whom are entitled to the appellation just given: whereas, were the right of casting a vote subjected to some moderate and salutary restrictions, the result would be, either that the meritorious minority would obtain the permanent political ascendancy, or, that the two parties would become so nearly balanced as to raise a check at once upon the wild and destructive career that has brought the nation on the very brink of ruin. But, as matters now stand, people of no reputation, property, occupation, or ties of any kind; people who are often aliens to our soil, and planted among us only a few brief months, rush to the polls, take triumphant possession of them, and occlude many 'to the manor born,' and who in the issue have involved immense

stakes! And still, these people, not content with voting themselves, once, twice, or even thrice, and with wholly depriving others of the right, prate loudly of liberty, equality, universal suffrage! and wind up the lamentable farce of their practical democracy, with unmeasured exultation at the 'glorious success of the democratic ticket!' GENEROUS NATION! thou hast offered an asylum to the oppressed, the discontented, the idle, and the worthless of all countries! thou hast thrown open wide thy ample portals, and invited all to thy rich repasts: they seat themselves at thy boundless tables, partake of thy varied and abundant stores, but would now ungratefully occupy the highest seats, rule the feast, and scarce allow to many of thy worthiest sons, the crumbs which fall from *their table!* This is scarce an exaggerated picture of things *as they are;* but if some should think it is, the picture is surely becoming daily more graphically true.

Now, were this gangrenous branch of the true democratic tree lopped off, were the class of the radicals or destructives wholly occluded, were the polls purely and quietly conducted, were all who would then be properly entitled to vote, *compelled* so to do, under the sanction of a suitable penalty, the nation might then remain democratic *in name and nature*, and I, for one, would never *grumble* either about the *ins* or the *outs*. But, to see a fair and beauteous garden, garnished with many goodly flowers, planted with numerous stately trees, groaning under their various and delicious fruits;

a garden, moreover, full of refreshing shades, copious fountains, rich parterres, and vocal with the cheerful notes of many well-tuned birds—to see, we say, such an Eden thrown open, and abandoned to the ruthless invasion of comparatively a few Vandals; and, above all, to see many of the free, native Romans, men of education, respectability, and property, uniting in the foul desecration of this delightful garden, is more than stoicism itself can patiently endure, more than any well-tempered philosophy ought to bear in silence, and more, we predict, than the wise, the virtuous, and the valorous of this nation will much longer endure. *Grace a Dieu, et ainsi soit il.*

## CHAPTER X.

Church and State.—Provision for the Clergy.—Camp meetings.—Church architecture.—Church music.—Sectarianism.—The infidel's humble argument.—Eternal punishment.—The true idea of prayer.

### CHURCH AND STATE.

CXXX. Few writers have said more good things, in a good manner, than the late William Cobbett; but, as he wrote a vast deal *de omni scibili et non scibili*, with little, however, of the fear of truth before his eyes, no marvel is it if he also uttered much that is unsound. It is fortunate for the cause of truth, that even a learned and eloquent pen, when venal, and guided by mere partisan influences, cannot long conceal the cloven foot, and that, through the intemperance of its misguided zeal, it so often overshoots its mark, as palpably to betray, even to superficial readers, the artifices to which it is compelled to resort. However learned, plausible, and agreeable such writers may be, they are usually read with mistrust, and with more than common scrutiny; and, as a showy fabric is raised by them on a sandy foundation, it falls to the ground beneath the descending rains and moving floods which come upon it. No one, as we presume, can

read Mr. Cobbett's History of the Protestant Reformation, without great admiration of his unwearied research, his pure and truly Saxon eloquence, his unabated zeal, deep sarcasm, and unaffected humour, added to the many true and striking remarks with which his volumes abound. And yet the work is little else than an ingenious tissue of sophisms, of erroneously stated premises, of partial suppressions of the truth, and of occasional false suggestions, which give to the whole subject, as stated by him, an air of peculiar *vraisemblance*, and to portions of it, even of triumph. But, we are not reviewing Mr. Cobbett's work. We have occasion to advert but to a single remark of his, which, in his usual *ex cathedra* manner, is thus worded—'The law should acknowledge and tolerate but one religion; or it should know nothing at all about the matter.' Now, as it would seem to us, the author has here suppressed, at least, one half of the whole truth; for what restricts a government to these *two* alternatives? why is it obliged to tolerate but *one* or *no* religion? May it not tolerate *one*, *some*, *all*, or *none*, and thus have four, instead of only two alternatives? Again. Why did Mr. Cobbett thus confound acknowledgment and toleration, making them, as it were, entirely equivalent? A government may surely tolerate all religions, and yet acknowledge none; the former being merely negative, the latter positive. In a union of church and state, one religion only is acknowledged, yet all may well be tolerated. So all may be tolerated, nay, in a degree, acknow-

ledged, and yet none, in the sense of Mr. Cobbett, be so acknowledged and blended with government, as to constitute the union which so many condemn. Our country is the only one in christendom, in which there is no established religion; and yet there is universal toleration, and a *quasi* acknowledgment of all, the christian religion, *lato sensu*, being a portion of our common law; and, were other schemes of religion, out of the christian pale, set up among us, even such would be tolerated, and even protected from disturbance, if not at variance with natural morals, and the essential principles of civil and political society. One of the wisest and greatest of the triumphs of reason over prejudice and superstition, consequent upon our independence, was the beautiful conception that political and ecclesiastical government might be so effectually divorced from each other, that whilst all religions are tolerated, none are favoured, or peculiarly sustained. Here are governments within governments, of various kinds and degrees, all in rapid, but orderly motion, without the least collision, or danger of collision with each other! And if a few misguided fanatics do occasionally rail against popery, on the one hand, or against ultra-dissenters, on the other, these are but individual indiscretions, in which the central and state governments have no participation; they are all tolerated, all protected, and yet none are politically acknowledged, none *pecuniarily* sustained or aided.

The union of church and state, however natural in Europe, from long use, is still, in truth, a forced

one, and never was at any time sustained by the least plausible argument. Each of the three theories on the subject is alike built upon a mere assumption, either of fact, or of principle. By the first, called the *episcopal theory*, we are called upon to believe that the reformation necessarily transferred to the political sovereign every episcopal right, to be subsequently dealt out to subordinates, as the lands of England were by the great Norman feudal lord to his tenants *in capite*, and by them to their sub-tenants! The second, or *territorial theory*, is equally absurd and gratuitous. It claims for the sovereign, anterior to the reformation, an inherent right to spiritual supremacy, in virtue of territorial and political power, which, as is said, necessarily embraces that of the church! And by the third, or *collegial theory*, all the members of a church are regarded as a society, whose rights flow from a *contract* with the sovereign, in consideration of which the sovereign retains the supreme spiritual jurisdiction! If sense can be distilled out of any, or all of these systems, it must be by an occult and traditionary logic, which, being without book, belongs only to the initiated few. We, of this country, have no occasion for such refinements, and are happy in the belief that religion and politics, though each aims at human happiness, are not twin brothers, and that the less they know of each other's proceedings, the greater will be the efficiency and harmony of both; for the moment they approach each other, we have tirades against *anti-christian slavery*, *anti-christian Sabbath-travelling*, *anti-chris-*

*tian use of strong drinks*, and an hundred other of the like disturbing questions, which, though they relate to things which we *most heartily* reprobate, we cannot but regard as essentially mischievous, when in the slightest degree connected with government and politics, or made the subject of the aggregate and public action of the people. And as our government has nothing to do with such matters *theoretically or constitutionally*, all attempts to enforce them *practically*, seem to me as little sustained by christianity itself, as by the law of the land. Slavery, the violation of the Sabbath, intemperance, are unchristian evils, among a thousand others; and where there is a political power legally competent to suppress them, it should be exercised. But all exertions to enforce obedience, when no law exists, or to procure a law, by the exercise of powers unknown to the existing constitution, is itself such an unchristian *hysteron proteron*, as the Apostles and Evangelists never dreamed of, and which even our Saviour, in the plenitude of his power, never aimed at exercising.

PROVISION FOR THE CLERGY.

CXXXI. He truly would be a lover of his present condition, and no son of Midas, who, in the old world, and especially in England, should say *Noli Episcopari*, when a bishopric is offered! And yet, during eighteen centuries, there are, we believe, no less than four recorded instances of this anomaly! Such an event, however, might well happen, and with a greatly disproportioned frequency,

in these United States, where, so far from pampering our ghostly fathers, the feeling towards them seems not uncommon, that they who have so much in reversion in the life to come, have scarce much need to value or covet the goods of the present; nay, that it is more seemly in the clergy to set an example of even ultra indifference to worldly comforts, so that the weaker vessels observing their poor condition, may profit withal! And as to the primitive saying that 'they who serve at the altar shall live by the altar,' the version of it among us, seems also to be that they truly have lived by the altar, who, during a long life of clerical toils, have practised a rigid economy, and left their wives and children dependent on the precarious benevolence of friends, when by death, they are deprived of the power of longer serving at the altar! How differently is this matter viewed, and regulated too, in England, where, however, it is surely as much overdone, as it is with us underdone! When SOCRATES, (Scholasticus) relates that, in the fifth century, a certain AMMONIUS cut off one of his ears, that he might avoid the acceptance of a bishopric! and that one EVARAGIUS ran clean off, to escape from another! we may well suppose the emoluments thereof were more like our own, than like those which the English clergyman, BALGUY, declined, with thanks to his Majesty, for naming him to so high a station in the church, but much more for his still kinder permission to decline it; the more surprising, as it was one of those goodly preferments that would endow, perhaps, our sixteen

protestant bishops, and possibly, also, the catholic archbishop, his nine bishops, with their two coadjutors to boot!—a declination, methinks, strongly evincive of Balguy's unambitious temper, and happy worldly condition, which hath, perhaps, never since been followed as a precedent, and which the incredulous, as to the possibility of such a thing, would now ascribe to old age alone! But on the interesting topic of our present section, it now behooves us to be somewhat more staid.

Happily, we have no established church, no unnatural alliance between religion and politics, no intermixture of spiritual and temporal feelings and concerns: but, unhappily, we have no defined, adequate, and fixed provision for the support of our clergy; they have to depend upon the crude, and precarious bounty of their flocks; occasionally upon some inconsiderable glebes, upon the sale and rent of pews, and finally, in some few instances, upon the revenues of the church property; but from each and all of these sources, the ecclesiastical revenues in our country are extremely small, and greatly inadequate to supply the spiritual wants of sixteen millions of people.

A truly pious clergyman hath, indeed, within himself, a perennial fountain of joy, whose living waters are not to be much embittered, even by life's most afflictive privations. But, though his happiness is not to be poisoned thereby, still he is a man, and as such, bound to cultivate the loftiest affections of our better nature; he loves his wife, children and friends; he loves his flock, and is con-

scious that his ability to be useful to them is greatly dependant upon his exemption from the pressure of worldly cares. A life full of clerical responsibilities, therefore, ill accords with the almost daily necessity of financiering, and of preserving an economy so rigid, as still leaves but little hope of any surplus at the close of the year. Such a life must eventually impress on his mind that galling and abiding solicitude that merchants often have, and which the pastor who experiences it, is still in conscience bound to preach against, and which duty he purely discharges, but alas, with the heart-felt conviction that he is himself in some degree obnoxious to his own remarks! This is a sad, a most unjust condition, and one often more the result of a want of due reflection on the part of his flock, than of the absence of generous feelings towards their pastor. That clergyman must be, either more than man, or unworthy the name of one, if he does not, too often for his repose, look with deep anxiety to the hour that must separate him from his holy vocation, and leave a wife and children, to a cold and sordid world—a world which, in a few years after death has dissolved the relation of pastor and flock, is too apt to think, with half oblivious remembrance only, of the widow and orphan children of their once venerated spiritual guide.

These however, are not the only evils which flow from the slender provision made for our clergy. Where are the extensive libraries, the comfortably furnished and inviting places of study, the servants

to lessen the toils of life, the ready pecuniary means to highly educate their offspring; and finally, where are all the softeners of life's chequered paths, which tranquilize the soul to study, give elasticity to the mind, fervour to the heart, eloquence to the pen, and which enable them frequently to visit their flocks, and to counsel them in the ways to heaven, and to join them, with light hearts in the social and rational enjoyments of life? Are not the most of these withheld from our clergy, by the imperious necessity imposed on them of attending to their mere temporal concerns, during many hours that would otherwise have been devoted to the higher and more pleasing duties of their calling? That our clergy are able, learned, and happy, to the extent they are, might well excite surprise; but alas! they of all men, are least able or disposed, to whisper their anxieties to others' ears: their cares are too often permitted to pass on with them, through a long life, till they reach their silent tombs, there, with their bodies and their remembrance, to be interred; whilst their successors, perhaps, with fewer years, and worldly ties, commence their duties under fairer auspices, and so continue, till like causes succeed, and in turn, produce the like effects.

Pass we now into an English clergyman's peaceful home, and study—all there is inviting, all in admirable keeping; little, perhaps, that is gorgeous, few things useless, but all that can render a home delightful, and the *locus studiorum* truly comfortable and tranquilizing, is sure to be present. The

writings of all the Fathers of the Church, nay all that belongs to the science of patristics, are there, not to the exclusion, however, of that which is excellent in modern theology, and elegant literature. The most approved works on astronomy, chemistry, and geology, and all that illustrate the wonders of God's boundless creation—all that is select in biblical knowledge, and criticism—all that reveals the present condition of Egypt, of Palestine, and of all other countries more specially connected with scripture history—the best sermons in all languages, and in fine, all that facilitates the inquiries of an accomplished theologian, are there. These all are apt to descend, and, perhaps, have descended as heirlooms; and as such, are not liable to be scattered to the four winds of heaven, on the decease of the incumbent, but to accumulate from generation to generation!

Few people are better judges of, and more fastidious in sermons, than the people of our country, more especially in the cities and towns; but these sermons are the result of more toil than should be imposed on our clergy, seeing that we minister so lightly to their studious wants. A clergyman's life should not be dedicated alone to the writing of finished sermons; there are many duties of equal importance, which they are obliged, in no small degree, to neglect; and that of composing sermons would be much more readily discharged, were they possessed of the requisite facilities for methodical study, and that rich fund of ready knowledge, which can only result from a familiar acquain-

tance with an extensive and appropriate library. The writing of sermons should never be a toil, and would not be, were our clergy as learned as they necessarily would become, were they less fagged by temporal matters, and were their means of acquiring knowledge more facile and extensive. The clergy of the established church of England, it must be admitted, are sustained by a most inordinate and unnecessary expenditure. This remark, in some degree, applies even to their catholic and dissenting clergy of all denominations. But, if we for a moment turn our eye to a comparative statement of the ecclesiastical revenues of christendom, and especially of those of England, contrasted with those of our country, we cannot but be surprised at the excessive, wasteful, and even criminal amount of the former, and the inadequate, nay, impoverished supply of the latter. It is probable that the ecclesiastical revenues of christendom amount to *one hundred and eleven million, seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars*, which is probably expended in the following manner:

| | |
|---|---|
| British established church, | $44,480,000 |
| Church of Scotland, catholic and dissenting clergy, | 20,520,000 |
| Clergy of all denominations in France, | 6,000,000 |
| Clergy of all denominations in the United States, | 6,380,000 |
| Clergy in the rest of christendom, | 34,380,000 |
| | $111,760,000 |

If the foregoing be but an approximation to the truth, and it is founded on the best data within our reach, it would seem that the established church of England expends more than *seven* times that expended by the clergy of all denominations in our country; that the British expenditure on their clergy of every denomination exceeds that of the United States by nearly *eleven* fold; and finally, that the ecclesiastical income in Great Britain, for all denominations, falls short of the income for all denominations in christendom, only by the amount of *two million, two hundred and eighty thousand dollars!* The annual income of the archbishop of Canterbury amounts to about *eighty-six thousand dollars*, and that of the bishop of Durham to nearly the same sum: whereas, there may be a few instances in our country, of the annual emoluments of bishops amounting to nearly five thousand dollars, and the supposed annual average income of our clergy does not exceed *five hundred dollars*! In conclusion, we have only to say, that a lamp burns well and brightly only when suitably supplied with oil; too copious a store is nearly as bad as too little; but oil it must have—*Chi uopo ha della luce d'una lampado, del procurare di somministarvi olio;* and that in many parts of our country the clergy are nearer paupers, than many of the English clergy are pampered nabobs.

### CAMP MEETINGS.

CXXXII. Whatever may be the theory or practice in politics, we presume that in morals, and much

more so in religion, a *good end* can never justify a *bad means.* The end of all camp-meetings, must be, to turn men from vice to virtue, to induce them, by promises and threats, to forsake the banners of the arch enemy of souls, and fly to the cross for refuge; and this, certainly, is the noblest, and most intensely interesting, of all the ends of human exertion. But even such an object must have its wholesome and appointed means; and if the means adopted do, in fact, generate some vices that may be avoided by other means, though the end be in some degree attained, the vastly important inquiry then is, shall some evil be *certainly* done, that some good *may* come of it? This, and numerous other points of casuistry, are connected with this subject, most of which, however, are involved in the one great question we have stated. That the end uniformly justifies the means, is a doctrine that figures largely in the pages of Basil Pontius, of Father Bauny, of Escobar, of Castro Paleo, *et id omne genus;* but, as we have no faith whatever in the opinions of such writers, we prefer the simple doctrine of scripture, '*ye shall not do evil that good may come of it;*' and, were scripture silent on the subject, it seems to us that a grain of common sense would enable one to agree with Lord Bacon, that where the reverse doctrine is practised, 'it must be confessed that Heaven is made too much to bow to earth, and religion to policy.' If the camp-meetings of our country be attended with only one half the accompaniments so generally imputed to them; or, with even such as we have

witnessed, we should greatly prefer, either a total reformation in their organization, or their utter abolition. As to the ultimate utility of these meetings, little regard should be had to the opinions, either of religious partisans, or of those who are disposed to make rather light of all religion. But on this matter there has been an honest difference of opinion even among the pious and exemplary denominations by whom these meetings have been sustained; and we are inclined to think that many pious individuals of every christian church decidedly disapprove of them, as uncalled for by any pressing necessity, and as pregnant with many great, and perhaps, unavoidable evils. Nearly a century ago, in Scotland, the like causes produced similar effects, and called forth the truly eloquent pen, of a truly pious *blacksmith*, in opposition to the 'field meetings,' which, under the popular name of '*occasions*,' attracted many thousand persons from the towns and surrounding country. The doings and the evils of these *occasions* are so graphically described, and the author has painted so much to life, the scenes which, unhappily, are so often witnessed at our camp-meetings, that we sufficiently express our own views by making some extracts from the pages of that humble, but very able and christian author. 'I cannot help thinking,' says he, 'that all the rational people of our communion must be shocked with the indecencies, and follies, that attend the administration of our Lord's Supper, known among the common people, by the name of an *occasion*. Most of the servants, when they

agree to serve their masters in the western parts of the kingdom, make *special* provision that they shall have the liberty to go to a certain number of *fairs* and *occasions;* and, as they consider an *occasion* in the same light as a *fair*, so they behave at it, much in the same manner. I defy Italy, in spite of all its superstition, to produce a scene better fitted to raise pity and regret in a religious, humane, and understanding heart, or to afford an ample field for ridicule, to the careless and profane, than what they call a *field preaching* upon one of those *occasions.* I have often thought that the frequency of the sight makes it familiar, and consequently less shocking, or that being in the inner circle, one seldom has access to see the indecency and absurdity of the whole scene. Allow me, then, to describe it, as it really is. At first you find a great number of men and women lying together on the grass; here they are sleeping and snoring, some with their faces towards heaven, others with their faces turned downwards, or covered with their bonnets. In another place you see a pious circle sitting round an ale-barrel, many of which stand ready upon carts, for the refreshment of the saints. The heat of the summer season, the fatigue of travelling, and the greatness of the crowd, naturally dispose them to drink; which inclines some of them to sleep, works up the enthusiasm of others, and contributes not a little to produce those miraculous conversions that sometimes happen at these *occasions.* In a word, at this *sacred* assembly there is an odd mixture of religion, sleep, drinking, court-

ship, and confusion of sexes, ages, and characters. When you get a little nearer the speaker so as to be within reach of the *sound*, though not of the *sense* of the words, for that can only reach a small circle, even when the preacher is favoured with a calm; and when there happens to be any wind stirring, hardly one sentence can be heard distinctly at any considerable distance. In this second circle you will find some weeping and others laughing, some pressing to get nearer the tent or tub in which the parson is sweating, bawling, jumping, and beating the desk; others fainting with the stifled heat, or wrestling to extricate themselves from the crowd; one seems very devout and serious, and the next moment is scolding his neighbour for squeezing, or treading on him; in an instant after his countenance is composed to the religious gloom, and he is groaning, sighing, and weeping for his sins: in a word, there is such an absurd mixture of the serious and the comic, that were they convened for any other purpose than that of worshipping the God and Governor of nature, the scene would exceed all power of face.'

'But when one considers what solemn awe should accompany the pronunciation of his name, and what decent gravity attends his worship, and sees such an unhappy contrast, if his heart be not entirely unacquainted with the feelings of humanity, the sigh will force its way, and the pitying tear start into his eye; especially if he knows that many of the clergy encourage this absurdity; that this is the time when they vie with another for

popularity, and try who can convene the greatest mob; that some of these preachers are so fond of these religious farces, that they have threatened to abandon their *churches*, if the absurd practice of preaching *without doors* should be discontinued: and that even those of the clergy who have sense to perceive its inconveniences, and ingenuity to confess that it is wrong, yet want courage to *oppose* the popular frenzy, and resolution to reform what in their own hearts they cannot but condemn. Whether we consider these *occasions* in a moral, political, or religious light, they are attended with very bad consequences. I have seen above three thousand people at one of them. But, supposing that one with another, there are only fifteen hundred, and that each of them, might earn only *six pence* a day, the three idle days will cost the country much about *one hundred and twelve* pounds sterling, not including the days of coming and going, nor the losses that the farmer, tradesmen, and others must sustain in attending them.'

'And as these *occasions* make our people lay too great a stress upon the *outward* means, whilst they neglect the great end of all religion, I mean to better the heart and reform the conduct, so they raise contentions, heart-burnings, envy and factions among our clergy, while they contend for popularity, vie with one another who shall convene the greatest crowd, and work up the mob to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; and they often succeed so well, that they bring the weak and ignorant to the very brink of downright madness. I have seen

scenes of this nature that had much more of the fury of the *bacchanalia*, than the calm, serious, sincere devotion of a christian sacrament. It is here that the ministers display that false eloquence which catches the crowd, and consists in a *strong voice*, a *melancholy tone*, and *thundering out* at random, *damnation*, *hell*, *death*, *fire* and *flames*, *devils*, *darkness*, and *gnashing of teeth!* and any one who has good lungs, and can borrow the beggar's cant, and the Merry Andrew's action, may become *very popular*, and make a great figure at an *occasion;* for the contention is not who shall reason most justly, deliver most gracefully, or direct their discourse in the best manner for bettering the heart, and reforming the manners of the audience, but who shall appear the most frantic, cry loudest, speak with the deepest, strangest, and most hollow tone, and be most *wrapt up in mystery*. I have known these qualifications make nonsense triumph over sense, ignorance be preferred to learning, and incoherent, unintelligible, nay, contradictory rhapsodies, be received with admiration by the gazing crowd; whilst plain, learned and pious sermons, delivered with becoming modesty and gravity, have been preached almost to *empty pews*.'

From the foregoing ample extracts, such of our readers as have witnessed camp-meetings in our country, will find that the *century* which has elapsed since the *blacksmith* of Inverary addressed the Church of Scotland, and the *change of skies* have not very materially altered the human heart and conduct in regard to such matters on this side of the

Atlantic: still, all camp-meetings are by no means equally obnoxious to reproof,—some being far better conducted than others; and we trust that religion, added to an improved general thought, will either remedy the evils, or restrict our worship to within doors.

### CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

CXXXIII. In a country so exempt from habits, so uncontrolled by prejudices as ours, where all that appertains to man's condition is so modern, and where nearly every thing is as unsettled as were the waters when the dove first left the ark, we might expect the displays of architectural taste would be extremely various. This is far from the case, there being, in this one matter, a remarkable unanimity, a pervading monotony, as little relieved by variety as by good taste. Our ecclesiastical, as well as domestic architecture, (with but few exceptions,) are *sui generis*, and can scarce be referred to any school, ancient or modern. As our brief sections and design equally forbid dissertation, we can say but a word or two, and only on a part of this subject. Why, may it well be asked, are our churches (saving a few) so garishly white within, and so glaringly red without? Why are they so bright in light, so nude of all mementoes of the dead, so bare of customary church furniture, and of those appropriate embellishments which impart to European places of protestant, as well as of catholic worship, so great a charm? There is, perhaps, no visible feature in our country so eminently American as the style of our sacred architec-

ture. It differs, in most respects, from that of every other country, nay, of every age, since the first church was built, perhaps, at Antioch, or at Ephesus. It is neither Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Romanesque, Saxon, Gothic, Greco-gothic, Moorish, Chinese, nor oriental; nor is it yet, strictly speaking, a *mélange* of these! The purely white plaster walls, the equally white and undecorated woodwork, the snowy pulpit, relieved in a degree, by crimson drapery, the white and formal and narrow pews, which seem constructed to forbid the power of kneeling in comfort, and their low sides, which expose the whole audience to the view of each other, with their finery, the indevotion of some, and the occasional misbehaviour of others; added to the well carpeted aisles, and the strong masses of light which pour their sunny influences through large transparent panes, form a *tout ensemble* so garish, and so worldly withal, that no marvel is it if the eyes of the congregation do wander more, and the soul be less in sweet repose for devotion in our places of worship, than in those of Europe. How unlike, in these and other respects, are the churches and cathedrals of the old world! How suitable to devotional feelings are the subdued and shady colours that meet the eye, in every direction, from the deeply carved cherry, walnut, mahogany, and other sombre woods—from the sweetly harmonized and 'dim religious lights' flowing from every surrounding object—from the monumental slabs that face the walls and pave the aisles—from the mellow rays diffused over the church from various-

ly stained and beautifully painted glass—from draperies gracefully and appropriately disposed—and from the large pannels that face the walls of the tribune, with dark grounds and gilt letters, which record the decalogue and the Lord's prayer! From these, and many more, result an almost visible devotional air—a something which gently passes over the feelings, and whispers to us—this is truly the temple of God! Nor is this a mere imagination; no one, we believe, can enter into York minster, but with hat in hand, and inclined to speak only in a whisper; the soul is at once calmed; the ground seems holy! Nor is this a superstitious feeling in those accustomed to such places of worship: it is neither veneration for antiquity, nor the force of early education, but a feeling of which all, though not equally, are in a degree conscious, who visit, from our country, these churches. Nor is it, in our case, to be ascribed to the novelty of such scenes, or to the striking contrast they present with our own; the feeling lies in the nature of man, whether savage or civilized; and we doubt not that an Indian of our country would be greatly more impressed with devotional feelings towards his Manitou, or Great Spirit, in a British, than in an American church, of equal dimensions. There must be a cause for this, and we find it mainly in our too free admittance of *broad day* into our churches, and in our exclusion from them of nearly all those embellishments and mementoes that remind us, by so many tender and subduing associations, of the dead. The world, in our sacred

temples, is not sufficiently shut out; for in them we should see little that can recall our wandering thoughts to life—much that would fix them on the probable, or possible, scenes beyond the grave. In our churches, moreover, there is an additional propriety in carefully subduing the lights and colours, as they are brighter, from the ardour of our sun, and from the almost invariable clearness of our skies; and yet in no country is stained, or even ground glass, so little used; none in which the churches are so very like to other places of customary resort.

### CHURCH MUSIC.

CXXXIV. It would be a no less difficult than novel point to determine, and one that, perhaps, could not be settled, even by a college of philosophers, which of the five senses is capable of filling the soul with the highest degree of delight, supposing each to be possessed in all possible perfection, and ministered to, in a corresponding degree! Were the mind to indulge for a time in such a fancy, were it to ruminate with unbridled license, on the exquisiteness of the enjoyment which each of the senses is capable of yielding, when thus viewed as ideally perfect, and as ideally gratified, the contemplation would become too powerful for the judgment; and, as the senses severally passed in review, the mind would wander from opinion to opinion, till it became lost in utter confusion. In the brief remarks, therefore, which are now to be made in behalf of music, as referrible to the sense

of hearing, it behooves us to indulge in no such musings in regard to the possible enjoyments derivable from the other senses; for when music is the theme, the mind readily responds to the idea that nature itself hath established something more truly ethereal, something more perfectly divested of the alloy of earthiness, nay, something more peculiarly divine, in the sense of hearing, than in either of the other senses; and that the sight, the touch, the smell, and the taste, may all be palled, and soon be made to yield to the exhaustion of enjoyment, but that the hearing alone continues to revel in gratification: and well did the Greek philosopher Aristoxenus say, that music is the soul of man; well hath Plato declared that all the other sciences minister to it; for no age or people, however rude, has ever been known to be without it; and music has been found to vary from the crudest and most primitive of all the arts, to the sublimest and most recondite of the sciences. So profoundly abstruse was the *enharmonic* portion of this science found, that the ancients abandoned it in despair, but still cultivated with the greatest research and enthusiasm, the *diatonic*, and in some degree, the *chromatic* divisions; the latter, by reason of its wanton measures, being esteemed less worthy of man's studious care. Such was the power of music, that even the rhetoricians were cast into the shade by the melodists; for what could resist the influences of an art that could charm into profound sleep, by the sound of a single pipe, even Argus, with his hundred eyes!—which enabled Orpheus, with his voice and seven-

stringed lyre, to set the rocks and trees in harmonious motion, to tame the wildest animals, and even to calm the tempests and the whirlwinds! No marvel is it that all this was done, as the very heavens are said to sing; for this 'music of the spheres,' when once discovered by the searchers into the sublime mysteries of sounds, could not fail to confer a power approaching to omnipotence. But, if this divine art be in truth so transcendent as to have occasioned such fables, it would not be permitted long to remain under the guidance of virtuous action. The devil is quite too industrious and skilful a seeker after novel means of corrupting the human heart, to leave so powerful an agent, as music, under the control of the wise and the good: hence the many vicious, or ignoble purposes to which this great art has from time to time been subjected; hence the uses made of the *Phrygian*, *Lydian* and *Mixolydian* moods of music; the first of which was often made so to ravish the mind and corrupt the heart, and so to enlarge the organ of destructiveness, that the ancients attributed the warlike spirit of Alexander to the music of Timotheus; and in like manner the Lacedemonians and Cretans, as it was said, were incited to war, and a Greek youth was moved even to commit arson and murder! To the Lydian music we are to refer the lascivious dance and amorous poetry, the bacchanalian revels, and finally all such combinations of sweet sounds, as dissipate sober reflection, and paint to the imagination an Eden, separated only from Tartarus by a thin, yet most opaque partition! As for the

Mixolydian mood, invented by the Lesbian Sappho, it seemed to occupy a rather doubtful and suspicious position; for, though mainly devoted to the offices of the tragic muse, in awaking sadness or grief, it was capable of much perversion, and could so agitate the passions, as to lead to crime! It was, consequently, left to the fourth mood—the sober *Doric*, to accomplish most that is morally excellent, and scientifically admirable in music, and which, in more modern times, has elevated the entire science to more than its pristine dignity and power, bating, however, its fabled influences, as exerted by Orpheus, Timotheus, Amphion and others. The religious Doric, or sacred music, (the noblest of all the classes of music,) though as ancient as any, and probably but little corrupted, was still exiled from the church by Athanasius. This, however, was in the primitive times of christianity, and when the folly and degraded state of the popular music, had naturally excited a strong prejudice in christian minds, and especially in the pious fathers of the church, against music, even in the abstract. Hence St. Austin also questions the suitableness, nay lawfulness, of sacred music; but St. Ambrosius, of Milan, entertained different views of the matter, and was unwilling to permit the devil to have the sole use of melody and harmony for his vile purposes, when it could be so obviously turned to the best account, in raising the soul to God, and fixing it in the deepest devotion. The precise nature of the music introduced into the churches of the western empire by Ambrosius, is perhaps unknown; but it

was, no doubt, principally vocal, and sung in solo, alternately, and sometimes with the chorus of the whole congregation. Early in the seventh century Pope Gregory introduced great changes—singing schools were established by him—choirs of vocal and of instrumental musicians were brought into the churches, which almost wholly terminated the singing and choruses of the congregation; and he caused the choicest of the ancient songs and melodies to be selected and arranged, to which many new ones were from time to time added. The celebrated *Gregorian chant*, also introduced by this pope, together with his *Antiphonarium*, or sacred songs, were soon spread over Europe, and formed the basis of our church music, the power of which was greatly augmented by the organ, introduced into some of the Roman churches about a half century afterwards by pope Vitellianus. The capacity of this instrument to produce at the same time, melody and harmony, added to the power of continuing, without intermission, each tone in equal strength, render it the most effective of all the musical instruments, and impart to it that solemn, smooth, *legato* style, and yet that fullness and magnificence, which is so peculiarly adapted to excite devotional feelings. Sacred music, however, may be considered as the genus, being somewhat more comprehensive than that which properly takes the name of church music, though they often reciprocally run into each other. To the latter more peculiarly belong the psalm, hymn, anthem, offertorio, requiem, miserere, salve reginam, mag-

nificat, Te Deum, graduale, motetto, the Gregorian, the Ambrosian, and other chants; and among the former we find, as classes, the oratorio, the serious opera, the concert spirituel, &c. which, with many of the former, may also admit others that are seldom performed in churches. Church music, however, has varied considerably, as to the degree of its intermixture with what is rather referrible to profane, than to sacred music. The tendency, within the last century, of sacred, and even of church music, has been to admit more of brilliancy, more of the profane character, more, in fine, of the Lydian and Phrygian moods, than formerly; so that in some of the continental churches, it is not unusual, between the verses of the most sublime and solemn pieces, as in chanting the magnificat, to admit minuets, hunting pieces, and even jigs! and, in respect to the instruments, though the organ may have nearly every species of stop, we often find in churches the violin, flute, flageolet, bassoon, serpent, &c.! and indeed, the music generally executed in the Italian profane style.

In the United States, sacred music has been but little cultivated. Oratorios are occasionally gotten up with tolerable effect, and some of the choirs are efficient; indeed in plain singing and simple chanting, they are superior to those which are usually found in the British churches. The singing boys, so common in English churches, by reason of their thin and youthful voices, detract much from the dignity and solemnity of their plain singing, of their chorusses, and their chantings. This inno-

vation, happily, is unknown in our country—the finest adult voices, male and female, are often found in our choirs; but chanting being little practised, and the organists very generally being indifferent, and rather *pianists*, than organists we have yet much to accomplish before our church music shall become as impressive and attractive as we yet hope to see it. A professorship of sacred music, in one of our theological seminaries, has been recently endowed by a munificent private donation—an example which we trust will be followed by others. In concluding these rather crude thoughts on church music, I avail myself of the *grumbling* privilege I have assumed, to enter my protest against that false taste, recently manifested in some of our choirs, of adopting popular airs, and even the tunes of comic songs! It were a vain hope to exclude the numerous profane associations connected with these familiar airs, by the *adagio* manner in which they may be executed in our churches. The identity of 'Life let us cherish,' 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' 'Oh weep for the hour,' or the airs of 'Nancy Dawson' and 'Go to the devil and shake yourself,' can never be lost by a change of *time*, or of the *words*; and if we have either danced, piped, or laughed heartily, at some of these well known tunes, we cannot but think the mind must be involuntarily cast out of a devotional mood, at hearing them, in any form, within the walls of a church.

SECTARIANISM.

CXXXV. There is, perhaps, nothing in man's history, the contemplation of which, at once, so much elevates and degrades him in the scale of moral beings, as the numerous sects, schools, and parties into which human opinion in matters of religion, politics, and science, has been, and continues to be divided, and almost infinitely subdivided. A naked detail, even of the numerous theories on these several subjects would, of itself, occupy many thousand volumes! In such a history the unmixed folly of the greater part of these opinions would not be more remarkable, than the tenacity with which they have been maintained. Wealth, honours, power, every enjoyment of life, nay, life itself, have often been most exultingly sacrificed, rather than abandon a tittle of their creed, however abstract, impracticable, and absurd it may often have been; and the opponents in opinion, respectively, have as often become more than savage beasts, torturing each other with cruelties so artfully contrived, and perseveringly executed, that the very spirit of supreme wickedness seemed embodied in them, and to have extinguished from the heart and mind every vestige of humanity! Even our own short history, (and in a country, too, that professed to be a common asylum for liberty of opinion,) is not bare of facts in regard to persecution for religious and political opinion, which, if collected, would greatly surprise the uninformed,

and induce a reflecting mind greatly to suspect that our boasted securities of liberty, and our much vaunted toleration of all religions, and of all opinions, may not prove sufficient guards against relapses into such persecutions for opinion's sake, as stains the history of other countries, and from which our forefathers sought refuge on these, at that time, almost solitary shores. We have no present concern with the party rancours of politics, nor with the severities sometimes manifested even in regard to general and miscellaneous opinions; our only topic now being the numerous religious sects and parties that cover the face of our land; and the expansive and practical charity with which each and all should view and treat one another. Is it not, however, passing strange that with so much theoretic toleration of all religions and sects, with so much history of all ages and of all countries, teaching us that scarce any two men, even of the same sect, can be found who agree exactly on all points of their faith; when even Luther and Calvin, Erasmus and Melancthon, all champions against the Roman church, could not agree—nay, when even the inquisitors, whose vocation was to torture and to kill, that they might preserve a unity of faith, yet could not always agree! We repeat, is it not most strange that some of the numerous sects in our country, regardless of all past experience, and of the exalted principle of universal religious toleration, for which, as a nation, we take so much credit, are yet, not only extremely acrimonious against each other, but that in some instances they

have proceeded to acts of as great outrage and violence, and to the fabrication of such artful and malicious slanders, as might well remind one of the most gloomy days in the history of the Jesuits, of the Huguenots, and of the Puritans!

In a country that for several centuries has been yearly resorted to by persons friendly to religious and political liberty, we must naturally expect to find a greater variety of religious persuasions, than is, perhaps, existent in any other. We probably have not less than fifty sects, six or eight of which are of native origin. Of these the Baptists are the most numerous, amounting to about *three millions*. The Methodists rank next in number, and fall short of the Baptists about three hundred thousand. The next in numerical strength are the Presbyterians, of which there are rather more than *two millions*. The Episcopalians, Catholics, and Universalists are nearly equal, the first named having about *six hundred thousand*, and the two others each about *half a million*. The Friends and the Unitarians are also nearly equal in number, each having about *two hundred thousand*. In a population, then, of perhaps *fifteen millions*, we have but half a million of Catholics, the rest being Protestants and Jews. And yet there are persons who are seriously apprehensive that we are to be overrun by Catholicism; that the Pope has a special eye on this country; that the few nunneries and monastic institutions among us should be as carefully watched, and as zealously discouraged, as if they had been fully and impartially convicted of the most systematic and

hostile plans against our religion and government! Now though we have not a drop of Catholic blood in our veins, or the least tendency towards even a respect for any one of their distinguishing tenets, yet we do think that this alarm and jealousy respecting our Catholic brethren, the slanders uttered against them, and the partial persecutions of them that have taken place, are supremely unjust, and anti-christian, wholly at variance with the present enlightened age, in conflict with our political and religious creeds, and disgraceful to all who have in any way countenanced such feelings and such proceedings. Better far would it be to imitate their exemplary charity and benevolence to the poor, to the diseased, and the ignorant—better far would it be to copy after their christian regularity in temporal matters, their love of learning—and in fine to respect and imitate such of their christian virtues as harmonize with our own principles—leaving nunneries, celibacy—purgatory—transubstantiation—confessions—penances—indulgences, and twenty other matters which we may regard as excrescent follies, to the sober preachings of our clergy, and to the calm and learned investigations of our theologians; for when the people presume to take such matters in hand, they are about as good judges of religion and morals, as the Regulators and Lynchers are of laws and constitutions; and they all arrive at about the same practical result of cruel and disgraceful injustice. Persecution, whether by the pen, fire and faggot, or other like means, never yet gained one true convert—nor do we believe that the Catholics

of this country, during nearly two centuries, have ever made one thousand proselytes from the Protestant to the Catholic cause; and we equally believe that if there be an increase of Catholicism among us, it is owing almost exclusively to emigration of Catholics to these shores, and scarcely in any degree, to conversions from the one faith to the other. And if this be so, shall they not be permitted to enjoy their religion with all of its accompaniments? Shall they not be permitted to erect their splendid cathedrals and other temples of worship, to the same God, and to the same Mediator, that we adore, without exciting idle suspicions and jealousies? If our Catholics, with only about the one-thirtieth of the Protestant numerical power, and with scarcely the one-sixtieth of their pecuniary means, can ever gain a dangerous ascendancy here, it must be owing either to the truth of their cause, or to the most apathetic and marvelous neglect of duty on the part of our clergy, and of all who are engaged in any way in the responsibilities of Protestant instruction. The only way then to prevent the growth of any sect is to avoid all acrimony, all persecution—and to leave the controverted points to the calmest inquiries of the clergy, and of the theologians—to the gradual operation of the general enlightenment of the people, and finally, to the force of that primitive christian charity which is the loveliest of all the features in our holy religion. The world, we had hoped, had become quite too enlightened to *quarrel in any way* about religious opinions; for though diseases of the body may sometimes require violent

medicaments, and even amputations, there are but two remedies for diseased opinions, viz: powerful, calm, and dignified arguments and persuasives; and the beauty of an exemplary and godly life; all others come of, and tend to evil.

### THE INFIDEL'S HUMBLE ARGUMENT.

CXXXVI. Nothing contributes so largely to the happiness of a people as *defined* opinions in morals, religion, and politics, if, with them, there be such a degree of *enlightened adherence* to these opinions as shall neither occlude salutary innovations, nor throw too widely open the avenues to change. In long established nations whose population is neither mixed nor mutable, there is always a mass of valuable traditional opinion, which, though invariably blended with much error, still serves a most valuable purpose. But in a country as ours, where, from the extremely miscellaneous and mutable character of its people, but few established customs, habits, or defined and fixed opinions have yet obtained, we must naturally expect that religion especially, will be multiform and variable, and that infidelity will be prevalent, and will call to her aid, and revive among us, many refuted and exploded doctrines, which in the old world their propagators found either dangerous or impolitic to disseminate, but which in this land of universal latitudinary thought, may be unhesitatingly expressed, and easily diffused. A very common argument, and one peculiarly dangerous to weak minds, or to the superficially informed, which this class of free-thinkers

confidently use among us, is that seemingly *humble one* which artfully represents the God of the Universe so infinitely above humanity and its concerns, as to connect with it the inference that it is but man's folly and presumption that has contrived the whole scheme of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, and that our planet with all of its myriads of past and present inhabitants, must still be, in the eye of such a Being, altogether too small and insignificant to be the objects of the attention and mercy, claimed for them in Holy Writ! This argument is often appealed to by our young men; and, to their narrow views and superficial philosophy, it is a powerful one, and is indeed an extremely plausible and natural one to all who, from ignorance or weakness, apply the reasonings from human feelings, motives, and knowledge, to such a Being as the Creator and Preserver of the universe.

As humility stands at the head of the christian virtues, he can know but little of the human heart, and still less of the subtle contrivances of the great enemy of human souls, who does not at once perceive that this *humble argument* of our young infidels, is precisely that which the devil would first and mainly rely on, to accomplish his purpose; as it has the triple advantage of speaking reverently of God, humbly of man, and at the same time inferentially, that neither the law nor the gospel is binding on man! And here I am reminded of a conversation I once had with one of that class, which is applicable to my present topic, '*The Scriptures are much more talked of than read, much more*

*understood than believed*,' said PAULINUS. And in all this he was, perhaps, more than half right; but then he added, with the usual dogmatic manner of his class, 'you no doubt *believe* that you believe in the Scriptures, but were you to search your heart to the bottom, and really test your mind, I think you would find that we do not materially differ; for how can any sensible man give credence to the doctrine that the Creator and master of a boundless universe, would bestow a religion on this tiny ball of ours, on this mere grain of sand, this infinitesimal point, which if at once annihilated from creation, would no more be missed, than the smallest drop from the ocean—a religion, I say, which seems to regard the earth as the universe, and to extend to it not only a care that would scarce be due to it, were it his only mansion, but a means of redemption that directly calls in question his omnipotence?' 'Have you ever read the Scriptures through, Paulinus?' asked I. 'To confess the truth I never have' replied he. 'I apprehend, then, that your two assertions that christianity was designed for man's benefit alone, and that the scheme of redemption calls in question God's omnipotence, are the result of the same want of acquaintance with the entire scriptural scheme, as the inference you draw from it, is evidently owing to your limited knowledge of the entire scheme of God's creation. Your argument, Paulinus, would be plausible, were you, on principles of sound philosophy, permitted to compare omnipotence, omnipresence, omniscience, perfect goodness, infinite space, eternal duration, the relation of Creator and

created, with the finite power and knowledge of man, with his local presence, his limited goodness, his connection with defined time and space, and finally with his utter ignorance of all the interests that may flow from the mere fact of creation—an act of power of which man can scarce form any idea. You should also bear in mind, Paulinus, that if you appeal to the vastness of the universe, as an argument against God's interest in the smallest portion of it, it is you who virtually deny, not only his omnipotence, but his every other attribute. If he created the world, (and this you admit,) he must also have created the myriads of worlds that 'lie far and deep in the boundless heavens.' These, no doubt, are all peopled, and perhaps, by orders of beings, some precisely like ourselves, others of vastly superior intelligence, but still all responsible to a law: there may be, moreover, as many myriads of orders above us, as there are ranks of creatures apparently almost infinitely below us; all these may be, for aught we know, so united by ties inscrutable to all but their Creator, that the maintenance of the universal law of obedience may, possibly, be as much endangered by the rebellion of man, on this our little ball, as if it had been ten thousand times as large. The truth is, Paulinus, that *vast* and *little* are probably words that appertain to created beings alone—there may be as much of a universe in what we call the minute world, as in that which is revealed by the telescope—nay in a single drop of water, there may be sufficient space to people a universe vastly greater than that of

which man has any actual knowledge! and even in the down of a single peach, there may be forests and meadows, hills and valleys, and creatures of various orders, living, too, to a ripe old age, that is, during the time, so brief to us, which it may be pendant on its native tree! The wonders, which are revealed to us, by the solar microscope, ought for ever to teach us the perfection of God's omnipresence, and protecting care, of what we ignorantly call minute and insignificant beings. He created them all, with paternal care—nay with an infinitely greater care—*that of a Creator!* If our very hairs are numbered, and a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his knowledge, no marvel is it that he should be 'mindful of man;' and that this is surely the case, might have been even philosophically inferred, as the declaration that the very hairs of our head are numbered, was designed, rather to *remind* us of God's universal presence, and care of *all* that he has created, than as a *revelation.* It seems to me then, that the absurdity, which you would cast on the believers, is wholly with the infidels; for the moment you admit the existence of a God, and that he created all things, it would be the height of folly to suppose that his eye, or protecting care is ever for a moment withdrawn, and equally so to suppose that with him, any thing is *really little*, in our sense of that word. Know then, Paulinus, that the 'world of minute things' is merely a world 'invisible to us,' portions of which, indeed, have in some small degree been recently revealed

to man, first by the microscope, and latterly, somewhat more fully, by the solar microscope; that in this little world, there is just as much evidence of the astonishing powers of creation, of the beauties of design, and the benevolence of the Creator, as we find in the visible and boundless universe! Your *humble argument*, then, seems to me to partake, after all, more of pride than of true humility; and the purest humility, as well as the wisest philosophy, (as it certainly is the soundest religion) is to believe that our religion harmonizes with, and beautifully illustrates every attribute of the Creator.' How far the young infidel was convinced by our conversation, he had not *quite* sufficient candour, at that time to say; but, if any reader cannot at once say that the infidel's humble argument, is rather the presumptuous folly of man, let that reader know that his own name is PAULINUS.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

CXXXVII. If the courteous reader hath skipped over the preceding section, and hath the least desire to enter on the present one, he will better understand its scope and object, by turning back a page or two, as my young infidel friend PAULINUS being only half persuaded of his error, in respect to the topic of conversation there detailed, was inclined on the following day, to puzzle me with a still more difficult point. 'You have nearly satisfied me,' said he, 'that all things, whether they be little or vast in the eye of man, must still be equally the objects of God's protecting care; so that the great disparity

between the stupendous scheme of the christian religion, and the insignificance of our earth (so infinitely small in comparison with the whole of creation) on which this religion was bestowed, does not seem to me quite so absurd, as I at first supposed: but the doctrine of an *eternal punishment*, even though the life of man may have been supremely wicked through the period even of a hundred, or more years, does seem to me so wholly at variance as well with the justice, as with the mercy of God, that I confess it has ever been to me an insurmountable obstacle to any belief in your religion; for I cannot admit that man can be more just and merciful than God; and as there surely is no proportion, whatever, between *finite crime*, and *never-ending punishment*, you must excuse me when I say that, if your religion be absurd and false in this particular, it can have no claim to divinity in any other.' 'Under the view which *you* take of the matter, Paulinus, your doubts and difficulties, I am free to own, are natural. What I have to say in reply must necessarily be brief; but I hope sufficient to convince you that the doctrine in question is not so well understood by you, as to justify your regarding it as an *insurmountable* obstacle; and you will admit that if this fundamental doctrine be susceptible of a rational, though necessarily a conjectural explanation, and yet one that is consistent with the words of Scripture, and with the justice and mercy of God, it would be unwise in you to insist on the naked, and unexplained doctrine, that has proved to you so great an impediment. But,

I would previously know of you whether you have made yourself acquainted with the opinions, and even with the speculations, of the theologians on this point; for, *cuilibet in arte sua credendum est*—have you so read even the Scriptures, as to be familiar with all the uses made therein of the epithet '*everlasting*'—have you ever read Soame Jenyns', and Abraham Tucker's very ingenious views on this subject? for, if you have not, I will presently, briefly detail to you some of their opinions, sufficient to render it entirely probable that this word *eternal*, or *everlasting*, has been greatly misunderstood, and that if it even means *never-ending*, still that does not imply never-ending *time*.' 'I am obliged to admit to you,' replied Paulinus, 'that I have done neither the one nor the other, but have merely taken the matter in its popular acceptation.' 'And yet,' rejoined I, 'you have been willing, without any examination of a truly difficult point, either wholly to abandon the Scriptures, mainly on this account, or to doubt God's justice and mercy in respect to it! Would it not have been wiser to have ascertained first, whether Scripture does unequivocally maintain a never-ending punishment? and secondly, if it does, whether eternity may not well be everlasting or never-ending, and yet not be never-ending *time*! And finally, whether there may not be other modes in which never-ending punishment may be consistent both with justice and mercy? Now, without presuming to give any very decided opinion on such points, it is quite sufficient, if I can meet your strong conviction, with even a rational

doubt as to your really understanding the matter, on which you have ventured to be convinced, and therefore, to reject every other revelation! such a doubt once raised by me, ought *per se* to show you that a thing not understood can never be an insurmountable obstacle to faith in things that are understood. If then, it be within the wit of man to imagine any explanation of the subject, or to suggest any mode that can reconcile eternal punishment with human notions of justice, how much more so must it be with God, who knows the nature of time, of eternity, of spirit, of body, and of these two united; and who, therefore, can devise an infinitude of means to vindicate his ways to man, when man himself, on such a subject, can do perhaps little else than indulge in some obscure conjectures. All, then, that you can expect from me is, to show you that your *strong infidel conviction*, ought to be changed at least into a *feeble doubt*, and this being done, your subsequent reflection will readily remove that.

'I shall have no occasion to carp at the word '*everlasting*;' for though it may by no means import an *absolute eternity*, and may well be synonymous with *indefinite*, which certainly differs from *infinite*; and though the epithet 'everlasting,' be often used in Scripture, as connected with things which are certainly *not eternal*, but the duration of which is merely indefinite as to *time*, as in the expression '*everlasting hills*'—yet all this, Paulinus, I shall pass by as comparatively unworthy of attention: for, if punishment in the future state be attended with a *consciousness of time*, and it be

only as enduring as the hills now are, or even the one thousandth part of that time, there would still be, for all the purposes of your infidel argument, such a vast disproportion, according to our conception, between *finite crime* and a punishment of even *such a duration*, that I should lose nothing by at once admitting an absolute eternity of punishment. The sound doctrine, then, as it seems to me, is, that the word everlasting does truly import *never-ending*, and that this must necessarily be so from the intrinsic nature of spirit: and yet, Paulinus, your objection becomes wholly groundless, if you but separate from this absolute eternity all *consciousness of time:* and herein you will find a ready solution of the whole difficulty—a difficulty which has solely arisen from erroneously supposing that *eternity* necessarily means an endless *prolongation of time;* whereas eternity *can* have nothing to do with time, as this belongs only to a finite being, and must cease the moment that being ceases to exist as a man. Eternity is, in truth, neither time present, past, nor future, is incapable of parts, and though endless, is still without prolongation. We can form no idea of eternity, by comparing it with time; for time has parts, and consists wholly of a succession of those parts from the *terminus a quo*, to the *terminus ad quem*—not so of eternity, which does not consist of an infinite progression of time. If you will examine with me this little essay of Soame Jenyns, you will readily perceive what crude notions we habitually form of time and of eternity—how it may well be, nay, how it must

be, that when we leave the body, we end all connection with, or knowledge of *time;* and that, as a consequence, our punishment (though almost infinitely varied in degree, as we are expressly informed it shall be,) must necessarily be eternal or never-ending. If, then, the spirit when in the other world, (though cognizant of past actions,) has no consciousness whatever, of *time*, the question about the endlessness of time, is idle and unmeaning. Let us then see, from the essay to which I now invite you, what this author says of time and of eternity. 'We are so accustomed' says he,' to connect our ideas of time with the history that passes in it, that is, to mistake a succession of thoughts and actions for time, that we find it extremely difficult, perhaps impossible, totally to distinguish them from each other; yet certain it is, that time abstracted from the thoughts, actions and motions, which pass in it, is *actually nothing:* it is only the mode in which some created beings are ordained to exist, but in itself has really no existence at all. All ideas follow each other in our minds in a regular and uniform succession, not unlike the ticking of a clock; and by that means all objects are presented to our imaginations in the same *progressive* manner: and if any vary much from that destined pace, by too rapid or too slow a motion, they immediately become to us totally imperceptible. We now perceive every one, as it passes, through a small aperture separately, as in the camera obscura, and *this we call time;* but at the conclusion of this state, we may probably exist in a manner quite different;

the window may then be thrown open, the whole prospect appear at one view, and all this apparatus, which we call time, be totally done away: for time is certainly nothing more, than the shifting of scenes necessary for the performance of this tragi-comical farce, which we are here exhibiting, and must undoubtedly end with the conclusion of the drama. Time has no more a real essence, independent of thought and action, than sight, hearing, and smell have independent of their proper organs, and the animals to whom they belong, and when they cease to exist, time can be no more. The Scriptures declare this annihilation of time, at the consummation of all things: *And the angel, which I saw stand upon the sea and the earth, lifted up his hand towards heaven, and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there should be* TIME *no longer.*

'If time be no more than the succession of ideas and actions, however these may be accelerated or retarded, time will be just the same: that is, neither longer or shorter, provided the same ideas and actions succeed one another, as far, I mean, as it relates to beings so thinking and acting. For instance, were the earth and all the celestial bodies to perform the same revolutions in one day which they now perform in a whole year, and were all the ideas, actions, and lives, of mankind hastened on in the same proportion, the period of our lives would not be in the least shortened; but that day would be exactly equal to the present year: if in the space of seventy or eighty of these days a man was born,

educated, and grown up, had exercised a profession, had seen his children come to maturity, his grandchildren succeed them, and during this period had had all his ideas and actions, all his enjoyments and sufferings, accelerated in the same proportion, he would not only seem to himself and to all who lived in the same state with him, and measured time by the same standard, to have lived so long, but actually and in fact would have lived as long as one who resides on this globe as great a number of our present years.

'From hence it is evident, that we can form no judgment of the duration of the lives, enjoyments, and sufferings, of other animals, with the progression of whose ideas we are totally unacquainted, and who may be framed in that respect, as well as in many others, so widely different from ourselves. The gaudy butterfly that flutters in the sunshine but for a few months, may live as long as the stupid tortoise, that breathes for a century; the insect, that survives not one diurnal revolution of the sun, may, for any thing we know, enjoy an age of happiness; and the miserable horse, that appears to us to suffer the drudgery of ten or twenty years, may finish his laborious task in as many months, days, or hours!

'From what has been said, we may perceive into what amazing absurdities many of our ablest divines and metaphysicians have plunged, in their investigations of eternity, for making which their receipt is usually this: they take of time a sufficient quantity, and chopping it in small pieces, they dispose them in imaginary lengths, which they dis-

tinguish by the names of minutes, hours, days, years, and ages: then, feeling in their own minds a power of multiplying these as often as they think fit, they heap millions upon millions; and finding this power to be a machine that may be worked backwards and forwards with equal facility, they extend their line both ways, and so their eternity is completed, and fit for use: they then divide it in the middle, and out of a single eternity they make two, as they term them, *a parte ante* and *a parte post;* each of which having one end, may be drawn out like a juggler's ribband, as long as they please. The contradictions so manifest in this system, sufficiently declare its falsehood: for in adopting it we must acknowledge, that each half of this eternity is equal to the whole; that in each the number of days cannot exceed that of the months, nor the months be more numerous than the years, they being all alike infinite; that whether it commenced yesterday or ten thousand years since, the length of its duration must be the same; for the length depends not on the beginning but on the end, but that cannot be different where there is no end at all: the absurdity of all these propositions is too glaring to stand in need of any refutation; for it is evident, that whatever contains parts, length, or numbers, can never be infinite; whatever had a beginning must have an end, because beginning and ending are the modes of temporary existence: what has no end could have no beginning, because both are equally inconsistent with eternity. In truth all these absurdities arise from applying to

eternity our ideas of time, which, being two modes of existence entirely different, bear not the least relation to each other: time is in its nature finite and successive; eternity infinite and instantaneous; and therefore their properties are no more applicable to each other, than those of sounds to colours, or of colours to sounds; and we can no more form eternity out of time, than, by mixing red, blue, and green, we can compose an anthem or an opera.

'It has been frequently asked why God created the universe at the time in which he did create it, and why he suffered millions of ages to pass away before the commencement of so glorious a work? To this it may be replied with equal conciseness and truth, that in fact no such ages ever did or could pass before it was created; nor was it created in any time at all; for neither the essence or actions of God have the most distant relation to time; he has been pleased in his infinite wisdom to bestow on some parts of his creation a temporal mode of existence, and from this alone time derives its origin: to suppose time antecedent to temporal existence, is to suppose effects to precede their causes; and not less absurd, than to imagine, that there could be perception before sensitive beings, or thought before intelligent beings existed. This very question proves the absurdity of connecting time and eternity together; for if God's power of creating is coeval with his existence, that existence eternal, and that eternity only time extended, this evident contradiction follows, that God though always equally able, yet in fact never could create

any thing so soon, but that he might have created it sooner: that is, in other words, that he never could create any thing as soon as he could. All this puzzle arises from our foolishly supposing, that eternal and temporal beings must act in a manner similar to each other: if we do any thing, it must be done at some time or other; but God acts in ways as different from ours, as inconceivable to us; his ways are not like our ways, nor his thoughts like our thoughts: one day is to him as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; that is, neither of them with his manner of existing, thinking, or acting, have any connection whatever.

'All disputes about God's *foreknowledge* and *predestination* are of the same species, and derive their birth entirely from the same absurd supposition. Foreknowledge and predestination imply succession, and are relative to time, which has no relation to the essence or perception of the Creator of all things; and therefore in the sense usually applied to them, cannot with any propriety be attributed to him. He knows all things and ordains all things; but as all things are equally present to the divine intuition, it is impossible that he can foreknow or predestinate any thing.

'Of the same kind are all questions concerning the pre-existent and future state of the soul, arising likewise from confounding our ideas of these two modes of existence, temporal and eternal: whenever the soul is united with a body, perceiving all things by succession through material organs, it

acquires ideas of time, and can form none of existence unconnected with it; but whenever this union is dissolved, it probably returns again to its native mode of eternal existence, in which the whole circle of its perception being at once visible, it has nothing further to do with time; it is neither old or young, it lives no more in the seventeenth than in the seventh century, no nearer to the end than the beginning of the world: all ideas of years and ages, of pre-existence and futurity, of beginning and ending, will be totally obliterated: and possibly it will be as incapable of forming any conceptions of time, as it is now of eternity. The soul, therefore, being quite unconnected with time, whenever it is unconnected with a body, cannot properly be said to exist in another time, either prior or posterior, but only in another manner.

'Every argument, also, endeavouring to prove the *injustice and disproportion of eternal punishments* for temporal offences, is founded on the same erroneous principles, and admits of the same answer; that all computations of the magnitude of such punishments from their duration, by heaping years and ages upon each other, are absurd and inconsistent with that state in which they are to be inflicted: crimes will there be punished according to the degrees of their malignity, but neither for a long, or a short, or for any time at all; for all punishments must be correspondent to the state in which they are suffered: in an eternal state they must be eternal, in a temporal they must be temporal; for it is equally impossible that a being can be punished for

a time, where no time is, as that it should be punished everlastingly in a state which itself cannot last. As therefore, from the nature of things, this dispensation is necessary, it cannot be unjust, and from the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Author of nature, we may reasonably presume that it cannot be disproportioned to its several objects.'

'I confess,' said Paulinus, after carefully reading the foregoing extracts, 'that this subject appears to me wholly in a new light; and in one too, which seems to possess the double advantage of retaining all the requisite terror for the prevention of crime, whilst it relieves the mind from the painful dilemma of either questioning God's justice and mercy, or of our abandoning the Scriptures which reveal the doctrine as usually understood.' 'I was quite sure, my young friend,' replied I, 'that your infidelity would receive a shock, if I could once gain from you a willing ear; and though I do not concur with you in placing the question on the dilemma stated by you, I am pleased with your candour in admitting that the matter appears to you in a *new light*, and that you now seem to admit that it would be *painful to abandon* the Scriptures; but, as I promised you briefly to advert also to the opinion of another writer, I am unwilling to drop the subject here, though he takes, in some respects, a very different view of this matter. This, however, is of no moment; for all that I undertook, in the commencement of our conversation, was to convince you that the popular doctrine of eternal punishment, which gave to you

such infidel convictions, was very probably erroneous, that the whole matter not at all understood by you; and, therefore, that it is highly presumptuous in man to question either the truth of revelation, or the possibility of God's want of justice or mercy. Abraham Tucker, in his great work entitled 'THE LIGHT OF NATURE PURSUED,' denies the doctrine of eternal punishment, and argues his point mainly upon scriptural grounds; but speculates also, very ingeniously, upon what he denominates the *Aionian* life and *Aionian* death. He conceives, that although the soul, after the gross and material body is resolved into its mother earth, survives with an ethereal or *quasi* spiritual body, it is still not destined to retain it through an absolute eternity; but that this thin corporeal mixture is more or less attenuated and enduring, according to the extent of the individual's accountability for sin. But I will let him speak for himself: 'If I were to imitate some of our profound doctors, who run to the original text for a word wherein they may find a sense unthought of before, to support their particular opinions, I might insist that the term translated *everlasting*, ought to be preserved untranslated, as a kind of technical term, and called AION IN. I might then lay down, that as the age of man contains that space of time passing between his birth and his death, so the Aion, or *greater* age, contains the whole length of his *journey through matter*. Therefore, Aionian punishment is a state of suffering to last from his death until he gets

wholly clear of all corporeal organization. I might observe, likewise, it is remarkable that in speaking of God, whose eternity every body must allow to be absolute, it is said, that he shall endure, not simply to the Aion, that is forever, but to the *Aion of Aions*, that is forever and ever; which marks a visible difference between the duration of punishment and absolute eternity.'

I might enumerate other opinions and speculations of learned and pious men; but as my sole object is to show you that it is even within the power of man to reason so fairly on this subject, as to reduce your *insurmountable* difficulty to at least a feeble doubt; and if so, how certainly must it be within the power of God wholly to remove it! If we sleep soundly through a long night, how absolutely lost are these eight or ten hours! for we have then taken no note of time. If we fall into a syncope, or have been wholly deprived of reason during nearly a whole life, and are then perfectly restored, what an absolute blank, and how utterly non-existent are all of these tedious years of suffering! Do you suppose that the seven noble youths of Ephesus, who being compelled to seek refuge in a cave from the persecution of the Emperor Decius, and there fell into a deep slumber, from which they awoke in the reign of Theodosius, after the lapse of *one hundred and eighty-seven years*, had the least consciousness of time? Surely not, as the legend itself proves: and so of the Cretan EPIMENIDES, who, after sleeping forty years, came forth in full vigour, and promptly

acted as if nothing had occurred to him! I allude to the history of the seven sleepers, and of Epimenides, (though both are the idlest legends,) because they indicate the popular belief, as also that of philosophers, that *time* is absolutely *nothing;* and justifies the opinion of some, that the dead, during the many thousand years that may elapse between death and resurrection, may rise to the judgment with no more consciousness of the intervening ages, than if the resurrection and judgment were to occur at the very instant, at the mere *punctum temporis* of their earthly dissolution. Now, all of these matters may be mere speculation; but they are still sufficient for my purpose, which is to show you that neither God's justice and mercy, nor his revelation, is to be questioned by man, who may really know nothing of the essential nature of time, of eternity, or of spirit.' Here our conversation ended for the present, with a promise however, at the request of Paulinus, that I should also explain to him the true object and nature of *prayer;* which, as he truly remarked, is also another very popular difficulty among the infidels of our country; but this must be the subject of a distinct section.

### THE TRUE IDEA OF PRAYER.

CXXXVIII. I vehemently suspect, that my 'butterfly readers,' will accuse me of having forgotten, in the two preceding sections, the promise I made in the commencement of this little volume, to indulge in no lengthened essay, or very serious disserta-

tion. When this was given, I honestly meant to be strictly as good as my word; but this comes of an author's printing his 'Prefatory Epistle,' before he has half finished his work! The indulgent reader however, will be the more ready to excuse such incontinency of pen, and infirmity of purpose, if he has ever read 'THE DOCTOR,' that bright and useful exemplar, that *liber librorum* of an author's privileges! He will moreover, be the more indulgent, when he adverts to the importance of the topics in those sections, and the intrinsic difficulty of saying in a page or two, any thing satisfactory, or much to the purpose. My present subject is equally interesting, and no less difficult, and might have been passed over, had it not formed the last of the three great objections so often made by the infidels of our country, and on which PAULINUS, as we find, was willing to converse. 'How is it,' said he, 'that we are to pray to God, who already perfectly knows our every thought and want; and who, being so merciful and just, will give us what is proper, and will not give us any thing that is improper, however little or much we may pray?' 'You have stated your case, Paulinus, according to your erroneous views, both as to the *objects* and *kinds* of prayer, and precisely in the manner one is so apt to do, who has never prayed. Were I to give a definition of prayer, I should denominate it *the food of the soul.* The body of man no more requires material sustenance for its healthy and vigorous action, than the soul certainly demands this communion with its

Maker; and as the body languishes and dies when meat and drink are withheld, so does the soul when unsustained by prayer, constantly, though slowly perhaps, become more and more feeble, more and more diseased, until it terminates in a spiritual and everlasting death! You must often have observed how certainly any mental anxiety diminishes your appetite, and also how apt bodily pain is to cast the mind into some disarray. Now, those who pray, have a much more lively and certain perception of the immediate influence of prayer, in calming the soul, and in giving it unutterable peace, than any man ever experienced from the enjoyment of physical blessings. The *objects* of prayer are four-fold, viz: *Praise*, or adoration; *thanksgiving*, or a grateful acknowledgment of benefits; *confession*, or an humble and penitential recognition of our sins; and *prayer*, (specifically so called,) or supplication for such blessings as God may see fit to confer on ourselves, or on others. We do not adore our Maker, nor thank him, nor confess, nor supplicate, with any view of augmenting his glory, or of informing him of the state of our heart, or of inducing him to grant by reason of our request, any thing to our mere wishes; but the sole intent of prayer is personal to man; it is to sustain his soul, to soften his heart, to augment his sense of God's glory and perfections, to enliven our gratitude, to humble us in our own eyes, by a minute and daily examination of our sins and follies, and finally by cherishing in us more and more, our dependence on God for every blessing.

In fine, prayer produces a *status*, or, as it were, a fixed state of serenity, and of humble and thankful dependence on the great Author of nature,—a serenity which no worldly morals, no earthly honours, no physical blessings can possibly confer. When the soul attains to this state, it may be said to *pray always;* the ways of life are then full of pleasantness and peace; for if even afflictions come upon us, though our sensibilities remain, we have a solace within, that not only mitigates them, but teaches us that those whom God loveth, he often chasteneth; and to a sincere christian, nothing is more apt to raise in his mind a flitting solicitude as to his Maker's favour, than the enjoyment, through a series of years, of one uninterrupted worldly prosperity. As to the *kinds* of prayer, they are *audible*, *inaudible*, *public*, *quasi public*, (or in the family,) *secret*, (or in the closet,) *extempore*, *formal;* but of all the various kinds, none is so salutary as the *ejaculatory*, especially when mental, or inaudible, for this manifests the habitual *status*, to which I have just alluded. In this way the christian may pray always, and every where,—if in the busy scenes of life, in the streets, in the social circle, in steamers or coaches, in the ball room or theatre, or any where that conscience may permit him to go, or where accident against will may have brought him, he still performs his duty to society, to his family, and to himself; but yet with the love and gratitude due to God, ever present to his mind.

But, there is one important species of prayer, I

have yet failed to name, and that is the *mechanical!* You must not be surprised at its name and object; it is for beginners, who delay this duty under the plea that they *know not how*, and are *too wicked*, to pray! To such I recommend mere mechanical praying, in which, if the devil suggests twenty thoughts to the Spirit's one, they should take no alarm; all experience teaches, that these, after a few attempts, will diminish in a geometrical ratio; so that, after a time, you will be no longer thus troubled. It is most certainly true, Paulinus, that the devil busies himself as much with every individual soul as if that were the only one in the universe, and as if his whole kingdom depended upon gaining that one to his cause: his artifices are almost infinitely various, but all may be put to flight, though you should have to commence with the mere mechanical lip prayer, which he will not fail to whisper to you is sinful, and will seem to take as much care of your conscience, as if the true Spirit were influencing you!

The unknown author of '*The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins*,' (which, next to Robinson Crusoe, is entitled to popular favour,) evinces his deep acquaintance with the human heart, and the great efficacy of prayer, in his graphic description of Peter's musings on his *mechanical* prayers, and his conviction that, now sorely pressed by affliction, his soul should pray as well as his lips. Peter, as is sometimes the case, had been taught by his parents, to 'say his prayers morning and

night.' A wanderer from his wife and home, to seek some change in his sad fortunes, he naturally turned his thoughts within himself, and soon rested on the feeble glimpses of comfort which he had derived from his youthful prayers; but which, now that he was in manhood, and full of sorrow, he began to suspect were not exactly suited to his case, though far better than nothing. But, Paulinus, we will let Peter Wilkins speak for himself:

'These thoughts agitated me at least two miles, working stronger and stronger in me; till at length, bursting into tears—have I been doing nothing, says I, in the sight of God, under the name of prayers, for so many years? Yes, it is certainly so. Well, by the grace of God, it shall be so no longer; I will try somewhat more. So, looking round about me, to see if I was quite alone, I stepped into an adjoining copse, and could scarce refrain falling on my knees, till I came to a proper place for kneeling in. I then poured forth my whole soul and spirit to God; and all my strength, and every member, every faculty, was to the utmost employed, for a considerable time, in the most agreeable, as well as useful duty. I would, indeed, have began with my accustomed prayers, and had repeated some words of them, when, as though against and contrary to my design, I was carried away by such rapturous effusions, that to this hour, when I reflect thereon, I cannot believe but I was moved to them by a much more than human impulse. However, this ecstasy did not last above a quarter of an hour; but it was con-

siderably longer before my spirits subsided to their usual frame. When I had a little composed myself, how was I altered; how did I condemn myself for all my past disquiet! what calm thanks did I return for the ease and satisfaction of mind I then enjoyed! and coming to a small rivulet, I drank a hearty draught of water, and contentedly proceeded on my journey.'

'How comes it,' said Paulinus, 'that persons no less eminent for piety, than for high intelligence, have so pertinaceously objected to *extempore* prayer; seeing that prayer, as you have described it, flows so directly from the heart; and, from its very nature, is to express our daily, nay hourly, adoration, gratitude, confession of sins, and supplications?' 'To reply fully to your very natural question, would occupy more of our time, than can be now taken. Volumes have been written on this subject, and to them I must refer you. I would only remark, that for *public* and *family* devotion, *forms* of prayer have many decided advantages. They have been composed with great care, and with fervent piety, to meet every possible object of prayer. But in *closet* and *ejaculatory* devotion, there is much less occasion for forms; and, perhaps, it would be better to be wholly without them; as it also might be better, even in family worship, that a portion of it should be extempore. But even for closet devotion, particularly to meet cases of deep and abiding affliction, prayers of such singular excellence and beauty have been composed, that they have often

been adopted by persons in the like situation. This reminds me of that noble and sublime prayer so constantly made use of by *Charles the First*, during his misfortunes. It was adopted by him from the *Arcadia* of that accomplished scholar and gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney. You will remember, that in this heroic and pastoral romance, the lovely PAMELA uttered this prayer during her unparalleled sufferings from the machinations of CECROPIA, in whose castle she and her sister PHILOCLEA were confined. It is so eloquently and piously worded, and the volume is so rarely to be found, at the present day, in the hands even of the *élite* and well read among us, that I pray you, Paulinus, now to read it with me.

THE PRAYER OF PAMELA.

'O All-seeing Light and Eternall Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned; looke upon my misery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee shall seeme most convenient. Let not injurie, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by thy hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of thy justice. But yet, my God, if in thy wisdome, this be the aptest chastisement for my unexcusable folly; if this low bondage be fittest for my over-high desires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken; O Lord, I yeeld unto thy will, and joyfully embrace

what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Onely thus much let me crave of thee, (let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee,) let me crave, even by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may give myselfe, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodnesse (which is thyselfe,) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Majestie so to shine into my minde, that it may still depend confidently on thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow, of my vertue: let their power prevaile, but prevaile not to destruction: let my greatnesse be their prey: let my paine be the sweetnesse of their revenge: let them (if so seeme good unto thee,) vex me with more and more punishment: but, O Lord, let never their wickednesse have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure minde in a pure body.'

'I am truly thankful to you,' said Paulinus, 'for your remarks on the *infidel's humble argument*,—for your views on *eternal punishment*, and what you have just said as to *the true idea of prayer*. These subjects, I need not confess it, were to me sinfully novel; and your idea of *mechanical* prayer, I promise you not to lose sight of.' Here our conversations ended, and with them shall terminate the few *serious sections* which I have ventured to address to my readers.

# CHAPTER XI.

The Money-plague.—The best trades.—Architects.—Architecture.—Land speculators.—Authorship.—Agriculture.—The legal profession.—The medical profession.

### THE MONEY-PLAGUE.

CXXXIX. The moral atmosphere hath its poisons as well as the natural; and, if in the latter we find pestilences, that waste the body with divers disgusting maladies, and level to corruption and dust the stoutest constitutions, so is the former occasionally visited by such hurricanes and tornadoes among the pursuits of life, as play strange havoc with the heart and affections, dissolve their strongest ties, reveal the most selfish passions of our nature, reduce the proudest spirits, and often bring therewith a moral ruin and death, as swift and fatal as are the shafts of the cholera, or of the plague.

It is a curious and melancholy trait in our nature, that calamities whether of body or of mind, when they threaten to become general, are so apt to bring into high relief the dark features of the heart, to indurate its affections, poison the

sources of its sympathies, render us selfish and unfeeling, and sometimes even to annihilate every vestige of those bright emanations breathed by his Maker into the soul of man, to distinguish him from all other living creatures.

EUPHORION is a student of books, rather than an observer of men out of doors,—METELLUS seldom turns the leaf, but knows men by heart, from a close observation of their character and actions. 'Why,' said Metellus to his friend Euphorion, 'have you been so little within doors during the past week?' 'I marvel not at your question,' replied Euphorion, 'as you know I am so nearly a *fixture;* but I have had, you must know, some of the *premonitory* symptoms of the plague which now rages so violently over the whole land, and I have been among the money-doctors to see if they can remove them, and banish the pestilence from my humble and hitherto uninvaded privacy. But the doctors prescribed a remedy far worse than my disease in its then state; for, had I taken their thirty-six per cent. draught, I should have had a mortal disease instead of symptoms; so I called upon some friends, and would you believe it, Metellus, without the least success! There were DEMADES, TAURUS, PHILOTAS, MUMMIUS, CALPHUS, and ALCIMUS: but strange! all had the most plausible excuses in the world.' 'The *rationale* of all this,' rejoined Metellus, 'is easily explained. Know then, that the six individuals whom you have named, happened, unfortunately for you, to represent exactly six classes of men, at whose hands

it were folly to expect any relief, especially when this money-pressure, like a devastating plague, hath called into action every selfish principle, and dissolved some of the strongest ties that bind man to man.' 'I do well remember,' replied Euphorion, 'what a shock it was to my moral nature, when I first read *Defoe's* eloquent and graphic account of the great plague in London; as likewise in '*Britania's Remembrancer*,' by that curious author, Master *George Wither;* and also the description of the like horrors at Marseilles, as given by *Martin*, and I may add, that masterly picture drawn by *Thucydides*, of its havoc at Athens. In all of these, I do assure thee, poor humanity makes but a sorry figure, showing us in vivid colours, man's utter selfishness; and that when a calamity threatens to become general, the maxim then is *let each take care of himself!*' 'You are quite right,' said Metellus; 'and though I know but little of the miseries as described by the authors you have named, yet I have no small experience of those which arise from *money pestilences*, and do vouch to thee for the truth of what I say, that during their prevalence, we find, as in the plagues you have mentioned, the same suspicious glances at, and avoidance of friends, the same letting of the dead bury their dead, the like fluttering and hovering about the oppressed, by numerous harpies, or money-quacks, and the like indirections, nay, the same reckless and daring filching from the slightly diseased, and from those *in articulo mortis*, the same almost open robberies as take place,

when bodily pestilences prevail! The two diseased states, that of the body and of the purse, manifest such parallel violations of all the charities of life, such cold-blooded indifference to the miseries around us, and sometimes such atrocities, that it would present a point of no easy solution for the moralists to determine, whether our sympathies are more exhausted by an almost universal jeopardy of life, or by a like peril to the solvency of the purse! Now, my good friend,' still continued Metellus, 'as during a plague you will now and then find angelic spirits who fear not its arrows, and will encounter much that is shocking, so that they may rescue a friend; so, during these money-plagues, there are some who in like manner fearlessly look on the calamity, and minister relief.' 'You are quite in the right,' said Euphorion, 'for I ultimately obtained relief, but not from any one of the six I have named.' 'True,' said Metellus, 'and I will now explain the cause of your failure in each case. You first encountered the sordid, narrow-minded, and ever selfish *Demades!* you should have known the poverty of his affections; he is a summer's-day friend; and if it costs him nothing, he is still thy friend. You applied also to *Taurus*, whose inactivity and invincible laziness ought to have admonished you that he would deal with you in words only; and that he would regard you as most unreasonable in *troubling* him, when there are others whose vocation it is to minister to such wants. And *Philotas*, too; you should have avoided him, for he is the *busiest* man in town, and

quite too much occupied with his own vast concerns to bestow a thought on your diminutive wants. As for *Mummius*, he has no soul to realize your necessities; being *very rich* himself, he has no conception of *want* in others. But, why did you call on *Calphus?* he is himself too much occupied with his own unhappiness, though also abundant in means, to have an ear for the money-incommodities of any one. And lastly, as to *Alcimus*, he is extremely good-natured, very plausible, but so much like an exquisitely polished *little pin*, that he hath not brains sufficient to fully appreciate your wants. It appears then, Euphorion, that you valued on the *sordid*, the *lazy*, the *busy*, the *purse-proud*, the *unhappy*, and the *good-natured fool*. I could possibly point out to you six other classes of a very different mould, who, though composed of comparatively very few individuals, would during a raging money-plague, retain all the fine cords that vibrate in active sympathy with the miseries around them. But those who turned a deaf ear to you, during your week's peregrination, are men suited only for mild and prosperous times; and whose regard for, and confidence in you, endure only whilst you have no favours to ask of them. Oh wise Metellus, said Euphorion, how much better is thy wisdom derived from experience, than mine gained from books!

THE BEST TRADES.

CXL. It is said that Paulo Borghese, though he had fifteen different trades, starved with them all: and this he might well do among an ignorant and corrupt people, especially if he were a *conscientious* schoolmaster, preacher, author, politician, wine-merchant, and such like; for what hath either of them, when guided by conscience, to do with prosperity! Still, there are a few vocations, and perhaps at least four among as many thousand, which, happily for their pursuers, depend but little on the morals or intelligence of the people; and which lead to wealth with as unerring certainty, as water obtains its level, or as the needle finds its pole—and these cardinal trades are founded on four of the pervading laws of our mental and physical nature, to wit, *vanity*, *hunger*, *hope*, and *dread of pain*. These give rise to the mysteries of the tailor, baker, lottery-broker, and of the quack-doctor; all of which are successful at all times, and under all circumstances. But as to school-masters, who ever heard of a rich one, and are they not proverbially poor drudges? The preacher, too, though he faithfully 'serves at the altar,' is often scarcely permitted to 'live by the altar;' for in cardinal Bentivoglio, and a thousand others in the old, and in the new world likewise, we find the goods of this life most niggardly bestowed, though they may have been the most zealous and meritorious followers of the cross! Of starving authors we could readily detail a list that possibly might reach

to the Rocky mountains! a few, however, will serve our present purpose. Butler could never see more than a few pounds—Cervantes, though he enriched the world with his inimitable Don Quixotte, passed through a miserable life, and died in poverty—Otway starved in the most populous city in christendom—Vauglas sold his body to the surgeons to pay his debts—Camœns died in an infirmary—Churchill became a beggar—and Sydenham, the learned translator and annotator of Plato, had to repose on the charity of a humble publican! Nor have many of the authors of our country found their *trade* a much more profitable one—there has been some starvation, too, among them, even in this land of boasted abundance! We are now too close to their times to examine into particulars: in a century hence we may possibly hear of their fate. As to politicians by profession, their destiny is too notorious to need examples—they live on anxious hope, and die in hopeless debt. And lastly, as to wine-merchants, if they be honest, how soon are they bankrupt, and if prosperous, is it not by a long series of villanous mixtures? But the four peculiar favourites of fortune already mentioned, soon become classed among the good livers of our country; and are found every where throughout our vast domain, enjoying enviable prosperity, though money plagues should oppress every other class; for fine apparel, expensive breads, chances for high prizes, and infallible medicines meet with an incessant demand. The tailors, bakers, brokers, and quacks, consequently, are our *practical* philo-

sophers; they become immensely wealthy, and they, or their progeny, however democratic or radical they may have been, are sure to abandon their politics, in the ratio of the increase of their wealth; and, after a while, entirely forgetting their former hostilities to what they called aristocracy, aspire to become leaders of the *haut ton!* Oh the surprising want of principle that often accompanies the want of money—Oh how wonderful are the transmuting qualities of wealth on human opinions!

### ARCHITECTS.

CXLI. The occupation of the *architect*, or rather the house-builder, ranks next in the scale of prosperity, to the four eminently successful trades mentioned in the preceding section. Men will have houses, as well as clothes, bread, physic, and the chance of fortune's favour. The four last, indeed, *quæ ipso usu consumuntur*, are in hourly demand, and hence lead to fortune with more certainty than that of the house-builder. But, fortunately for the architect, all things in our country are in a state of such continual mutation, that houses even partake of the common mutability and infirmity; and, like their furniture, they are made to yield to the all-subduing versatility of fashion, and are built in so perishable a manner that they are sure to attain a premature old age, if they do not sooner come to the ground with a crash, without the aid of an earthquake.

In the old countries, every thing that appertains to art is far more enduring. A German peasant is

often without a coat until he takes to himself a *frau;* and then it is, in material, so substantial, and the tailor has so faithfully executed his duty upon it, that sometimes it lasts him during the residue of his life! Houses, also, in the old world, are uniformly constructed with no other idea than that of eternal duration—hence their massive walls—their roofs of tile, stone, or metal—their granite or marble stairs—their brick or stuccoed floors—their iron gratings—leaden windows—and finally, their almost total exclusion of every combustible or perishable material! We, on the contrary, build mainly for the present generation, or to gratify some special temporary purpose; and houses are sometimes raised with a rapidity that can be only excelled by the haste with which they occasionally, *sponte sua*, claim kindred with their mother earth. Architects, moreover, as they practise a mystery which others cannot see so clearly into, as they can into many other trades, not only derive a profit from the prevailing ignorance, but can scarce be bound by any contract which the wit of man can devise—and if bound, what boots it? for they seldom have wherewithal to respond in damages, should they violate their engagements. Who that hath built a house, doth not know that if the slightest departure from the written compact, hath been sanctioned by the proprietor, the architect is sure to deal with him as if all the rest were 'leather or prunella!' In some parts of our country, also, though the architect be *in medias res*, and your house, just in that state in which the season

demands the utmost expedition with some further work, he takes some offence at what you may have said, or denied to him, and thereupon he suddenly disappears, with a small balance of the account against him! He 'takes up his bed and walks,' and other countries receive him, where better prices are paid, and where no vexatious restrictions on his vain fancies are imposed! The far western 'world is all before him where to choose.' There, as he knows full well, he will be heartily welcomed—money is in great abundance—towns and cities are to be rapidly built up—he may soon grow rich, and become in due time a M. C. or, possibly, fill some gubernatorial chair! And, should chance bring him back to the Atlantic city from which he had departed so unceremoniously, he possibly finds that his last employer there, has *descended* as many steps in the ladder of fortune, as he, during his western sojourn, has *ascended* in it! The architect has now become the gentleman, and the proprietor is no longer able to own a house! In a country, (the whole of which seems to be in a state of chrystalization, shooting out from a thousand centres at once, and with the rapidity, too, of that diversified and most beautiful of nature's operations)—where new sovereignties, and towns, and cities are constituted, and laid out, and built, with a facility and quickness without any parallel, architecture must needs flourish; especially as *vanity* and *hope* come in aid of *necessity* to raise the gorgeous marble or granite mansion, and the unpretending brick dwelling, alongside of the rude log-house, and still more

humble and temporary shantee. The *vanity* of the parvenue is displayed in a sumptuous building; the *hope* of the speculator is manifested by numerous tawdry and perishable shells, hastily put together by him to supply the wants of those who cannot wait to build, or of those who, without judgment in such matters, are apt to regard all houses of the same size and fashion, as equally good, and, at all events, as sufficiently durable to last their day and purpose! And lastly, the *necessity* of the pioneers in the remote west, is satisfied with the rudest huts; as they know these will soon give place to far more comfortable tenements, and that roads and canals and prosperous villages will rapidly encompass them, and in turn, enable them to remove these tenements, for dwellings of compative splendour and durability. Such, in fine, are the causes of the architect's success in our country; and at the same time, of the too generally prevalent, though not invariable, bad taste, and perishable nature of our private buildings. As to those erected at the public cost, the matter is somewhat different. The architects have, then, both a deep and a punctual purse to rely on; and the work is more faithfully done, because these are almost the only buildings which are erected with an eye to posterity; and, therefore, quadruple the time is sure to be taken in their erection, than is ever allowed for private ones, though of equal magnitude! Public patronage, moreover, shows its respect for the mechanic arts, by such liberality as to time and money; and the artizans, in turn, are apt to manifest their gratitude

to government, by *voting* according to the wishes of the powers that be.

ARCHITECTURE.

CXLII. There is, perhaps, no 'outward and visible sign' more faithfully characteristic of a nation's actual condition in most that constitutes the usual idea of civilization, than the existing state of its architecture. In any particular age, moreover, the prevalent taste or style of building among a people, seems to indicate distinctly and separately, as it were, the more prominent traits in that people's history. Philosophers have thought they were able to trace to this extent, not only their inner character, but to discern, even in their most recent and finished structures, some evidences of their most primitive habits, of their gradual progress in the arts, and generally, of the melioration of their physical condition, from the rudest beginnings to a state of high refinement.

In the massive mausoleums, and ever-enduring structures, so common among the heathen nations of old, we perceive the *earthiness*, so to speak, of all their hopes, their attachments, and their affections. The grave, with them, had no certain world beyond it, no renewed existence; and the soul, recoiling from the idea of annihilation, or even of a doubtful after-existence, sought terrestrial perpetuity, by this ideal connection with imperishable monuments. But, when life and immortality were clearly revealed, and became a general faith, their longing after earthly immortality naturally ceased;

and with it civil architecture, generally, began to fashion its models on a lighter, more tasteful, and perishable scale.

How beautifully is the truth of our general remark further illustrated, by the well-known fact that, however nations may advance from the rudest beginnings to the utmost opulence and civilization; and whatever may be their mutations, and even intermixtures with other people and other lineages, still there may be easily traced in the architecture of every age, and under all of these varying circumstances, most of those prominent features, which marked their first rude attempts in forming their habitations. The astonishing vastness of the Egyptian style was never lost sight of, even in their most magnificent and elaborate structures! The temples of Carnac and of Dendera, and all the wonders of the architecture of this father of ancient nations, as revealed to us by Belzoni and Champollion, still remind us of the *caverns* and *mounds* of their primitive ancestors. In the architecture of the Chinese, during their long series of ages, we are no less compelled to recognize the *tents* in which dwelt their first fathers; and to see in this still pervading feature of even their now most gorgeous structures, this visible evidence of their early nomadic habits. Again, in the beautiful simplicity of the Grecian style, are faithfully preserved the horizontal and perpendicular lines of their primitive wooden *cabins;* which was never departed from, whatever solid materials were subsequently used, as marbles at Athens, or travertines at Pæstum, and

however variously and beautifully, in other respects, they may have been fashioned. In the Roman style, also, we clearly trace something of a mélange, correspondent in like degree with that of their mixed national formation. The Gothic manner, likewise, faithful to its sylvan origin, indicates their first habitations to have been *groves* and *bowers* of trees: and in the Moorish and Arabesque styles, as also in those of the Saxons, Swiss, Dutch, French, Russian, and, indeed, of all other nations, a close observer will readily detect their more or less pure or miscellaneous national origin. Few nations have ever been composed of as various and fortuitous materials as ours; and whatever of architecture we do possess, is consentaneously miscellaneous: but, as the Anglo-Saxon population predominates, and as the *cabin* was, also, our primitive form; and, moreover, as the economy and simplicity of the Grecian manner suit our means and habits better, that style is most predominant with us; with, however, such occasional intermixture, principally by way of ornament, of the Gothic, Saracenic, and Roman styles, as indicates that we are not only gathered from the four winds of heaven, but are also, in our essential character, more cosmopolitan than the people of any other nation under the sun. But even with us, the little that we have in architecture that is peculiar, either in its substantial or ornamental parts, evinces the operation of the same principle to which we have so much alluded; and, as for building, brick and wood were the result of our primitive necessities,

and as the Indian corn was one of our staples, we find the former materials retained much longer than necessity demanded, and the plain style, to which they necessarily gave rise, generally adopted, even when the materials themselves were wholly rejected, and that the Indian corn was at once availed of as the graceful ornament of a capitol, when the good taste of one of our earliest architects suggested the propriety of introducing a new or American order. It is with architecture, in fine, as with popular superstitions, ceremonies, festivities, or even with children's pastimes, they are all eminently *traditional*, at least, in their cardinal features. Ages may pass away, new laws, institutions, habits, and even religions, be introduced; vast opulence and refinement may take place of poverty and rudeness; and still the original elements of the primitive architecture will survive, with as much certainty, as we now find among the people, old and young, a thousand crude remains of their early superstitions, and childish amusements. We, however, have less to fear from this yielding to traditional influences in any form, than any other people; but were our architects highly educated, and were they, by the power of that well directed philosophy which sometimes triumphs even over the traditional force of custom and of prejudice, to strike into such new paths as our destined greatness will eventually require, there is still room for improvement on even ancient models; and so ample are the resources of our country in all the richest materials, that the day might then come, when the *American style*

would be cherished and lauded with enthusiasm; and all other styles either cease to be much known, or at least to be much followed! Until then, how fortunate would it be if we could but servilely copy! Alas, even for this, we have not yet education and wisdom sufficient; the general manner of our domestic architecture, in particular, being singularly vicious, and generally as devoid of utility, grace, and beauty, as it certainly is of stability.

LAND SPECULATORS.

CXLIII. The land speculators of our country form a class *sui generis*, and are not only indigenous, but are likely to remain peculiar to it as the causes that gave rise to them are, indeed, *unique*. They purchase from government, at a fixed, small price, domains sufficiently extensive for principalities; these are at once dealt with, not topographically and agriculturally, but on a much more extended scale, that is, geographically and geologically! By these inferential means, they are enabled to furnish the most plausible and fascinating descriptions of mines, inexhaustible in every species of mineral—of hills, covered with timber 'towering to the heavens'—of dales, rich in nature's garniture, and watered by never failing springs and streams—of noble rivers, to bear the teeming products of the soil to villages, towns, and cities that are to be—of numerous sites for houses, that proclaim to the world 'come and build me up a Babylon'—of courses for canals and rail roads, binding in one great chain these numerous towns and populous

cities! Now, all of these are really charming in description, and look surprisingly well and plausible on paper; and though they be things *in posse* merely, make such a grand display of *capabilities*, as mislead the multitude, who almost imagine them to be *in esse* and thus they become the dupes of the first purchasers, who, themselves, no little deceived by their own fancies, have ventured nothing, as these lands are, under any circumstances, worth the price they paid. The numerous possibilities, imagined by the *enterers*, are immediately ripened into probabilities; and, long before the eye of man hath seen, or the feet of even the hunters have pressed the soil, the whole of their imaginings are made, as it were, visible through the aid of beautifully executed lithographic maps; whereupon these vast domains become partitioned, and are sold out, at a constantly increasing price, so that these land speculators, *ad infinitum*, have all, in turn, used this rod of Midas, and flatter themselves with the notion of their having realized immense fortunes! During this process of speculation upon speculation, little or no money passes between any of the parties—each successive purchaser has added a hundred or more per cent.; all are delighted with their bargains, and the last possessor has an horizon before him that promises a still more flattering prospect! The bubble, however, bursts, leaving millions of these *contracts* to be settled between all the parties, in the best way they can. Were this bubble, like that of the Tulip mania, that once raged in Holland, wholly

referrible to the imagination; were there, indeed, no solid basis for large hopes, the cure might be both speedy and thorough. But the truth is that past experience has, in a few instances, more than realized the wildest expectations, and that coming experience will, no doubt, in a like few instances realize the same. The lands, unlike the tulips, have a permanent and intrinsic value; they rise in price, with unexampled augmentation and rapidity; the wilderness sometimes becomes a smiling, highly cultivated, and populous region, full of active industry, and enlivened by villages, towns, and even cities, that have sprung up, as it were, by magic: but still all this, and much more does not justify a tythe of the wild and ruinous speculations that have been indulged in; and only furnishes another example of the ease with which sober judgment may be hurled from her throne by that random roué, the Imagination.

### AUTHORSHIP.

CXLIV. Authorship, by profession, is too often a mind-racking, heart-vexing, body-starving trade, the avails of which are often made to enrich others, and leave to the ink-consuming wights, little else than their self-pleasing fancies, an exemption from pecuniary *loss*, and the *ideal property* of a copy-right! Authorship, with us, seems to be a vast lottery in which, amidst ten thousand blanks, there may be a small prize in lucre, and a large one in fame; but still, the 'race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong'—good-fortune being as

visible in this, as in any of the other schemes of chance. Strange as it may be, success is no sure criterion of merit; nor are the unknown volumes that load our shelves, necessarily inferior to many that are very current! If, too, an author should make a happy hit, so little is the discrimination in the mass of readers, that his *name* is apt to do more for him afterwards, than the ability of his pen. Since the art of printing took its second start, no class of producers has been so oppressed, vilified, cheated, as have been the authors. With the best wishes to enlighten and to please, they too often find, to their mortification and impoverishment, an ungrateful world ignorant of their toils, and lavishing unbounded praises, and a liberal patronage on some ephemeral, fashionable work—or booksellers, paper-makers, book-binders, and printers, deriving the chief emolument of their mental exertions, leaving to the author little beyond his *frais*, or whatever of present or of posthumous fame he can snatch from the grasp of merciless reviewers, who, to gratify a happy turn of thought, or to point a sentence, sometimes damn a book, with an icy-hearted nonchalance, to everlasting oblivion, and with a success, too, that betokens neither sound feelings, nor sound sense in the community. The air which we breathe, and the waters that nature hath so bountifully supplied, are scarce more plenteous and pervading than are books now, of every form, and adapted to every taste, and to every want. Those who are not absolutely paupers may have libraries now, which, a few cen-

turies ago, could scarce have been acquired by a princely fortune. Louis XI. desiring the temporary use of a volume, at present no longer known, could obtain the loan of it for his *copier*, only by depositing with the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, twenty marks, and a bond, also, of an hundred golden crowns, for its return! Whereas in these our days of cylinder and steam presses, an author can scarce reap the clear gain of as many bajocchi from an entire edition of his work, though all should be sold within the first year of its existence! The well concocted conspiracy, the artfully contrived device, the ingeniously fabricated machinery by which authors are subjected to the vassalage and absolute dictation of others, who reap nearly all the emolument, on the penalty to the author of a nearly total exclusion from the knowledge of the world, or the possibility of its obtaining his works, is an evil of greater and more daring outrage in this, than perhaps in any other country. *Amo l'ingenuita, e detesto l'inganno*, else would Anthony Grumbler not dare to thrust his head, thus unceremoniously, into the midst of a hornet's nest This is a topic sufficiently numerous in facts, and fertile in violated principles, to occupy a volume: and though our race of authors be at present a limited, powerless, and dependant body, it still is passing strange they do not rally and teach their oppressors that 'knowledge is power,'—strange is it they do not act in concert, and have the disposal of their works under their sole control throughout this vast continent. A little *code* on this subject

may, possibly, be hereafter given, that will either immortalize Anthony Grumbler, and crown him with the never-fading laurels of every American author's gratitude, *or* sink him into hopeless, irretrievable oblivion! *Nous verrons.*

AGRICULTURE.

CXLV. 'Cousin,' said a bishop of Lincoln, upon being solicited for an office by a country relative, 'if your cart be broken I'll mend it; if your plough be old, I'll give you a new one, and even seed to sow you land: but an *husbandman* I found you, and an husbandman I'll leave you.;* There was both humanity and practical wisdom in this dealing of the bishop with his aspiring, and discontented cousin. The Egyptians certainly carried to a very unreasonable extent, their adherence to the employment in which they and their forefathers were educated; but it was, perhaps, attended with less evil to themselves and to the community, than that perpetual craving after any other pursuit than our own, which is sometimes found in England, and which in our country is so usual, as occasionally to ruin families, and very often individuals. Our agriculturists seem to set far less value on their profession than did the ancients. Their emperors, statesmen, and philosophers considered tilling of the earth the most honourable of occupations: they often ploughed, sowed, planted and grafted with their own hands. Cyrus took such pride in this em-

* Fuller's Holy State, p. 25.

ployment that his greatest pleasure was to point out to his friends the work of his own labour. Attalus forsook his throne for the pleasures of agriculture. Seneca dug his fish ponds, planted his plane-trees, and took more delight in examining his fields, and personally directing their cultivation, than even in the study of philosophy. The most renowned names of Roman families were derived from these pursuits, as the *Vituli*, *Lentuli*, *Fabii*, *Bulbici*, *Tauri*, *the Ciceros*, and a hundred more. Nay, it is said that Italy takes its name from the Greek *Italos*, (vitulus) a calf—and we know that Apollo was an herdsman, and that both Paris and Anchises were shepherds; and so were Abraham and all of the patriarchs; and we might first have mentioned Adam, and his pious son Abel. But, the agriculturists of this *unique* land seem to be a *little* ashamed of their vocation; for they are sure to educate their sons for doctors, lawyers, merchants, and congress-men; and they themselves are often traders, shippers, bankers, politicians, hotel-keepers, mine-workers, law-makers, and in fine, any thing but careful, practical, and scientific cultivators of the soil! The evils that result from this *hankering* after other pursuits with which they are often wholly unacquainted, are sometimes very great; and the false pride which occasions the education of, perhaps, an only son, to medicine, to law, or to politics, still tends to greater mischief; for if the son should make but a poor doctor or lawyer, on the death of his parent, the family domain goes to almost certain ruin, from the want of a protector;

and the sisters, should they not marry, are left to the precarious protection of exacting and fraudulent overseers, and to the consuming and wasteful habits of idle and vagabond slaves! But the evils which flow from not duly estimating the excellences of agriculture, manifest themselves in every possible form, and are far greater than those to which we have alluded. We cannot set them forth in a little section of a small volume; we only design to set our readers to *thinking;* and if they do think, they must agree with us that no vocation in life is more honourable, laudable, and peaceful, than that of agriculture; and that it may be made *profitable*, withall, if they will only abstain from invading the provinces of others; and above all, if they will still more carefully abstain from imitating the extravagant habits of city folks.

THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

CXLVI. A thousand kind things have been said of law, and ten times as many evil things of lawyers! Pomponius regards the *science* as the invention of the gods, with the added maxims of wise-men; and that great necromancer, Cornelius Agrippa, if he be good authority, says 'the tongue of a *lawyer*, unless fast bound in silver chains, is most mischievous and pernicious;' and we may add, that it is well if his tongue, even when so bound, be not still sometimes very dangerous. Censure *en masse*, of almost any profession, arises from ignorance and vulgar prejudice. Superior knowledge when it appeared in rude ages, was

generally ascribed by the ignorant, either to the gift of the gods, or to some mysterious and wicked communion with the Prince of Darkness; and, that which is now chemistry and astronomy, was then necromancy, magic, witchcraft, and what not! It must be admitted that knowledge is too often wrested from its virtuous tendencies, and made the medium of much wickedness and oppression: but, on the whole, if the secret chronicles of the legal profession in all ages and nations, were now fully exposed to view, we truly believe that less of vice and meanness would be brought to light, than on a similar inquiry into the doings of almost any other active and important vocation. Much of the current prejudice against lawyers is vulgar and traditional; and, as they necessarily wield immense power, they can scarce fail to be the objects of much obloquy, and of no little praise, according as they happen to be viewed through different mediums. The *phobia causidicorum*, so prevalent among the lower orders in this and other countries, seems to me to be often more in words than in substance; for though lawyers are the constant subjects of the popular jeers, of the railing of the multitude, and of the ridicule even of the drama; and though the people have habitually leagued them with the devil, and love to tell many disparaging tales of them, yet lawyers still remain the most entrusted, the most honoured, and withal, the most efficient and useful body of men, in proportion to their number, of any in the community; and, if there be still remaining

among us any elements that can be called aristocratic, they will be found no where so certainly, as among gentlemen of the legal profession. Now this involuntary tribute paid by the people to knowledge and virtue, maugre the force of 'old saws,' is strong proof of the general integrity of the profession, and sustains my Lord Coke when he said that, 'the four corners of their cap do import *science*, *experience*, *observation* and *recordation*; and that their coif is like unto the helmet of Minerva, who was the goddess of *Counsel*.' It is, however, lamentably true that the legal profession hath some very *black sheep*, to whom most of the coarse epithets, so lavishly bestowed on the profession in general, do properly and exclusively belong: for it is equally true that the science, from its moral and enlightening nature, can scarce fail to cherish and expand the noblest principles of our nature, and to render the honest lawyer meritorious of all the influences exerted, and of all the honours received by him. Some of the prejudice against lawyers, has also arisen from the illiberal jealousy sometimes existent between them, and ambitious politicians and statesmen. It also occasionally happens, especially in England, that gentlemen educated to the bar, but who have forsaken it for the wider and more ambitious arena of state concerns, speak very disparagingly of their old acquaintances! This seems to have been the case with Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, and others. These eminent statesmen, on the trial of Warren Hastings, indulged in some unjust and illiberal remarks on the

professors of the law. Mr. Burke's observation on that occasion, that 'he wished to see the country governed by *law*, but not by *lawyers*,' was, in the abstract, sound enough, since no country ought to be governed by any one profession; but the remark imported more than this; and, if it were not unmeaningly uttered, in a moment of exacerbated reply, it was unworthy of its great author. It seems, however, to have been his opinion, the result of some peccant hostility to the gentlemen of the long-robe; for, on another occasion, he spoke of the law as 'one of the first and noblest of human sciences, and that it does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all the other kinds of learning put together'—and yet, when he comes to speak of lawyers, it is in language by no means eulogistic. But, were the hostile feelings of these politicians well founded, and were the remark of Dean Swift true, that 'lawyers of all others, seem least to understand the nature of government in general,' they are entitled to little influence here, as the matter is extremely different in our country, where law is both *studied* and *practised*, far more liberally and scientifically than it is in England. It is there, as well as in France, much more an art—a trade—a mere profession, and a narrow vocation, than it is in our country. Law and general politics are with us more intimately associated; and the whole course of life and of studies in general, is often more extensive and refined in the United States, than, perhaps, in any other country whatever,—so that the traditional

prejudices brought to our shores by many foreigners, are ill applied here, whatever of truth there may be in them elsewhere: and yet, I regret to repeat that it must be admitted, we have in the profession, throughout the country, some *very black sheep*—most unworthy members of a truly honourable and useful profession—and what vocation in life has them not? Is it not an incontrovertible truth that many corrupt lawyers have been made so principally by their clients? How many *popular* lawyers have become so from the mere fact of their known destitution of principle—they are *smart*, *unprincipled*, *reckless*, *persevering*, *bold*, *cunning*, *wordy*, and *grinding*—therefore they become popular: Clients have been known furtively, as it were, to employ such men, when they knew that honest and enlightened, but *neglected* lawyers, were starving with large families! As the 'race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' in most of the pursuits of life, so in the law, it may be truly said that success is but a very equivocal proof of *learning*, *eloquence*, *discretion* and *integrity*, the four cardinal merits of a really meritorious lawyer. But it is with lawyers as with politicians; if they can but make a noise, swim boldly on troubled waters, be ever on the surface, ever in the eye of the people, and finally become *popular*, day unto day augments their lists of clients, night unto night increases their stores! Such cases, however, are specks on the sun; the study is a noble one, its practice an 'honourable, laudable, and profitable one;' and those engaged in it, are very

generally entitled to more praise for merit of every kind, than the people are in the habit of according to them.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

CXLVII. We could easily say many very civil and truthful things of the DOCTORS; but this would be, what the lawyers call, a '*departure*,' for it must have been perceived by our readers, that we have not been in pursuit of the virtues, but mainly of the follies, incommodities, vulgarities and vices of men, manners, and things! What boots it, moreover, to tell a man, or class of men, of their amenities, their clevernesses, their virtues; have they not already sufficient vanity, and are they not apt enough to set their amiable qualities, and goodly possessions in the highest possible relief? *Credo di si.* What, then, can now be said in brief words, and, of course, with strict adherence to truth, *against* many, (not all,) of the doctors! We opine, that they are sometimes too apt to make their calling a plea for an almost perpetual absence from church! They seldom say a kind word for each other! They are, of all critics, the most acrimonious, in their reviews of each other's productions! They are instinct with the most inconvenient and refined etiquette, as to what they call professional deportment in respect to each other's patients! Their regard for rigid veracity sometimes suffers insensibly, from an over-nice and ill-judged, but still, well-meaning assentation to the wishes of their patients, and in tenderness to the feelings of their

relatives! They too often neglect small complaints, when they attain to a high and prosperous practice! They are too fussy and pretending, when not in full practice! When very popular, they are sometimes very presumptuous! They are generally too grandiloquent, and too garrulous in the sick-room, loving the gossip of the town, and forgetting, as Menander of old justly observed,

'A prating doctor is a new disease unto the sick.'

They read too little, after they have obtained a goodly share of practice! They generally charge too little for their services, and sometimes *under-bid* their professional brethren! They often pay too little attention to *dietetics*, and are apt to estimate too lightly the *valetudinary* state! They are too much given to systems and theories, failing to consider their science (as it certainly is, of all others) the most strictly *inductive!* They are not sufficiently posted up in the modern and current history of their science; or, what my Lord Bacon calls the *Narrationes medicinales*, and to the neglect of which, in his time, he attributed the slow progress of physic! They practise too much upon the maxim of Bolingbrooke, that whilst *plain truth* may influence half a score of men, *mystery* will lead millions by the nose! They seldom know how to cast off, even for an occasion, their professional identity—their 'exoteric trappings,' and cannot lay them aside, as the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, used to cast off his cares of state, when he put off his outer garments, saying as he laid down

his gown, 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer.' In fine, as a genus, as an order, as a species, as a variety, however strongly marked they may be with many very clever qualities of head and heart, they still are doctors!

It hath been said, with perhaps, more wit than justice, that all orders of men hate whatever tends to diminish the characteristic features of their profession.—Hence it is supposed that lawyers adhere to the letter of the law, and hate equity, that divines undervalue morality because so liable to be substituted for religion; that apothecaries hate quacks, because their medicines are panaceas; that physicians hate regimen when opposed to medicine; that the physician, surgeon, and apothecary agree well enough when kept asunder, but that when they attempt (as did Master George Thompson, after the great plague of 1665) 'to make *unity* of that which was then a *trinity*,' they were all hissing at each other like so many serpents, and have so continued ever since, wherever the professions are thus united, or attempted to be; that the empirical practitioners hate the book-men, and they, in turn, detest the empirics, and so on. Certes, it is that there hath been here, and elsewhere, but little harmony among the sons of Esculapius, however denominated; and as little uniformity in practice, as well as in theory, as in any other science, art, or profession whatever. A certain Dr. Stevenson was for selecting out of the whole materia medica, but eight officinals, and consigning all the rest to be poured into the streets! Dr. Mor-

ton, who introduced the use of bark, had to encounter a severe ordeal before he established its use. 'By this *short method*,' says he, 'of curing fevers, physicians lose opportunities of picking the pockets of their patients.' Lady Mary, when she introduced inoculation, encountered no little opposition. Jenner, also, when he struck out one of the foulest of diseases from the catalogue of human woes, was not without his enemies. James' Powders, now near a century old, stemmed such a torrent of prejudice as had well nigh destroyed them and their inventor. Nay, if the history of medicine be looked into, it will be found that scarce any theory, any remedy, any prophylactic given to the world, was ever, in the first instance, fairly, and dispassionately examined by the profession; and this is so remarkably the case as to have induced Mr. Hobbs to say of Dr. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, that he was the 'only one that conquered *envy* in his life-time, and saw his new doctrine established'—Harveius solus, quod sciam, doctrinam novam, superatâ invidiâ, vivens stabilivit. The quarrels, the abusive pamphlets, the severe criticisms, and hard speeches, that have marked the course of American physicians, during even our short and brilliant medical career, would fill many volumes; and, whilst they are often very creditable to the head, are far from being so to the heart. They sully the reputation and just weight of a highly useful and learned profession; and inculcate very prejudicial doubts in the minds of young physicians, at the very commencement of their studious career.

## CHAPTER XII.

Unmeaning extravagance.—Looming large.—Ladies in the street.—Visiting cards.—The art of conversing.—Bad orthography in high life.—Vulgar orthoepy and words.—Servants at the hall-door —Mendicity of servants.—Unjust ridicule of Book-men.—Delicate reproof of swearing.—Squire Grumbler's solicitude for, and farewell to his Book.

### UNMEANING EXTRAVAGANCE.

CXLVIII. 'Waiter! bring me a bottle of your best Madeira,' said a youthful travelling gentleman, with more money than brains. He had just seated himself at a *table d'hote*, where were two young ladies whom he had never seen before, and probably would never meet again, they, like himself, being mere birds of passage. The wine was not very promptly brought, but in sufficient time to invite each of the ladies to a glass, and in a few minutes after, the coachman sounded his trumpet for their departure, some for *Buffalo*, and others for *Utica*, and our young gentleman bid adieu to the ladies, and the Madeira, nearly the whole of which necessarily reverted to the landlord's wine fisc, to replenish some of the numerous bottles left under like circumstances, and where the bill was—'Dinner,

seventy-five cents, Wine, three dollars, fifty cents!' Were cases of such unmeaning extravagance 'few and far between,' no general unfavourable inference could be drawn; they would be merely individual instances of folly, that could cast no shade on our national manners. But, 'easy come, easy go,' is by no means the only practical apothegm in daily use among us, illustrative of our ignorance of the value of money: for those who have not, spend with nearly as much reckless facility, as those who have; and persons in humble life, and of restricted means, have frequently so little idea of economy, that the marvel is much greater how they possibly can obtain the means, than that they should not perceive the folly and crime of wasting to-day, what they may probably starve for, to-morrow! In the old countries there is a certain relative economy and suitableness of expenditure, or what is called *keeping*, which pervades every class, nay individual of life, from the most wealthy, who expend millions, to the poorest, who have to policise for a dinner! In our country, this virtue seems to be absolutely unknown; and nearly as much is *wasted* by our sixteen million of people, as is *used* by the twenty million in England, or probably, even by the thirty million in France! What is rescued from destruction in these countries, and converted to a thousand salutary purposes, would more than supply our entire population with bread-stuffs! Liberality, without extravagance, economy without meanness, and a style of living in exact keeping with the nation, and with the means and

character of the family or individual, form the surest criterion of civilization, or of true refinement. But, how infinitely unsuitable and absurd are frame houses, and, in some instances log ones too, with the richest carpets, and damask curtains! or brick buildings with the gorgeous furniture of palaces! shopkeepers with carriages and arms of pretension! grocers' daughters with splendid cashmeres or lahorises! Clientless lawyers with well groomed horses, and beautiful gigs, and with ivory flutes, and nonpariel guns! Merchants of little education, and no taste, surrounded with costly libraries, statuary, paintings, engravings, mosaics, cameos—but whose reading goes little beyond, 'Brandies are flat'—'Exchange is at nine and a quarter'—'Hops are in demand'—'Red pine is a shade better than last week;' and who know no more of the inside of their splendid quartoes and octavoes, than they do of the geology of the Himalayan mountains; and as little, too, of the originals of their copies of the Claudes, the Titians, and the Paul Potters, which grace their walls, as they do of the long mooted question as to *quantity* and *accent* in Latin and Greek prosody!

All of these incongruities, though by no means universal, are far from being rare: and the only hope we have from their prevalence is, that the next generation, if the whole nation be not hopelessly bankrupt, and at logger-heads in the mean time, will find the imperious necessity of education; and that those beautiful libraries, paintings, statuary, &c., if not heir-looms in the families

whose wealth procured them, will be much better used by the children of their creditors and assignees—or, by the nation at large, at some future day!

LOOMING LARGE.

CXLIX. Knowledge is acquired by some with extreme labour, and imparted with like difficulty: others obtain it as coins do their currency, by being knocked on the head, receiving thereby the most distinct and durable impressions, without any effort on their part, and pass through all the sinuosities of life with an ease truly admirable; and lastly, there be some who, as it were, are only tinctured with it, superficially but brightly gilt, by reason of their constant communion with the world. These shine with neither warmth nor waste; and loom so largely in all things of mind, as to deceive, no less themselves, than others! Such men have the enjoyment of intellectual wealth, without any real capital—drive a lucrative trade therein, by a floating currency which belongs not to them, but merely passes easily through their hands—turn every thing to the best account possible, and live on as *millionaires*, in all that exalts other men to eminent stations, but through the continued toils only, of the better part of life! We have known such men to loom so largely by this happy facility of promptly and advantageously using all they possess of mental fodder,—of so garishly decking it out, and amplifying its appearance,—of taking in, by the outward ear and eye, knowledge gained

by others over the midnight lamp, and imparted by them in the most concentrated forms, or by the still more facile and easy mode of conversation, that they have been permitted, through life, to luxuriate on the fruits of other men's growth, with no further merit on their part than garnishing them in their own way, after being thus matured and plucked to their very hands by others! This class of easy livers, at other men's expense, reap offices which they exercise by deputy,—honours, for which they have not toiled,—favours in society, in the ratio of their impudent and sounding pretensions,—and take precedence of the very persons to whom they are mostly indebted, even for the modicum of knowledge they have used with so much address. Such people talk fluently and grandiloquently, but, with matchless policy, steer clear of deep waters! If this be right and that be wrong, in their opinion, the naked judgment, without their reasons, is apt to be given, if before men of high intelligence—but when they deal with their equals or inferiors, reasons are then as plenteous as if plucked from trees! If they deal with pictures or poetry—'Oh! that is really very fine,'—but how and why, so very fine, *non constat?* In the cant and traditional criticism of the day, they have their lessons 'conn'd by rote,' which are dogmatically set forth, with no risk of mistake!

The *loomers* might be arranged into genera, classes, orders, and species, with quite as much of systematic and nomenclatural accuracy, as we find in that curious work of a German Baron,

entitled SPECIMEN MONACHOLOGIA, METHODO LINNÆANA, in which he classifies the nature, habits, dress, and principles of the entire race of monks! We shall not follow the Baron's example, else this little section might swell into a volume: but the genus-loomers may be cardinally divided into two classes, viz: first, as they affect to possess *knowledge;* and secondly, *wealth.* To the former class belong the *bibliophobists* and the *bibliomaniacs*—the PSEUDO *politicians*, *physicians*, *lawyers*, *theologians*, and *literati.* To the latter class we refer the whole order of *diddlers*, of *fortune-hunters*, who, with clever persons and genteel address, are versed in the art of spending, but not of making money—of *heirs expectant* of the supposed wealth of some old codgers, rendered still more dubious, as these hopes may be the victims of capricious wills—of *foreigners* in low life, who love high-life in a free land—of *bankers* in name, whose capital is more in their wits than in the precious metals—of gambling *merchants*, who fancy all to be their own that passes through their hands—of *tailors*, who having amassed great wealth, abandon their *natale solum*, and hope to hide the goose, forever, among strangers—of *horse-jockics*, turned land speculators, and who thereupon live according to some ideal 'rule of three,' or other incomprehensible arithmetic, as for example,—'If ten thousand acres cost me *in my bonds or notes*, fifteen thousand dollars, and will sell in one year for twenty thousand, in the second year for thirty, in the third year for fifty, in the fourth for one hundred, and in

the fifth for two hundred thousand dollars, and so on! what will be the surplus after I have finished and furnished a palace, to be built now—mostly on *tick*, payable out of the first and second year's profits?' and finally, under this class we may place all those who, either from sanguine temper, or a total destitution of principle, take for their motto—*peream dum luceam*—'let me but shine, though I perish.'

LADIES IN THE STREET.

CL. American women of every station in life, and of every degree of intelligence and cultivation, *when out of doors*, whether on the *pavé* in cities—travelling in steamers or cars—or sauntering in the fields or rural bye-paths, are more gaily decked out in bright colours, and expensive attire than those of, perhaps, any other country under the sun. Nor can any thing within the control of human taste and judgment, be more ill devised, *outré*, and out of keeping, than their dress often is on such occasions! Where Venetian ladies, though seldom having occasion to walk on terra firma, would be mounted on their *champinies*, and made to appear '*mezzo carno, mezzo ligno*,' or, as Shakspeare hath it, nearer heaven by the altitude of a *choppine*,—or, where those of Heidelberg, Dresden or London, would be secured by their pattens and other sensible devices, our more frail and etherious women are in immediate contact with all that is vile, and damp and muddy,—with shoes a line thick, of spongy 'leather or prunella!' In a climate, too, as

variable as the inconstant moon, and as Siberian as Siberia itself, instead of being involuted in substantial cloths, and electric furs, they are seen in silks or satins, chilling their already too languid circulation, made so by neglect of exercises, and reaping a plenteous harvest of catarrhs and consumptions, which often bring them to an *untimous* grave. In other countries, appearance in the streets is for exercise, or on duty, with no sacrifice of comfort and health, for attractive and showy display: in ours the attire is often light, and thin and variegated, and nearly as well adapted to the *salle de danse*, as to the streets. With what just and unmingled surprise must it strike a foreigner, to see the travelling lady in a car or steamer, with a bonnet of high fashion, and full of costly feathers and other perishable appliances! or ladies in the street, stemming the rude assaults of a freezing Boreas, with plumes and silks! or on the crossings, wending their anxious way through multiplied difficulties of ice and snow and mud, often with no further protection to foot or ankle beyond a frail shoe! Thanks to the *caoutchouc* contrivances, by which much hath been lately done to remedy this evil; but, like most excellent inventions they are too slow of universal adoption! Did our ladies but know that good taste requires proper dress in proper places, as much so as good style in composition demands proper words in proper places, they would regard all out door excursions as ill adapted for display of colours and of gossamer materials; and that even these, if they cannot be parted with,

should be strictly adapted to the varying seasons, and may be combined with much warmth and a perfect protection against the elements: but that it would be in still better taste on all occasions, however genially the sun may shine, or the zephyrs may visit them, to be attired in the most *subdued* and least observable manner possible,—resting content with their present just reputation of being, *within doors*, the most tasteful and best dressed women of any nation, after those of *la belle France*.

VISITING CARDS.

CLI. Master Hooker hath well observed of law—'her voice is the harmony of the world—all things on earth do her homage—all creatures, of what condition soever, with uniform consent, admire her as the mother of their peace.' These, and other eulogies hath he beautifully lavished on *order* and obedience thereunto. Now the truth of his praises is well seen, in that, beasts and birds, fishes and insects and reptiles, as well as man, have their orderly society, their laws and government, with this only diversity, that the laws of the former be of God's own making, and are immutable,—those of the latter be mostly voluntary and variable, be subject to daily changes, and mark the progress, or the decline of man's actual condition. Besides the great codes which regulate the communion between nations, the internal polity of states, and of municipalities, there be a number of minor ones, not a little complex and curious, which

be studied by the *élite* of society, and which be deemed just as essential to their well being, and as strongly to set forth its varied degrees of refinement, as were the digests of the Roman emperors, or the codes of Napoleon. Peradventure, the reader may anticipate that we allude to the laws of honour, and to the laws of etiquette,—in the latter of which we find a chapter of no trivial importance, which regulates every thing that appertaineth to the *visiting by cards*, a matter with which it behooveth every knight, gentleman, as well as lady fair, to become well acquainted, else to be subjected to the onus of no ordinary sanctions! In truth, it doth by no means answer for any one to manifest an ignorance of such matters,—as was marvellously seen in the case of the lady PARTHENIA, who, from lack of knowledge of the politest of languages, did place on her cards, on the first day of her arrival in town, P. P. C. supposing it to be some fashionable, and novel requirement, wholly necessary to her currency! But, upon no little surprise being oft expressed to her, during a round of parties, that she should be taking leave so closely upon her arrival, the mystery was unfolded by the discovery made to her of the true import of these significant initials! Poor Parthenia, though really possessed of much rural cleverness, and beauty, withal, was dropped by the *élite*, and so sorely was she pressed thereby, that she found it convenient to shorten her visit, by more than a moiety of its intended extent. Parthenia, however, was not the only *mal-adroit* person that distin-

guished that luckless winter; she had a brother, not indeed in blood, but in misfortune. The young TORQUATUS, who, being a man of books, as well as of lands, had, like her, come to town to make a flourish. Now, so it was, that each volume of his *recherché* collection was graced with a label, on which was neatly devised, his name on a scroll, attended by a plumed pen, engraved with no mean skill, from the tip of which flashed many rays, and the whole was encircled by his customary motto,

*Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadendo,—*

which had been selected by him, from a true or fancied resemblance he perceived between his own daily toils in literature, and his slow but sure progress therein,—and the gradual, but no less certain waste of the hardest stone, by the continual dropping of water! In an evil hour, at least one of peculiar bad taste, Torquatus transferred the whole of the ingenious device of his book-label, unto his visiting cards! and, as may well be supposed, it as effectually 'used him up,' as was the amiable, but too aspiring Parthenia, by her silly mistake as to the P. P. C.

Furthermore, in this chapter in the code under consideration, we learn that divers things, of like importance, are to be carefully noted, with all the mutations, repeals, and amendments as fashion may record them, from time to time,—such as the appropriate *size*, *ornament* and *colour* of the card; the form or character of the *letters;* the *number* of cards, according to circumstances, that are to be

left; when allowable, and when offensive, to *turn down corners.* Moreover, are to be considered the various modes of 'paying debts' as the phrase goes, —and the shades, or nice degrees of respect embraced by these divers modes—such as by personal call, with effort to obtain an interview—by call in carriage, technically, *visit en voiture*, on foot *aux pied*—by *sending* the card, and herein of delivering it by carriage, or by hack, or by servant. And, as collateral, those of the *haut ton* will also consider the subject of *card cases*, which may thus be classed—*morocco, turtle-shell, Chinese ivory, silver plain—silver chased, gold plain—gold chased—jewelled!* And last, though not least, with the *economical*, may be considered the modes of obtaining back the cards, which from necessity had been lavishly delivered!! A lesson on this head may be learned from ROMUS, one of the most *profuse* visiters in the land;—but, true to his star of fashion, always correct in leaving the appropriate number of cards, and, equally true to his peculiar *nature*, well skilled in devising means for their return; which, among others, is to keep a close eye on card racks and baskets, and clandestinely to appropriate all that has his own blessed name thereon! In this way, did he assure me, he succeeded in time, to regain more than one half of all the cards he deposited—and thus made use of them again, until the fashion of the card being then changed, he placed them by, for still further use, in other places where a change had not yet taken place!

We rail not against *fashion*, it hath its wise and its silly laws—and its evil consists only in its *abuse*. If it have its tinsels and its beads, it hath likewise its flowers and its jewels,—and if idiots be its devotees, yet the wisest and greatest should not be exempted for its just influence.

### THE ART OF CONVERSING.

CLII. The art of conversing is truly a difficult one, as it consists not in fluency, nor in learning, nor yet in both combined. Conversation should have dignity, without the least pomposity—information, without any pedantry—ease, with no alloy of vulgarity—deliberation, without slowness—continuity, without monopoly—difference, without assentation—contradiction, without a shadow of dogmatism—beauty of language, without studied culling of flowers—conciseness, without arid sententiousness—wit, without gall—humour, without immodest equivoque—and perfect suitableness as to time, place, persons, and subjects.

The late Abbé Corria spoke things, rather than words; much, but with due intervals for others; with point, but never with unjust severity; succinctly, but not with aphoristic precision; of himself, but never with egotism; was narrative, yet without tediousness; anecdotical, but with quickness, and without episodes; was humourous, yet leaving to others the enjoyment of the laugh, and still without any affected sobriety in himself. And should some of the company, less refined than himself, prolong the gaiety occasioned by his anec-

dote beyond the sympathy of others, he knew how to cut it short, at the exact moment, and yet without offence, and even by continuing the enjoyment, but in some other channel.

Conversation is somewhat aided by the genius of the language used. French colloquial, as well as epistolatory talent, are proverbial; and though these lively people are accused of frivolousness, we think with little justice. Contrasting them with other nations, it has been said, *que les Français seulement savent converser, et que les autres nations ne savent que disserter et discuter.*

In this valuable art the English exceed, perhaps all others, in good breeding, in gentleness, and a subdued manner; but are deficient in fluency, grace, and joyousness. The Americans are voluble, argumentative, discursive, and rapid, beyond all known talkers; but they are boisterous, inelegant, monopolizing, and without rule. The genus is here pointed at; numerous exceptions, of course, exist; and in the former we find, in POLLONIUS, an example of his class. He is a man of observation, of numerous and various pursuits, of some irregular reading, very industrious, extremely practical, and a true son of Midas, converting all things into gold, which he spends with wonderful extravagance, little taste, and less discrimination. He converses, of course, *de omnibus;* is fluent; uses good language, not uniformly well pronounced and grammatical; speaks in a stream; often harangues; is very loud; leaves few intervals wherein others may differ, or assent; uses numerous expletives,

and occasional exclamations; has a good deal of humour, but is himself quite too conscious of it; has many just opinions, but is too dogmatical; is jocose, but not always refined; argues his own side, but never responsively to his antagonists; and makes it a point to come off the victor, though more than thrice vanquished! SEMPRONIA is sprightly, has much ethereal but frail beauty, is not deficient in the polite information of fashionable life, is self-possessed, and talks with remarkable fluency; but Sempronia is heard much beyond the coterie in which she happens to be—is too familiar with the perishable gossip of the day—is reluctant to pass on to other themes—blends a little too much laughter with her words—whispers, occasionally, to her female companions, and with some significant and tantalizing looks. She is not happy in her bye play, when others have the parole, and when she has it, gives not to her eye and manner that intellectual and eloquent expression which charms attention, and is so often found in the more intelligent and polished women of the old world. In fine, conversation is the most faithful representative of a nation's progress in civilization and refinement; it can scarce be *taught* by books, but is the result of much association with good society, and of no little reading, also, in many of the departments of human knowledge.

BAD ORTHOGRAPHY IN HIGH LIFE.

CLIII. High life does not always import high education, as we daily find on both sides of the

Atlantic. In the correspondence of Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, this ignorance of the value of even the first elements of words, and of the just method of using them orthographically, is very striking, and often extremely amusing. In only two of her letters, we find the following specimens :—*saterday—leter—ded—gon—goe—faverits —hous—opertunity—spoake—merrit—somthing—abilitys*—in which her ladyship seemed as deficient in orthoepy as in spelling—it being manifest that she used only such letters as she supposed were representative of the sound of the words according to her mode of uttering them! But this abuse of the alphabet, whether in composing or pronouncing words, is wholly inexcusable in persons of any station, and however limited, in other respects, their education may be, since orthography lies at its very threshhold, grows with our growth, and requires nothing more than a little attention, and a slight exertion of *memory*—the lowest of all the faculties. How frequently, nevertheless, do we find among us, even in good society of both sexes, the most flagrant violations in this respect, in letters and notes in all other respects well composed, beautifully written, and neatly folded and sealed! The *opprobrium orthographiæ* with such persons seems to be in their formation of the past and present participles, and the plurals, as whether the final letter is to be *doubled* with the *ed* and *ing*, or the plural made by the addition of the *s* only. To illustrate this difficulty and others, we submit a note received from one of this too numerous class;

and, were we now composing a grammar, should be happy to state some short rules by which these unhappy persons might be relieved from their orthographical doubts. The note is as follows—'The *mottos* you sent me were *extreamly* well *selectted*, and would have *meritted* my best *thancks*, but for your quite too *seveare* remarks upon our sex! The *oppurtunitys* to town are very seldom, and as there is no *male*, we *liveing* only seven *mile* from Eromitlab, I could not sooner *acknowlege* your kindness. Your *hipurcritical* criticism on our sex was quite *humorus*, but very *unseamly* in a *batchelor* so *renouned* for *galantry* as yourself; but as you are not the *tennant* of my heart, you may *rale* against us as much as you *plese*, I have no *priviledge* to *complane*. The *deth* of old Tom, your *favorit* horse, made us all very *sory*, and we *suspectted*, at first, it was owing to a long drive James gave him on last *tuseday*, but this was *assertained* not to be the *tru* cause. I have just *finnished* the last volume of the Hume you sent me, and am *begining* Smollet. I hope I shall not *keap* them too long. You *citty* gentlemen have great advantages in *extencive lybrarys*, which I should greatly enjoy. The *peices* of *linnen* you sent mamma were excellent, and were it not so *expencive*, I should like to ask you to *looke* for a *Kashmer* shawl for me, as I cannot come to town such *snowey whether*. The *cameos* you sent me, which you say are *coppies* from *Torwalson*, are really beautiful. Hoping you will be with us *soone*, when we shall endeavour to make Mount

Pleasant as *charmming* as possible, I am truly your *frend*—CLARISSA LANDSDALE.'

On looking over Clarissa's letter, I am inclined to think that quite as much of her bad spelling is the result of carelessness, as of ignorance; as we know that many spell better in the *abstract* than in *composition*. All such are admonished carefully to revise their letters, when they will find, even to their surprise, how superior is their knowledge to their practice.

VULGAR ORTHOEPY AND WORDS.

CLIV. We believe our language is spoken in greater purity, and is more accurately pronounced, with less admixture of provincial words and expressions, by a much larger portion, relatively, of the people of the United States, than in Great Britain. We are also satisfied that by far the greater number of words, for a long time vehemently condemned as *Americanisms* by transatlantic critics, are of Saxon or British origin, were formerly used by their best writers, are to be found in their most classic authors of the very period in which these critics were railing against their use in this country, and that many of these repudiated and much vilified words grace the subsequent pages of the same critics; and finally, that others have since been received *in pleno usu* by members of parliament, by Oxford and Cambridge scholars, by their reviewers, and by the most popular authors, now on the tapis in their great metropolis, as also in Edinburgh. We further believe, that during the

whole of that long pending and acrimonious war with the pen, which was waged, not so much in the cause of sound literature, as in that of jealous and angry politics, the critics here have had the decided advantage; and yet we are equally sure there is 'ample room and verge to boot' for amendment, not only in our orthoepy, but in the selection and use of words. It cannot be denied that we find occasionally, and quite too often, a most vicious pronunciation, and use of words *by no means English*, and this, too, even in educated society! The people of this country are proverbially fluent, and have also a decided *tendency* towards eloquence, and even the graces of elocution; but in many parts of the country, and indeed in nearly all societies, there are occasionally such departures from propriety of language and pronunciation, that when even a moderate selection is made, by any observant and sensitive ear, when passing through our extensive country, it assumes the appearance of exaggeration, and is apt to convey an impression of much less general accuracy in these respects, than is truly the case. We speak not of the absolutely illiterate, for they, in all countries, have their own language; but we aver that in good society, and among the educated, we may find in the country at large, such a variety of vicious pronunciations, and of equally vulgar words, as cannot but surprise any one, when brought into concentrated view. It may, indeed, be true, that no one person is addicted to many of them; but all, and many more than are here noted,

fall from the lips of those who *ought to know and to do better.* Our ears, then, may be offended by the following—*amiability, attacted, affeared, aint, ax, antiquáted, antip'odes, ath'letic, ássent, artchitecture, barbarious, biográphy, balustráde, bar'barian, bereavement, cowcumber, chaw, chimbly, cheer,* (chair,) *cirkelation, capíllary, shivalry, drownded, furst, fust, goin, geográphy, gineral, house-ever, hern, hizen, hasn't, hos, henious, indec'orous, ither, jeopardise, jude-ícial, jopard, kiver, kotched, ketch, lather,* (ladder,) *lac'onic, larning, merçan'tile, nothin, nothink, nither, obstropolous, pré-late, rale, sparrowgrass, sot, sich, set, shoold, woold, scace, somethink, sence, temper'ament, tes'tator, tes'tatrix, to-pic, tesselúted, voolgur, yourn, yearth, yearb.*

SERVANTS AT THE HALL DOOR.

CLV. Every thing in life, in disease, and even in death has its peculiar laws; and from the first moment of its existence, to its final extinction, these laws become more and more visible by reason of certain *signs* which individualize each thing, thereby distinguishing it from all others. It is the province of an observant man to treasure up these signs; knowledge is composed of them; and he knows most of life, and is most of a man of the world, who carefully notes the largest amount of such criterions,—as he is also the best physician whose treasury, of *adjunct* and *pathognomonic* diagnostics, is the amplest. The arrogance of prosperity and the subdued feelings of poverty; the expansion of benevolence, and the contraction of

avarice; the hilarity and amiableness of youth and the misanthropy and envy of bachelorism and old maidism; with, indeed, every other affection of the heart, faculty of the mind, and habit of the body, have their fixed laws, and their unerring signs, concerning which there is scarce any more room for mistake, than there is in examining the motions and their results, of the heavenly bodies. To apply our grave philosophizing to one of the *smallest* of subjects—the mode of opening a hall door by servants in many houses! If the master be a fine, generous, hospitable gentleman, the servant is sure to throw open the door to its fullest swing, to greet you with a welcome countenance, and to usher you in with a gracious, but still an inofficious manner. If no one be at home, he receives the card as a familiar matter, and expressively seems to intimate by countenance, not by words, his disappointment at your's, and the door is closed respectfully, silently and sluggishly when you have passed some yards from it. If, on the other hand, the master be a wary, close, and secluded man, the servant cautiously opens the door in part; seems willing to take but a *peep* at you, and that you shall scarce have the like privilege at him, or at the hall; and if the master be at home, you find some difficulty in edging yourself by his man; and the adytum of the inhospitable host is found, more by your own exertion, than by the servant's assistance. If you are obliged to leave a card there, the servant receives it slowly and suspiciously; he eyes it for a moment, and the door slams after you, the instant you have passed from

the threshold! These different modes of reception are characteristic of sects, of cities, nay of nations, and even of ages, as we could demonstrate did time permit! And we have often thought, (nay experienced,) that we could pronounce with some degree of confidence, *a priori*, that where the halls are very narrow, and the doors move sluggishly on their hinges, and the servants seem to take a reluctant peep at you,—persons of a particular sect, or their descendants, dwell therein, and an expansive hospitality is a stranger in those houses. At other times we have seen halls more ample than even the other apartments, the doors standing wide open nearly at all hours; the servant promptly responsive to the old fashioned knocker, not waiting to reply to your interrogatory as to the master, but ushering you in, with smiles and evident satisfaction: your horse, if the call be in the country, is instantly taken; if your visit be in town, you are at once on a comfortable sofa of the most ample dimensions, or an equally commodious arm chair before a blazing fire, if it be winter, and with a full supply and choice of fans, if it be on an oppressive summer day! That house, be it in the country, or in one of their towns, we pronounce to be the abode of *traditional* hospitality; and, we find, moreover, that the whole land is filled with others just like it.—Who that travels there, if even blindfolded, would not at once recognize that he had passed into the 'Old Dominion,' or into some other spot south of a line, first made known, or at least made *notorious*, by one of the most hospitable of the sons of that baronial dominion?

MENDICITY OF SERVANTS.

CLVI. Mendicity of servants at hotels, and, indeed, every where, during one's travel in this, or almost any country, is looked for, from long prescription. This is sufficiently annoying; but there is something peculiarly offensive when it invades the sanctity of our dwellings, and sullies the purity of our hospitality; and this it does when a gentleman's servants, at a dinner, or other party, officiously crowd around you on your arrival, not that they may anticipate their master's kind welcome, but to seize upon your hat, cloak, or cane; each, possibly, taking one, so that, on your departure, each may receive some *compensation* for this petty service! So, at Christmas, or on New-year's-day, these ill-educated domestics often pursue you in the street, and, for old acquaintance sake, urge a claim for their bifold annual gift. And further, when some trifling accident enables any of them to render you a momentary service in the street, or elsewhere, they very civilly perform it, but incontinently follow you with many significant looks, importing the deep venality of their motive, until your purse has discharged the obligation, and brightened their countenance with obsequious smiles. None, indeed, but the closest and most churlish soul, would hesitate voluntarily to offer, on every fitting occasion, a suitable gratuity to such amiable and civil domestics as minister to our passing comfort. Such *peculiums* gladden their hearts at the expense of a very small onus, and afford as much gratification to the giver as to

the recipient, when they are strictly gratuitous. But when they are untimously exacted—when pertinaciously asked for, and this, too, by vexatious looks, and officious actions, rather than by words—when your outer habiliments are actually secreted, to your great discomfort, until the servant who constituted himself their custodiary can be found, or appears with a face half civil and half that of a creditor demanding payment, it amounts to a nuisance that should forthwith be suppressed by every genteel family into which it may have entered. But even this troublesome exaction for hospitable cheer might be conducted with a mitigated annoyance, were the fee a fixed one, and were it called for, as is usual in foreign countries, on the day after the party. In those countries the claim is made for the delivery of the invitation, and becomes equally due though the honour of the invitation has been declined! It is there well understood that servants' wages are diminished in extent, and sometimes reduced to nothing, by reason of the large avails collected from all who stand in the relation of guests! But, though we have not come to that point, their practice is more convenient than ours, as the fee is fixed, and not payable until the guest is at leisure on the following day; whereas, with us, the inconvenience is sometimes great, either from our want of memory in furnishing the pocket, or from the absence of any other receptacle for small cash, than in a delicate silk or velvet vest!—and if the *honorarium*, or rather the change, be forgotten, how uncomfortable

is it to have it lingering on one's mind, possibly for some months, until you are unexpectedly met by a good-natured, smiling black face, or a pert white one, reminding you that 'he hopes you have not forgotten that trifle you hadn't about you when you dined at Mr. A's.' But you may go to the party, with silver in hand, and a willing mind to be disburthened of your debt, and yet forget to pay it—or, having it ready, be delayed on a snowy night, the carriage impatiently waiting, but the servant, in special charge of your cloak, is absent! Still, these poor domestics are less in fault than their wealthy masters. We have a right to look to them for an imperative prohibition of a practice so unsuited to our habits. Better, far, would it be to allow much higher wages than to suffer our guests to labour under such an incommodity. Some carping critic may consider our present topic as unworthy the dignity even of our little volume of multifarious topics. But fortunately, the author cares not a maravedie for a host of their opinions, which are more than outweighed by the anticipated remark of a single intelligent reader—that would you preserve society in a sound state, look to the trifles, and grave matters will be sure to preserve their appointed and salutary course.

UNJUST RIDICULE OF BOOK-MEN.

CLVII. Very learned men, in order to become so, can commune but little with the world; their society is naturally sought much more in books than in men. Retired habits are apt to impart a pe-

culiarity of manners, and to occasion so limited an acquaintance with the current events of life, as to make the recluse appear even more deficient than they really are, in that *savoir faire*, which all so justly prize. This want of tact, and especially of the knowledge of small concerns, is too often used to their disparagement by the illiterate, and vulgar literate; who, assuming to themselves the only superiority they can claim over such men, not only humourously exaggerate their simplicity, but affect to undervalue their vast attainments, and even make their sayings and doings a fruitful theme of good-natured ridicule! In countries where learned men abound, it might, perhaps, be too much to expect from the idle wits of the day, that the peculiarities of the learned, their innocent ignorance of popular things, and their, to them, incomprehensible *helluo librorum*, should wholly escape their shafts. But in a country like ours, where such book-knowledge is extremely rare; learning, when combined with virtue, should be hailed with honours, and with gratitude, and, at least, should never be made the theme of popular ridicule. But, how often have some of our most thorough scholars been unmercifully pursued as game, and made to pass, in their day and generation, as little better than simpletons; their primitive ways, and rare speculations, displayed in harlequin attire, and made as current as proverbs! and how often have their amiable characters, their elevated and rich endowments, their untiring zeal in the cause of science, been obscured and almost lost sight of,

amidst the jeers and idle gossip of literary charlatans, and the still more worthless pretensions of the daily gazettes! The learned have no royal road to perfection, and no doubt have their follies: but he who *ex industria* seeks them out, to waste his humour on, and to place them in high relief, is a traitor to the republic of letters, a slanderer of merited reputation, and meritorious of the execration of every honourable lover of knowledge: for, if there be any class of men who deserve well of their country, it embraces those who toil among books, who daily add to the stock of knowledge, and facilitate the paths of those whom nature and choice point out as the operatives; and it will be found, that many of these mental exertions, though they may not at once have assumed the form of something practical to augment our present stores, proved at some other period, or when somewhat modified by other minds, of inestimable value, though at first, perhaps, ridiculed and even severely censured. But the aristocracy of family, of money, and of mind, appear to be equally odious in the estimation of radical democracy: all must be brought down to the commonest, the meanest level. The power of mere ancestral name, and of mere money, are indeed subjects for legitimate ridicule; but the power which mind and knowledge confer is not factitious, but of nature's ordination; and, as such, should be crowned with laurels and daily honoured. But the pæans sung to a Petrarch or a Dante ill suit the taste of our people, and the name of a learned man is too often a target to be shot at by any demi-

miscreant who can nib a pen! Both parties, indeed, laud and honour their political champions; but their political opponents, in common with the closet-scholar, who belongs to no party, often seem to be objects of peculiar vengeance, and are represented to the people as worthy of just suspicion, hatred and contempt, when, in truth, they are divines, lawyers, statesmen, and scholars of great learning, and of equal virtue!

DELICATE REPROOF OF SWEARING.

CLVIII. On entering the coach at Burlington, I found but two passengers. My attention was instantly arrested by the appearance of each—the one an aged man of unusual size, in a suit of fine black cloth, evidently brushed with care. His head was partly bald; but the few thin fleeces of shining hair were gracefully disposed, and as purely white and soft as eider down. His complexion was ruddy, and replete with health—his teeth singularly fine and regular for one of his age, which probably was seventy—his eyes large and blue, which beamed with intellect and benevolence—his linen and cravat were somewhat clerical—his cane suited to his weight, was crowned with polished gold, on which were engraved his initials and crest, and in his hand was a miniature volume of *Cicero De Senectute*. My romance was all on fire; instinct with curiosity, I eyed him so intently, that the old gentleman's eyelids involuntarily fell; but, perceiving my confusion, and even the pain I felt at my unintentional rudeness, he soon rallied, and

restored me by the most courteous address. By this time, my attention was somewhat diverted to the other, who was a youth of seventeen, of such surprising beauty and winning manners, so full of the joyousness of the aurora of life, and of the ingenuousness of a blissful ignorance of the world, that I began to imagine myself in some region of enchantment. We were all strangers to each other, and though of very different ages and pursuits in life, we soon made acquaintance, and beguiled our slow passage through the shady avenues of the Green mountain, on this lovely summer afternoon, by much delightful conversation, in which the chief interlocutor was the venerable gentleman in black. The youth, however, participated in his due share, and made many just and amiable remarks; but, to the astonishment of us both, and to the manifest pain of the conscript father, he *swore like a trooper!* and yet with tones so sweet, and in a manner so *naive*, as evidently proclaimed it a mere habit, in which his heart and head seemed in no degree to participate. The old gentleman related an hundred anecdotes; and, in the most pleasing and popular manner, discoursed of the wonders of botany, and of the mineral world; of the sublime *curiosa* in astronomy; of the hidden glories revealed to us by the microscope; of the beauties of crystallization; of the evidences of design unfolded by optics, especially in the structure of the eye; of the merely relative nature of time and of space; and that these probably appertain to man alone; and that, if the visible universe could

be compressed into a ball an inch in diameter, why may we not imagine myriads of years embraced as it were, by a moment! And in this delightfully pious and instructive vein he continued to beguile the otherwise wearisome hours. The sun, at length, was fast declining; the richest perfumes emanated from the surrounding woods and flowers, which bordered on our way; and, somewhat exhausted by the many hours of conversation, each seemed willing to repose, for a while, in a corner of the carriage, and all gave tokens they would sleep. But I perceived the old gentleman occasionally opened his eyes, cast a yearning look of affection on the youth, then closed them with a sigh! He at length broke the silence; our slumbers instantly left us, and we were again all attention. Looking out upon the scenery, as we were descending the mountain into a rich valley, 'What,' said the old gentleman, 'can surpass (*bottle, pot, and glass*) the solemn and majestic (*bottle, pot, and glass*) gloom of the surrounding mountains! (*bottle, pot, and glass;*) the pensive silence of the groves! (*bottle, pot, and glass;*) the pastoral simplicity (*bottle, pot, and glass*) of the cottagers, (*bottle, pot, and glass;*) or the wild luxuriancy (*bottle, pot, and glass*) of the meadows! How pleasing is it to contemplate (*bottle, pot, and glass*) the noble spirit of perseverance (*bottle, pot, and glass*) which has enabled the husbandman to climb the loftiest mountains, and change the rude garb of nature (*bottle, pot, and glass*) for the rich habiliments of cultivation; (*bottle, pot, and glass.*) How pleasing to behold (*bottle,*

*pot, and glass*) the verdant hills rising amphitheatrically around, (*bottle, pot, and glass;*) to observe the progressive influence of the departing sun on the distant mountains, (*bottle, pot, and glass;*) or the bright orb of day rising in the pride of his splendour, gilding with his ruddy light, and chasing from the trees, the fogs fantastically formed on their lofty tops! (*bottle, pot, and glass.*) Who that hath a soul for nature's beauties (*bottle, pot, and glass*) would refuse to bow it down in worship and gratitude to the great Author of so much loveliness! (*bottle, pot, and glass.*)' Here the old man ceased, closed his eyes, and again sunk into his corner! With mingled astonishment and heartfelt pain, the youth and myself exchanged looks, and sighed expressively; recognizing in each other's eye, the deep conviction that this delightful old man was, after all, a victim of mental derangement! In a few minutes, however, he opened his eyes, looked at the youth so benignantly, and so naturally, that we again exchanged looks of recognition, that there must be some concealed and pregnant meaning in this strange departure from his Mentorian character. 'Dear sir,' said the youth, 'I hope you are not unwell; and may I ask, what did you mean by all that about the 'bottle, pot, and glass?' 'My amiable young friend,' replied the old gentleman, 'you may well express surprise; but, what did *you* mean, during the five hours of our agreeable conversation, by your numerous *swearing expletives?* Amidst all of your good sense, and sound observations, for one of your age, why

did you take God's holy name in vain, more than an hundred times?—why did you use more than thrice that number of times, words quite as senseless and as unconnected with your discourse, as my 'bottle, pot, and glass' were, in mine? I thus spoke, to show you visibly and audibly, as it were, the extreme folly of swearing, and how purely expletive are such words, and how ill suited to the dignity of a man, and especially painful, when uttered from youthful lips! God hath endowed us with language, for the most delightful of all communions—for the sole purpose of conveying our thoughts; and when we violate that purpose by such foreign materials, we offend no less against religion, than good taste.' The youth burst into tears. 'Sir,' said he, 'I revere all you say, and here solemnly pledge myself never again to use such unmeaning language. I now see its real odiousness and folly, for the first time in my life; and shall be ever thankful for your admonition.' The impressions sank deep into his heart, and he has kept his word. The old gentleman has long since been gathered to his fathers. He was an English clergyman of finished education. The youth is now a man, and as eminent for his virtues, as he then seemed to be for his personal beauty.

SQUIRE GRUMBLER'S SOLICITUDE FOR, AND FAREWELL TO HIS BOOK.

CLIX. We have now arrived (laus a Deo) unto the final section of our volume; and, though on retrospection, we find our complaints have been

sufficiently numerous and without stint, yet are we happy in the consciousness that no splenetic mood, no jaundiced eye hath attended us, or in a single instance, exacerbated our pen; but we have been pleasingly reminded thereby, that, whenever a drop of gall insidiously stole into its nib, we as instantly expelled it, as it was detected. We trust, therefore, courteous reader! thou hast found some amusement; possibly, some instruction and amendment. The highest authority, hath said, they that are whole, need not a physician, but they that are sick,—if thou belongest to the former class, we hope thou hast relaxed thyself with whatever of divertissement may be found therein,—if to the latter (which we opine is far more probable,) let us not quarrel about the medicament, or the mode in which it hath been administered, but be as good friends, as if we had been thy ghostly father,—for thou art as safe with us, as if thy conscience had been fully revealed to us *sub sigillo confessionis.* There be men, we know, who can find

'Humour in stones, and puns in every thing,'

and with such we would rather deal than with those who, having beguiled some hours with these pages, ungratefully cast them away with the emphatic and cruel word—'*nonsense!*' thus discarding the 'dry bones out of which they themselves have sucked the marrow!' We are, moreover, somewhat solicitous for a peep into futurity, that we may divine whether this little volume shall be *in esse* a year hence; whether it shall attain unto

the dignity of another edition; or, whether it be destined to expire with its first breath! We have some hope it may live to boyhood, if not to man's estate—but *only because* we remember what hath been said of Rabelais, how he starved from his most learned and able work on *Physicks*, but reaped a rich harvest of recompense from his *Gargantua* and *Pentagruel;* and further, from what hath been recorded of the authors of some ponderous polyglot bibles, which paid them not for the paper, whereas others, as by the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of Peter Wilkins, Philip Quarrels, Baron Munchausen, *et id genus omne*, not only immortalized themselves,—but enriched the booksellers and printers of their day—as well as of all ages and countries after!—And though these cases be not such, as lawyers say, run *quatuor pedibus* with my own, yet may it be pardoned, in an author, to view these matters a little differently from the icy-hearted critics. We therefore ask, why may not the graver works of Anthony Grumbler, Esquire, be utterly forgotten, and these, his lighter pages, rescue him from hopeless oblivion? Why may not these concentrated conceits of his, be returned to, with renewed gusto, and his bookseller welcome him with the sweet sound of 'THE FOURTH EDITION?' We would not be *aliquis in omnibus et nullus in singulis;* and having tried some grave *octavoes*, expounding therein, the *nodi juris*, and found them unsuited to the taste of the most of our *fraternity*, we have resorted to this small duodecimo—and augur for it a more favourable reception, as in it, fortu-

nately, no topic can easily tire them,—few of the subjects having been permitted to spread over more than a few pages. Let us then conclude with this our self-complacency, and add thereunto a little poetical colloquy between Squire Grumbler and his book; but, being no poet, it shall be in the words of old PHILLIP STUBBES, who, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, thus communed—'dialogue-wise,' with the child of his imaginations.

THE AUTHOR.—Well, sith thou wouldst so fain be gone,
I can thee not witholde:
Adieu, my booke; God be thy speede,
And blesse thee an hundred folde.

THE BOOKE.—And you also, good maister mine,
God blesse you with his grace,
Preserve you still, and graunt to you
In Heaven a dwelling place.

## ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

The Author's grumbling propensity is not yet quite exhausted, and why should it be, if he can justly complain of *himself*, and of his *printer*? In revising the foregoing pages, he finds some strange errors; some very unseemly to the eye, others offensive to the classical ear. The reader will indulgently place to the Printer's account what belongs to him, he can well bear them, being one of the best printers in the country—the rest the Author must take unto himself. A formal display of both kinds will not be given—but some are here noted.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
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| *has*, | " | had, | " | 43 |
| *histeron*, | " | hysteron, | " | 44 |
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As for the critics, they are at liberty to rake up as many more as they can find, it belongs to their vocation. A. G.

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## WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

SAMUEL COLMAN, *No.* 8 *Astor House, Broadway, New York,* has for sale the following works, by DAVID HOFFMAN, Esquire, and he submits a few NOTICES of each work.

'THOUGHTS BY A. GRUMBLER, OF EROMITLAB.' 1 vol. pp. 374.

☞ This is the first of a series of volumes on an infinite variety of topics—the design of the series being somewhat intimated by the author in his preface and dedication to the '*Peep into my Note Book*'—the second in the series.

The following notices indicating the very favourable manner in which the *first small* edition of the 'GRUMBLER,' was received, though issued anonymously, have induced the author to allow the publication in NEW YORK of a *second*, in order that the work may be more generally diffused according to the apparent demand.

### NOTICES OF THE GRUMBLER.

'The work is divided into two parts, each into chapters and sections. In the first division are treated City Manners in Eromitlab, as *Baltimore* is termed. He here descants, with much pleasing information, on the prevailing follies of the day, and beautifully holds up to reprobation many of the follies that have crept into the good city of Eromitlab. The article entitled '*The Alchemical Theory,*' is specially worthy the reader's attention. The second division is devoted to our national manners, &c. So rare, indeed, is the appearance of a work containing such a fund of thought on '*Men, Manners, and Things,*' that we perceive in its publication a return of mental sanity in book-makers, and book-readers. The production does honour to him as a philosopher—patriot—and philanthropist. We therefore hope that this work will spread far and wide—as a *censor morum*, it will serve to root out many false notions—as an exemplar of pure and *classical English*, it will remain as a model for imitation in many respects—and as a valuable fund of varied learning, it will prove eminently useful.'

[*Baltimore Chronicle.*

---

A well merited tribute is paid in the annexed article from the Christian Statesman, published at Washington, to the admirable work of an estimable author.

ANTHONY GRUMBLER, OF GRUMBLETON HALL, ESQUIRE.—The popular volume, of which the author has assumed the foregoing *nom de guerre*, has been attributed to Mr. David Hoffman, an eminent lawyer of Baltimore, of which city, under the backward reading of 'Eromitlab,' the writer admits himself to be a resident. The rumour is alluded to thus plainly, because it has not,

so far as we know, been contradicted; and because, whether true or otherwise, it can detract nothing from Mr. Hoffman's high reputation, albeit that has been earned by efforts of a very different, and of a far more elaborate character. The '*Miscellaneous Thoughts*' of Squire Grumbler, teach principles of religion, morals, politics, and literature, so sound, that they may well have emanated from a Doctor of Laws. They abound also in interesting descriptions of manners. One avowed purpose of these essays being to chastise follies, individual and conventional satire was now and then to be expected; but it is never malicious. It is 'the wit that loves to play, not wound.' Indeed, the writer's benevolence is quite as conspicuous as his skill in composition. And this is saying a great deal; for a book of more literary merit has not, perhaps, been produced by any gentleman of the long robe, since the publication of Butler's Reminiscences. It bears, however, no affinity to that work; being a series, or rather an aggregation, of reflections on a variety of subjects, with appropriate illustrations. We are happy to learn from the 'Prefatory Epistle,' that the public may expect to hear from the author again.

---

The Jurist has the following notice of the recently published work of an estimable and talented fellow-citizen.

## LAW AND LITERATURE.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS ON MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS. BY ANTHONY GRUMBLER, OF GRUMBLETON HALL, ESQUIRE. Baltimore; pp. 374.

Cognizance of a work like the present would hardly seem to fall within the limited jurisdiction of a law journal, unless the *person* of the author gave a jurisdiction which could not be founded on the subject-matter. When we mention David Hoffman, Esq. the able and accomplished author of the *Course of Legal Study*, as the party now in court, all doubt must cease with regard to the present extension of our critical cognizance. In England we have the brilliant example of Sergeant Talfourd, who, amidst the numerous calls of an arduous profession, with added parliamentary duties, has kept alive an exalted taste for literature, and produced works, in this more genial department, which the world will not willingly let die. In our country, we take pleasure in adding Mr. Hoffman's name to the list of those, who, while serving at the highest altars of Themis, have found time to sacrifice to the muses. The present volume is a most agreeable and instructive collection of thoughts on men, manners and things, expressed in choice and polished words, and well calculated to mitigate the hardy skepticisms and radicalisms, which have so strongly tempered our present age and community. The portions on the judiciary (pp. 213, 216,) and on the legal profession (pp. 322, 327,) will be very interesting to the lawyer. The whole volume we commend, in the fullest manner, to the candid attention of the reader. With greater space we should venture stronger terms of praise; but we feel persuaded that the reputation of the distinguished author will challenge for this little book, a notice far beyond the influence of our humble page.

Having already assumed jurisdiction of the learned author for one purpose, we shall take advantage of his present *persona standi in judicio*, and, by a sort of *ac etiam* process, open some further matters with regard to him. We avail ourselves of the present opportunity to renew our testimony to the great merit and usefulness of Mr. Hoffman's legal works. On former occasions, the *Legal Outlines* and *Course of Legal Study* have both been fully examined and commended in the pages of this journal. To the latter work, we take pleasure and pride in acknowledging our early and constant obligation; and we should not do our duty to the profession, particularly to the student, if we moderated our language. Mr. Hoffman is a benefactor of his profession. More than all others, he has contributed to elevate its standard of learning and morals, to encourage the young aspirant for its honourable rewards, and, as a consequence, to extend its just influence in the community. The practiser, absorbed in the daily calls of business, and the young student, for whom the 'gladsome light of jurisprudence' is now shining forth, 'may both derive aid, direction, and encouragement from this work. There is no single work in the whole range of the law, which, with so much interest, imparts so much good. If the student can afford to buy but a single book, let it be Hoffman's *Course of Legal Study*, which in itself is a small library, besides being a key to a large one. If we lived in an age when learning was its own exceeding great reward, and a coatless scholar could hope to encounter with composure the stare of the world, we should be disposed to repeat, of this work, what the great Cujas said of Paul de Castro: *Qui non habet Paulum de Castro, tunicam vendat, et emat.*

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(From the National Intelligencer.)

In the ripeness of his professional fame he has found opportunity to prepare a work less grave, though, in its way, scarcely less instructive than his former compositions. The 'Thoughts' of this agreeable 'grumbler' are the thoughts of an acute mind, invigorated by professional discipline, and enlarged by liberal studies and intercourse with the circles of fashion, as well as of business. The manner in which the task is executed is sufficient, of itself, to vindicate his brotherhood against the sneer of Hume, that lawyers 'are seldom models of science or politeness;' a remark prompted by the distaste of the great historian for the occupation for which he was originally intended. 'I found,' he confesses in his charming autobiography, 'an insurmountable aversion to every thing but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning; and when they fancied I was poring upon Voet and Vinneus, Cicero and Virgil were the authors which I was secretly devouring.'

The 'Miscellaneous Thoughts' are made to consist of two divisions; the first, called 'city manners, characters and things;' the second, 'national manners, characters and things.' This classification is, perhaps, somewhat arbitrary. Many of the sketches in the first division, instead of being peculiar to city life, are even more extensive in their application than some of those under the second head. This, however, if it be a fault, is one quite venial; and the ingenious author will probably be ready to show, that it is one

which is inseparable from the subject. His particular plan is novel. The celebrated 'characters' of Theophrastus are mere outlines, to be filled up by the judgment or caprice of the reader; and the popular work of our own day, called 'Lacon,' is chiefly epigrammatic. Our friend Grumbler is more indulgent to his readers. Though mindful of the good old maxim, that 'brevity is the soul of wit,' he is not so inconveniently curt as to mystify others, but states his proposition so distinctly, that, if they are puzzled about his meaning, themselves only can be blamed. In many instances, the proposition is familiarized by an example; in some, it is so expressed as to require none; and, in others, the example is itself the proposition, but in the most graphic form in which the proposition could be exhibited. His idea of combining, so to speak, a picture with a precept, is a manifest improvement on the plan of former works, to which his own bears a generic resemblance.

The writer seems as clearly to perceive, as he is successful in obviating, the difficulty of preventing his characters from being received as satires on individuals. 'All history,' he remarks, in closing some observations on this point, 'sheweth that in such matters, as are herein contained, there are minds so conscience-stricken as to be wholly incapable of reading them without applying to themselves the characters designed for a class; and should this be verified in the present instance, I have but one reply—if they *be* applicable, they whom the cap fits should be *grateful* for the salutary reproof—if not, *they slander themselves*,' 'Man,' he adds, 'hath ever been so much the sport of prejudice, of custom, and habit; so many opinions come to him with the hoary locks of time, or in the more captivating attire of novelty, and fashion is so lordly a prince, his mandates being practised without any inquiry as to the reasonableness thereof, that there be few who can endure to look upon the resplendent face of unveiled truth; and the many have, therefore, an unseemly way of considering those as impertinent pretenders, and intruders upon their rights, who essay to rebuke their follies, and to breathe 'into the torpid breast of daily life' their chiding counsels. And this, especially, is the case, if the reproof be lengthened into essays or dissertations, without many of those verdant spots by which they seek to relieve themselves from the cheerless and arid wastes of moral instruction.'

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(From the New York Star.)

'Among the writers of America whose pens are contributing to the agreeable recreation and moral improvement of their countrymen, we mention with pride David Hoffman, Esq. of Baltimore. This distinguished barrister, after a life well spent in his profession, and the attainment of a high reputation by his legal acquirements and published works, has retired upon an elegant competency, and devotes his leisure to the production of a series of moral essays, the first of which appeared under the *incognito* of 'Miscellaneous Thoughts, by Anthony Grumbler, Esq.' We are pleased to learn from the Baltimore American that he has now in the press a continuation of these under the title of 'A peep into my Note Book.' The subjects treated of are of a domestic character, and

all have a pure moral bearing, and are full of entertaining and sprightly anecdote—to which we must be permitted to add that they are characterized also by a vigorous and correct style, with thoughts that evince a close and accurate acquaintance with mankind, and extensive erudition. We hail Mr. Hoffman as one of our first moral essayists.'

(From the Athenæum.)

'The *Grumblings* are generally laconic, and some have a quaintness and humour about them which is peculiarly agreeable, whilst others have a terseness and force, which would have done honour to COLTON himself.

The author has evidently not passed his life at Grumbleton Hall,—he shows the refined taste of a scholar—the polish of a gentleman—and the ease of one who has mingled much in society, without falling into the errors which he exposes!' The two last articles of the volume, entitled 'DELICATE REPROOF OF SWEARING'—and 'SQUIRE GRUMBLER'S SOLICITUDE FOR, AND FAREWELL TO HIS BOOK,' we should like to insert, would our limits permit.'

(From the Philadelphia Gazette.)

This is evidently the production of a sound mind, and a *master of the sententious*. He does not, however, impress by antithesis, like Lacon; he is a maker of proverbs and short essays, to many of which may be promised a long duration. The author writes with ease and with spirit; objects which by the common eye are neglected, are to him provocatives of sensible and salutary thought, in morals, manners, and the didactics of life. The writer reasons briefly, but acutely; and appears to be one who, if occasion should serve, could exercise his powers successfully on the abtrusest topics. His motto, which he derives from Osborne, is a good expositor of the volume:—'As St. Austin saith of short and holy ejaculations, that they pierce heaven as soon, if not quicker, than more tedious prayers; so I have reaped greater benefit from concise and casual remarks on miscellaneous topics, than from long and voluminous treatises, relating to one and the same thing.'

(From the Merchant.)

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS ON MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS, BY ANTHONY GRUMBLER, OF GRUMBLETON HALL, ESQ. is the title of some three hundred pages; treating, as the title imports, of men, manners, and things, in short notices, which evince that the writer is familiar with society, and has studied the subjects on which he writes.

(From Dunglisson's Medical Intelligencer.)

'There is much truth in the following pertinent observations from the pen—if we mistake not—of a distinguished lawyer, David Hoffman, Esq. of Baltimore. The whole work, in which they

appear, is well worthy of attentive perusal. It is evidently the production of one accustomed to observe accurately and to reflect deeply.'

[We omit the extract, entitled 'THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.']

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(From the American.)

'There is no difficulty in making extracts from a book, every leaf of which, from title page to colophon, merits the reader's attention—but he will thank us, we are sure, for directing his notice to the work by so agreeable a foretaste of its merit as the following. [The extract entitled '*Threading a Needle an Emblem of Truth*,' we omit.]

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(From the Portland Orion.)

'Upon running our eyes again over the work, we find we have by no means republished the most interesting portions, and therefore propose to continue our selections, till we have given our readers a fair specimen of Mr. Anthony Grumbler's visions and original cogitations. [Here followed numerous extracts.]

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☞ This work has been strongly noticed by the *North American Review*—by several British Journals and Reviews, in all, by more than fifty notices.

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This work is recommended in the strongest terms by CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, *Mr. Justice Story, Chancellor Kent, Judge Spencer, De Witt Clinton, Professor Stearnes, Chief Justice Tilghman, Mr. Justice Washington, Mr. Justice Story,* the *Hon. Daniel Webster,* and by more than 200 eminent lawyers of this and other countries. It has been elaborately reviewed by the *North American Review,* the *Analectic Magazine,* and by many other periodicals. The British and Continental Reviews speak of it in the highest terms, and the entire edition was exhausted in eighteen months.

JUDGE DUVALL considers it 'a most valuable acquisition to the *practitioner,* and to the student it is *inestimable.*'

JUDGE STORY says 'It is truly delightful to me also to perceive that the author does not confine the student to the mere walks of the Common law: but he has drawn him to the noble studies of the Admiralty, Maritime and Civil Law. The work is an honour to our country, and if its precepts are steadily pursued by the profession, I think it will not be rashness to declare that the next age will exhibit an American bar not excelled by any in Europe. No present could be more acceptable than a work which enables young men to see the paths of legal science, and points out so many excellent instructions to guide and cheer them on their journey.'

The *North American Review* of 34 pages, concludes with saying, 'In quitting the work we have not the slightest hesitation to declare that it contains by far the most perfect system for the study of the law that has ever been offered to the public. We cordially recommend it to all lawyers as a model for the direction of all students who may be committed to their charge; and we hazard nothing in asserting that if its precepts are steadily pursued, high as the profession now stands in our country, it will attain a higher elevation, an elevation which shall command the reverence of Europe, and reflect back light and glory upon the land and the law of our forefathers.'

CHANCELLOR KENT says, 'Whoever follows its directions will be a well read and accomplished lawyer. Many of the departments of the science to which the student is pointed suits my taste exactly.

DE WITT CLINTON says, 'The design is judicious, and the execution most felicitous. It contains a mass of information and learning seldom equalled, and is an invaluable guide to legal knowledge.'

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE SECOND EDITION.

The Foreign Reviews of England, France, and Germany, have favourably noticed this work.

The London *Legal Observer* bestows on it a full review, and remarks, 'It will be observed, that here the student will find either instruction, or the means of obtaining instruction, on *every* subject bearing directly or indirectly, nearly or remotely on all the vast field of jurisprudence. We think Mr. Hoffman has made an important contribution to the stock of works on the study of the law. His book is written with great force and correctness, in an excellent tone of moral feeling, and with a constant view to the well-being and dignity of the profession.'

LE DROIT, a Parisian legal periodical, after speaking of the German, English, and American modes of study, remarks, that 'Although Mr. Hoffman's work was written for American readers, yet French lawyers may consult it with the greatest advantage. They will find therein the merits and defects of almost all the authors upon this science, either of ENGLAND, AMERICA, or the CONTINENT OF EUROPE, pointed out with clearness and precision. They will find faithful epitomes of their works, and frequent biographical notices replete with interest and learning.'

MONS. FOELIX, in his *Revue Etrangère et Francaise*, has an interesting review of this work, in which he gives the author great credit for this and also for his 'LEGAL OUTLINES,' and expresses great admiration of that portion of the former which relates to legal morals or professional deportment.

The AMERICAN notices of this second edition are equally numerous and laudatory. The JURIST commences with saying, 'This is one of the most elegant and interesting law works that the press

of England or America has put forth, since the days of Sir William Blackstone. The perusal of it has afforded the same gratification to the writer as he derived from the unique, and masterly treatise on the principles of pleading by Mr. Sergeant Stephen. There is a freshness and originality throughout the pages of these two volumes, that prove its author's mind to be thoroughly imbued with legal lore, and expanded and adorned by the most liberal and diversified studies.' After the Reviewer has thoroughly examined the volumes, the editor adds his sanction thus, 'We cannot forbear expressing our hearty concurrence with the views of the above able and learned article, and adding our humble tribute of admiration and praise of Mr. Hoffman's work. The *Course of Legal Study* is a book, which should be in the hands of every *student*, and on the table of every *practitioner*. Mr. Hoffman is eminently the *student's friend*, and his advice and encouragement cannot fail to cheer the desponding, to excite the indolent, and to confirm the ambitious and ardent in the arduous studies before them—'I never read the old song of Percy and Douglass,' says Sir Philip Sydney, 'without feeling my very heart stirred as by the sound of a trumpet;' nor do we believe that the law student, whose mind and heart are properly attuned to the calls of duty, can read Mr. Hoffman's book without feeling an impulse, scarcely less moving, than that which stirred the bosom of the accomplished knight, and which he has with such stirring language expressed.'

(From the National Gazette.)

HOFFMAN'S COURSE OF LEGAL STUDY.

A friend, a member of the bar, has just shewn us this new work. It is in two beautiful royal octavo volumes; and is, in point of point of paper, type, and mechanical execution, a credit to the city of Baltimore, whence it emanates. To judge from the varied contents of the two volumes, and from what has been communicated to us in reference to them, it would seem that the profession of our country owe the eminent lawyer who has written them, a large debt. Mr. Hoffman has been among the first and most efficient in introducing liberal and expanded views of Law Studies throughout the Union, and in promoting legal education. The first edition of this work, published more than fifteen years ago, in one volume, has, we are told, done great good, by spreading out as on a map, the devious and toilsome paths through which the student is compelled to struggle, in order to attain a scientific and suitable knowledge of the law. That edition was exhausted within two years after its publication. It strikes us, from a hasty survey of the pages of the Legal Study, that it is replete with rich and instructive matter, and abounds with information that the student, who wishes to become an accomplished and elegant lawyer, should not be devoid of. The mature student and practitioner too, must find in the stores that the laborious and industrious author has thus collected, much that will grace and increase his learning. We find the names of the most eminent lawyers and judges of the country in the catalogue of those who have expressed their sense of the value and importance of the labours of Mr. Hoffman in this department of legal education.

*The Baltimore American*, in noticing the various articles of the January number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, says:

'Article fourth is (especially to the legal student) an interesting notice of 'HOFFMAN's Course of Legal Study,' as enlarged, and lately presented to the public in a second edition. This paper awards high, but without doubt, deserved praise to the author of the work under consideration, for the marked ability of its execution. As touching its general scope and character, the Reviewer observes, that the members of the profession of the law owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. HOFFMAN, for his endeavours to elevate it, by the comprehensive course of liberal studies, which he has presented to its students. But yet more honourable is the award, and yet more justly valued should be the testimonial of the Reviewer, in the following remarks, which, as they comprise a lesson of high value in themselves, we gladly transcribe:

'We should be guilty of gross injustice to Mr. Hoffman if we omitted to mention, with the highest commendation, the tone of moral feeling, which breathes from every page of his work. He loses no opportunity to impress upon the mind of the youthful student, that it is not enough for him to be a good lawyer, and a good scholar, but that he must also be a good man, and that the highest attainments are imperfect, without that delicate moral sense which feels a stain like a wound, and that resolute moral strength which makes a man submit to be torn in pieces rather than do what he knows to be wrong. His remarks on *Professional Deportment* are conceived and written with an energy and glow, which remind us of some of the most eloquent passages in the ethical writings of Cicero.'

The PRINCETON REVIEW, and Biblical Repertory, contains a detailed notice of this work, in fifteen pages, and speaks of it in the same tone of strong commendation.

(From the Baltimore American, of September, 1839.)

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A late number of the London Law Magazine, which has just reached this city, contains for its leading article an elaborate review of a Baltimore book, 'A Course of Legal Study,' by our distinguished townsman, DAVID HOFFMAN, Esq. The article throughout is highly complimentary, though not without such occasional censure as gives it the stamp of an impartial and candid judgment. It is truly gratifying, amid the many harsh things which it has been too much the habit of British Reviews to say of us, to find that cis-atlantic scholarship in the law meets with just praise, and that the names of KENT, STORY, HOFFMAN, and others, are associated with honourable mention in the same category with the most distinguished jurists of England, and the Continent. I extract the first page of the review, in the latter part of which the 'Legal Study' is compared with Dupin's Camus.

'It is a general opinion amongst our readers that we have already devoted more space to Mr. Warren's lucubrations than they are worth, and as his complete misconception of the nature and exigencies of the profession, and the impracticability of his peculiar plan of study—the two radical all-pervading errors of his work—

have been satisfactorily exposed, it certainly seems useless to proceed with a systematic review. Our more immediate object, therefore, is to introduce the enlightened American whose work is named at the head of this article, and then afford the rising generation the benefit of sundry promised hints and suggestions of our own.

'The work Mr. Hoffman's most closely resembles is M. Dupin's edition of Camus, in which the course to be adopted by the legal aspirant is marked out, the various rights and duties of the practising advocate are explained, and the leading books on the codes or systems of almost every country in the world, known to possess a code or system, are enumerated. But there is this material difference—M. Dupin makes no pretension to a critical acquaintance with an immense majority of the authors named by him, and gives the student little or no aid whatever in making a selection from the mass. Mr. Hoffman, on the contrary, has evidently perused with care the various works comprised within the most comprehensive of his courses, and is consequently not merely prepared with information as to the comparative merit of any given publication as a whole, but can tell which parts, chapters or sections are most worthy of attention, and which it may be advisable to skip. For example, the contents of Coke's Reports are carefully distributed under the respective heads of real property, pleading, mercantile law, &c.; the precise point decided in each case being stated, and its bearings and consequences followed out.

## LEGAL OUTLINES.

This work of the author has met with an equally strong praise. The volume has now assumed a new form, the author having relinquished for the present, the design of adding the other two volumes. It is now presented as a single volume, and a perfect work, being thus published with a view to its re-publication in England, and contains an address to British law students. There are but a few copies remaining of this work, either in its late, or in its present form.

Mr. Hoffman's *Literary Works* are likewise for sale by KAY & BROTHERS.

PHILADELPHIA, *September*, 1839.